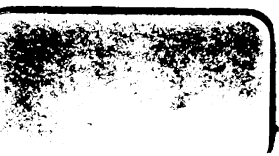

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

ORGAN OF

The Apostleship of Prayer.

VOL. IV.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1878.

(FOURTH SERIES.)



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THE MESSENGER

OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

The Problem Solved.

CHAPTER XIX.

CURRENT OPINIONS.

"I SHOULD like to horsewhip that curate," exclaimed Dr. Vernon savagely, meeting Lady Clive in the vicinity of the Church-house, a few weeks after the Squire's death.

"If I were in your shoes I would not be content with wishing," replied Ada.

"When are you leaving town?" said the Doctor abruptly.

"The day after to-morrow. I am going to visit Helen. Good-bye now. Is she better?"

"Better, no; nor likely to be as long as that ape Russel bullies her. You're a sensible woman, Lady Clive: can't you take her to the North with you for a little?"

"She has declined all my invitations on account of the Protestant nature of my parish church," said Ada, with a rather sad smile.

"The very reason she ought to go with you," growled the Doctor, who was in no very amiable frame of mind. "It's all this tomfoolery of Russel's that is killing her.

JULY, 1878.

B

Do her good to read her Bible, and not set her foot inside a church except at a reasonable hour on Sunday. Come, your ladyship usually gets her own way. Ask Mr. Clevedon to spare her for a little."

"I will see," said Ada, who, like the Doctor, had seen below the surface, and knew that Lawrence's mysterious disappearance and the cloud which hung over him was what was really telling upon poor Helen's health and spirits. A month had passed since Mr. Bretherton had left Ulcoombe, and nobody in town had seen or heard anything of him; nay, more, Edith had written to Mrs. Lewis complaining of his silence, and Mr. Lewis had gone at his wife's request to call at his chambers, and had been told that Mr. Bretherton had left London suddenly one evening without saying how long he meant to be away, and that he had left no address, but merely an order that such letters as came for him were to be sent to his bankers, and when Mr. Lewis, feeling sure he should hear something definite, proceeded to the bankers, he was utterly disheartened and perplexed at being told that Mr. Bretherton had left England a week before, and that everything which had come for him had been forwarded to an address given at a banker's in Paris. It was evident that Lawrence was purposely eluding his friends' efforts to trace him, and that he did not want to hear from them, for when Mr. Lewis, at the Von Wertheims' suggestion, wrote to the French banker, he received an answer to the effect that a heap of letters had arrived for Monsieur Bretherton, but that they were as utterly ignorant in Paris of his whereabouts as were the Lewis's themselves.

"I have told Mr. Clevedon either her director or her district is killing his daughter," continued Dr. Vernon, "and I think you could talk him over."

"There is one difficulty," said Ada. "Edith Marsden has promised to come to me as soon as she can get away from Ulcoombe, and I suppose Helen won't meet her."

"How you Christians love one another!" exclaimed the

Doctor. What has made Miss Helen cut all her sensible friends, yourself excepted?"

"Heretics are more hopeful and less dangerous than schismatics, I suppose," said Ada.

"Does your ladyship class yourself in the first category?" asked Dr. Vernon.

"I am classed by Pope Russel, as poor Mr. Bretherton used to call him," said Lady Clive, laughing. "No; I myself never profess to be anything but an enlightened heathen. If I ever do believe in anything, I shall certainly turn Papist."

"Well, things have come to a pretty pass," growled the Doctor. "What's Miss Marsden going to do? Nasty business that about her money; and what possesses Lawrence Bretherton to give such a handle against himself?"

"It is maddening," said Ada. "If I were Mr. Lewis, I would go after him, and not rest till I found him. I do believe they think him guilty."

"The world's gone mad!" said the Doctor, "and small wonder, when grey heads are to be taught by a pack of upstart schoolboys, who think everybody is wrong except themselves. Well, I'll wish you good-bye, and trust you to take possession of Miss Clevedon."

So Ada went to the Church-house, and finding Mr. Clevedon alone and in sad distress over his daughter's delicate health, succeeded in persuading him to let her accompany her to the North for a few days at least. The Incumbent of St. Wereburgh's demurred at first. He remembered how little good his Nellie had got from her last holiday to Paris, and the Church question, as usual, presented a serious difficulty. What would Helen do? she who openly declared that St. Wereburgh's was the only perfectly orthodox church in all England? However, Lady Clive was not to be beaten, and urged her own need of Helen's society. Mr. Clevedon knew enough from his daughter to know how fully Ada's marriage had realized

their worst fears, and how utterly wretched it was. He could not but feel sorry for her, and he always hoped some day to convert her to his views and make her a devoted attendant at St. Wereburgh's. Ada was wont to put a bright face upon her troubles. It seemed as if the very misery of her worldly and heartless marriage had brought out all that was best and truest in the girl; she never complained, she never betrayed herself, and when now she admitted that she dreaded going to her country home, and that Helen would be a comfort and a help to her, Mr. Clevedon yielded, and said so much to his daughter on the subject that Nellie consented to accompany her, fully believing that she had got a special mission to accomplish in teaching Ada what was orthodox, and willing, to do her justice, to sacrifice her own privileges at St. Wereburgh's in order to perform the great work of reforming, or at least giving a good example to the Rector of Warbledon, the name of Lady Clive's northern home.

Lady Clive's success at the Church-house was announced at Kensington by Bernard Luscombe, who took rather a mischievous pleasure in keeping his cousin *au courant* of all that went on there. His own church was so close to St. Wereburgh's, and despite Mr. Russel's vigilance and threats, so many of its congregation came to him to settle the perplexities which the curate's somewhat hazy style of reasoning and ambiguous language were wont to cause, that he really knew more of what happened there than any one else, let alone that Ada, who often met him on her way to the Church-house, told him all those details which Mr. Bretherton used to collect for Mrs. Lewis's edification.

"You are the very person I wanted to see," exclaimed Mrs. Lewis. "Bertha, please ring for tea."

"Bernard despises five o'clock tea as a pernicious institution," said Madame von Wertheim, who was still at Kensington.

"In theory, but not in practice," said Bernard, "though I am never beguiled by it anywhere but here."

"Rose can't do without a five o'clock of some sort," said Bertha, mischievously.

"It is too bad to tease me," said Mrs. Lewis, laughing heartily, "and after all, I always did, even in my most Ritualistic days, prefer my tea to the modern Anglican invention of five o'clock evensong."

"A Catholic instinct in you," replied Bernard, "which made you detect the 'mark of the Beast' in the choice of the most uncanonical of all the twenty-four hours."

"There was something which used to aggravate me in the hour," replied Mrs. Lewis; "it is so particularly inconvenient, if one is to be a slave to it. It really interfered with everything. A parson friend of ours who used to stay here, never could or would go anywhere on account of it. 'I must be back for the five o'clock,' he used to say; and his wife was worse. They used to come tearing in, hot and tired, and late for dinner. It used to rile George, till he could hardly be civil to them."

"It certainly does seem one of the peculiar features of the Anglican heresy, that its services always interfere with people's duties," said Bernard. "Why, even in my day, I remember how I used to annoy my poor father with my vagaries, and they were as nothing compared with modern Ritualism."

"You never were a real Ritualist, Rose," said Mr. Lewis, who had entered the room and had been listening to their conversation. "I have heard the fact lamented at St. Wereburgh's."

"I was always suspected of being a dangerous individual," said Rose, smiling. "That was your fault, Bernard. Mr. Russel used to tell me it was so very wrong, such a wilful running into danger, to have unnecessary communication with Romans."

"'Father' Russel should think of that when he crosses the Channel," said Bernard, laughing. "But he has a

peculiar dread of this house. Your old friends are all warned against it, especially since Miss Marsden's conversion."

"The atmosphere is infectious, I suppose," said Bertha, looking fondly at Mrs. Lewis's bright face. "I think Rose is rather proud of the reputation of her house."

"A trap to catch the unwary," said Rose. "I did not know I was so honoured."

"What a confession against themselves, that dread Ritualists have of meeting Catholics is," said Bernard, musingly. "What are they afraid of if they are right? Well, I wonder how Miss Clevedon will get on at Warbledon?"

"Poor girl," said Mrs. Lewis. "May it open her eyes to see the nakedness of the land down there. I do so wish she would call here."

"I simply would not be cut," said Bertha. "If I were you, Rose, I should go boldly to the Church-house, and brave Mr. Russel and his friends."

"It would do no good," said Bernard. "She is looking most wretchedly ill, I hear; not that I ever see her to speak to, but there is an old French *émigré*, a M. Antoine, who is one of my best people, and to whom she has been very good since he has been ill."

"The old bookseller Lawrence Bretherton used to rave about?" said Mrs. Lewis eagerly.

"The very same. He is poor and proud, and Miss Clevedon has the gift of helping people in such a way as not to wound the most sensitive feelings. No news from Paris, of course?"

"None," said Mr. Lewis. "I give it up. There is nothing for it but to wait patiently till Bretherton comes to his senses, for really, all things considered, his conduct in rushing off like this is perfectly insane."

"You must take into consideration how bitterly a man of his peculiarly sensitive vanity would resent such an accusation," said Bernard. "But I wish he

had braved it out. Have you heard from Miss Marsden lately?"

"You may well ask," said Bertha. "To my certain knowledge Rose has a long letter at least every other day, and writes equally lengthy answers; but whenever I ask her for news of Edith, she says she has none."

Bernard smiled. "Rose has had good practice in lengthy letter writing," he said mischievously. "Anglican direction must have benefited the penny post, if it has benefited nothing else. There, it is too bad, as you say yourself, to tease you."

"It is quite lawful," said Mrs. Lewis brightly.

"Well, you certainly have got all the heresy thoroughly knocked out of you," said Mr. Luscombe.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Lewis. "I often think Father Faber never said a truer thing than that one's heresy takes years to come out of one."

"But you forget that he adds for your consolation, that it is a sanctifying process if we can have strength to bear it,"* said Bernard, who thought, though he did not tell her so, that if all Ritualists possessed his cousin's humility, generosity, and simplicity, not only would more souls be open to the inspirations of grace, but that the actual converts themselves would exercise an influence over those they have left, which is now often marred because so few who have been for years under Ritualistic dominion, and slaves of self-conceit and self-will, can become suddenly as little children, and honestly believe that they are the lowest and the least amongst Catholics, or persuade themselves that outside the One True Church "they have got all things wrong, even right things by the wrong end."†

* See Father Faber's *Life*. By the Rev. T. H. Bowden.

† Father Faber's *Life and Letters*.

CHAPTER XX.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

"YOU have chosen the better part. I must not indulge in selfish regrets ; but oh ! how I shall miss you ?" said Mrs. Lewis, as she met Edith at the Great Western Station a few days after Bernard's visit. "And now tell me all about it. I cannot see why you wont stay with me this winter since you must stay somewhere."

"If I could freely choose for myself, Rose," replied Edith, as she seated herself by Mrs. Lewis's side in the latter's carriage and returned her affectionate embrace, "I would stay on only too gladly. Your house has always been a perfect haven of rest to me. But indeed it is wisest not."

"Edgar has no business to interfere," exclaimed Mrs. Lewis.

"He does not actually," said Edith. "Perhaps it is foolish of me, but I do not wish to vex him needlessly ; and he is so very angry at my decision, and so believes I am not a free agent in the matter, that I feel it would be very silly of me to rush off to my Catholic friends. Ada's house is neutral ground."

"If she were in London," said Mrs. Lewis ; "but you will be bored to death in that great house of hers full of people you don't care to meet."

"There is a church near," said Edith, smiling brightly, "and I am to see as little as I please of her other guests. Indeed you have no idea how kind she is."

"And it is all settled ?" said Mrs. Lewis. "I wish you would tell Bertha."

"I will now," replied Edith. "I did not care to talk about it till I had actually been to the convent."

"And you have decided to go in the spring ?" said Mrs. Lewis.

"Yes," said Edith, "as soon as ever Edgar returns and the affairs can be got a little bit straight. Lawrence's absence is very trying just now."

"Of course he knows?" said Mrs. Lewis, whilst she half smiled as she remembered her former theory and the marriage she had once almost wished to bring about.

"I have written to him," said Edith, "but I question if he has ever had any of my letters; at all events he has taken not the smallest notice of them."

"And Edgar means to winter at Wiesbaden?" asked Mrs. Lewis. "Ada Clive does seem so annoyed at her sister's spending the winter there."

"Indeed!" said Edith, as if the information worried her. "Yet it was Dora's own choice. I do not understand myself why both Edgar and herself were so anxious to winter abroad."

"No, certainly; in the days when she was Miss Ronaldson she used to talk as if there was no place like the Hall," said Mrs. Lewis.

Edith smiled sadly. "Poor Ulcoombe," she said. "It has seen many changes. I am very silly to dislike the house being shut up, but my poor uncle always so disliked the idea of its being left empty, that if Edgar would have heard of it I would have stayed on there alone."

"I am sure nothing would have been so bad for you," exclaimed Mrs. Lewis, "you are looking tired out, and you shall have a thorough rest and change so far as I can give it you."

"I am morally and mentally tired more than anything else," replied Edith.

"The very reason you ought to be with friends," said Rose. "I have so wished I could come down to Ulcoombe to take care of you. It is so odd of your brother to have taken such a dislike to the place. There is no chance of his return till the spring."

"None as far as I can see, but his letters are very short and unsatisfactory."

Mrs. Lewis did not pursue the subject. She had heard from Ada that Edgar Marsden and his wife were leading a strangely gay and dissipated life in Germany, and she did not wish to pain Edith needlessly by dwelling upon her brother's heartless conduct. Indeed, as often happens between two people who love each other very dearly, Mrs. Lewis' and Edith's mutual silence was more eloquent than words. They so perfectly understood each other that a few words expressed as much as a long conversation, and Mrs. Lewis saw at once that Edith did not care to discuss Lawrence Bretherton's absence or the Ulcoombe affairs. They talked of outside, every-day subjects, and Bertha's presence naturally made *tête-à-tête* interviews rare; when alone with her friend, Edith talked of her convent and the life she looked forward to. Mr. Bretherton had been right when he said Rose Lewis was a friend worth having, she was genuinely unselfish, and whatever personal regrets she might feel at losing Edith, she could and she did throw herself heart and soul into her plans for the future, and rejoice with her that the blessing of a real religious vocation should have been the reward and the crown of all her generosity. Now that the strain was gone and she had no longer any need to keep up, Edith naturally did feel all she had gone through, and both Mrs. Lewis and Bertha united in petting her and insisting on her taking the thorough rest she so much needed. Her visit drew to an end all too quickly, for nothing would induce her to prolong it beyond the date on which she had promised to go to Lady Clive. Ada wrote to say she expected her, and further informed her that Helen had only stayed a week. "It was not the fear of meeting you," so wrote Ada, "that took Nellie back to her slavery, but the awkwardness of my poor Rector, good old Mr. Smith. Poor man, he has not served an apprenticeship to Mr. Monkton or Russel; indeed in his secret soul he looks upon them as 'snakes in the grass and perverters of the people.'" The full explanation of this letter was given later on. It appeared

that on the first and last Sunday of her stay at Warbledon Nellie had been rejoiced to find there was an early celebration. Not that the hour was a matter of principle with the good old-fashioned Rector; on the contrary, he boasted that he accommodated all parties and regularly commenced the month with an eight o'clock celebration on the first Sunday, and an eleven o'clock one on the third, and an evening one on the last! His wife was of opinion that it was the bounden duty of every clergyman's wife in particular to participate every time the communion was administered, and did not consider herself fit for a weekly celebration, so that the poor man was on this account obliged to deprive his parishioners of more frequent services. These details Ada mercifully concealed from Nellie, who, having felt too utterly wretched about the wafers Mr. Monkton had given her on the occasion of her last absence from St. Wereburgh's to care to ask him for any more, was quite thankful for what she fondly hoped was a Catholic demonstration on the part of the Rector of Warbledon. Now Mr. Smith's way of celebrating and the unmistakeable table at the east end of the church were bad enough, but when she with the lowest of her St. Wereburgh's prostrations approached the rails, Mr. Smith being quite unfamiliar with the Ritualistic way of receiving the sacrament, and not knowing (poor man, how should he?) that Miss Clevedon had been taught never to take the chalice into her own hands contrived to spill at least half its contents all over her bonnet-strings and dress. If that had been the worst, Helen might perhaps in an agony of tears over the, to her, fearful sacrilege have returned to her place, but Mr. Smith called the clerk and with a duster this worthy mopped up what had been spilt on the floor, whilst after the service both the parson and his wife came to Nellie and with many apologies hoped her bonnet was not spoilt. Poor Helen! it is perhaps needless to add that she returned to London by the first train on the Monday morning.

Edith, with a Catholic church within an easy walk and finding, of course, its services one and identically the same in every detail as those she had frequented in London, was fairly happy. She had been too used to waiting to find the enforced idleness try her as it would have tried most people. She made the best of her surroundings at Warbledon, as she had done at the Hall, and the weeks slipped by till the end of January quietly enough. No tidings were heard of Lawrence, again and again every effort to trace him failed, and Edith, who was now daily expecting to hear of Edgar's return, was thinking of going back to Mrs. Lewis's for a few days, previous to going down to Ulcoombe to prepare the Hall for her brother, when one evening Sir John Clive, who was usually out the whole day shooting or hunting, came in suddenly with a foreign telegram for his wife.

The letters from Germany had been strangely unsatisfactory of late. Dora never wrote to her sister without the latter seeming annoyed and saying openly that no good could come of this prolonged stay at Wiesbaden, whilst neither Dora nor her husband ever spoke of their return at any definite time, and odd reports reached Lady Clive from other sources. She tore open the telegram, and hastily reading it put it into Edith's hands. It was sent by the resident English physician at Wiesbaden and merely said : "Mr. Marsden is very ill, delirious, send to his sister to come at once."

"Nothing about Dora," exclaimed Ada, "strange she should not have sent herself. My poor Edith, all the troubles in life come upon you. What will you do?"

"Start at once," said Edith, who was far too used to such sudden summons to be unduly excited or upset. "I could catch the early mail."

"There may be a letter by the second post," said Sir John, who with all his faults was goodnatured, and who moreover liked Edith. "I'll ride in to N—— and see : there is no horse to equal Dart for speed."

"Yes, Dora may have written," said Ada, much as if she doubted the possibility. "But, Edith, you can't go alone and reach London in the small hours of the night."

"If there is no letter from abroad," said Edith, who had with her usual decision settled what she must do after a moment's reflection, "you shall please, Sir John, telegraph to Mrs. Lewis and she will meet me; I must not waste a day, but try and catch the Calais boat to-morrow."

And accordingly when a couple of hours later Sir John returned with the information that there were no letters and that he had sent to Mrs. Lewis, Edith started, promising to let Ada, who was half inclined to accompany her, know everything as soon as possible. That journey and the suddenness of the summons reminded her of other telegrams, and how Lawrence had in those days always been at hand to help and advise her. Where was he now, and what wounded or guilty feelings kept him away from all his old friends? Very welcome was the sight of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, who were both waiting for her at the London terminus; and when, after a few hours' sleep, she came down to an early breakfast at Kensington, she found Mrs. Lewis with her bonnet on and a portmanteau in the hall.

"Rose is going with you," said Mr. Lewis. "It is all settled, we won't hear of your going alone."

"Edgar need not know I am with you if my presence would annoy him," continued Mrs. Lewis; "but, indeed, I must see you to your journey's end. It is so odd of Dora to let a perfect stranger send for you."

"I feel myself as if there were something we don't know," said Edith, who was too glad to have Mrs. Lewis to make the slightest demur at her coming, knowing well also that Rose was far too sincere to offer to accompany her unless she really wished her offer to be accepted. It was a hurried journey, very unlike their last pleasant trip together, as they travelled on grudging every half-hour's

delay, and merely driving from one station to another in Paris. Edith had sent word to say she was coming, and on her arrival at Wiesbaden half expected to find Dora at the station, or at least awaiting her at the hotel to which she drove at once with Mrs. Lewis, who felt intensely thankful she had come, as she noticed the half curious, half compassionate looks the waiters cast upon them when Edith gave her card and asked for Mrs. Marsden.

Madame was not at home, the waiter replied, with a peculiar smile ; if the ladies would sit down, the English doctor was with Mr. Marsden, and had begged to be told as soon as they arrived.

In a few minutes he appeared, a brisk business-like little man, with an odd abrupt manner, which reminded Edith of Doctor Vernon. He evidently took Mrs. Lewis for Lady Clive, for he apologized for sending to her, saying that he was not sure of Miss Marsden's address.

"But where is my sister-in-law?" exclaimed Edith, when Mrs. Lewis had explained who she was, and the doctor had answered their questions about Edgar, who, he said, was very ill, and utterly unconscious of all that went on.

"The Lord knows, for I am sure I do not," replied the doctor drily. "Well, I can't mince matters or varnish over nasty facts. Mrs. Edgar Marsden has been the talk of the place for months for her notorious gambling, and she was last seen at the railway station in company with some Prussian scoundrel, who has been playing the part of Mephistopheles by your brother all the winter."

"When was this?" said Mrs. Lewis, as Edith covered her face with her hands, too utterly shocked to speak.

"Last Monday. Mr. Marsden was ill at the time ; he has been ailing for weeks ; his wife's conduct has nearly killed him, he can't stand the disgrace. As soon as she was fairly off, I sent to you," he continued, turning to Edith. "There, I've made a mess of telling you, but one's blood boils at such things."

"Poor Dora!" said Edith; "but my brother, has he asked for me?"

"He asks for no one, and knows no one," said the doctor. "You must not mind what he says, he talks very wildly. You have plenty of self-command?" he added, looking attentively at Edith.

"I am used to illness," she answered, whilst Mrs. Lewis begged to be allowed to share the nursing; and the doctor, who was a man of few words, installed them both in Edgar's sick room, after insisting on their taking a proper amount of food and rest.

Later on, when he discovered that Mrs. Lewis was to be trusted, he told her more than he had told Edith, namely, what a cat and dog life Edgar and his wife had led together, how sick they seemed of each other, and how people said that the whole coming to Wiesbaden had been a preconceived plan of Dora's to meet the man for whose sake she had left her husband, and half ruined him.

A weary month followed, a month spent in ceaseless attendance upon Edgar. He was very, very ill, and as the doctor had warned them, he talked wildly. He seemed utterly unconscious of his sister's presence, though he often in his delirious moments called for her; evidently the Ulcombe affairs had preyed on his mind, for he talked perpetually of his uncle and the Hall, of Mr. Bretherton, and above all of Margaret Fielding, betraying how true his early attachment had been, and how soon he had repented his marriage with Miss Ronaldson. Mrs. Lewis, whom he had vowed he would never speak to, nursed him as tenderly as Edith herself. When at last the fever, which he had caught at some masked ball to which Dora had dragged him, left him, he was too utterly weak and prostrate to talk. Perhaps he wished to ignore the past, for he never mentioned his wife's name, and seemed to accept Edith's presence as a matter of course, and either really did not, or pretended not to recognize Mrs. Lewis,

who prudently kept in the background when once he was fully conscious, and contented herself with doing all she could for Edith outside the sick room. Not till early in March did Edgar so far recover his strength as to be able to bear the journey by very slow stages back to England. On the very day before they left, the little doctor, who had proved himself to be the best of friends, came to Mrs. Lewis with a German paper in his hand.

"Here's a nice ending to our domestic tragedy," he exclaimed.

"What!" said Mrs. Lewis; "no news of Mrs. Marsden?"

"She is dead," said the doctor in his abrupt way, putting the paper into Mrs. Lewis's hands.

"Dead!" exclaimed Mrs. Lewis. "How dreadful! When? Where?"

"There, read, and tell Miss Marsden as best you can. It's a happy release for that poor fool of a husband of hers," said the doctor.

Mrs. Lewis took the paper, and glanced quickly over the paragraph the doctor had marked. It was but too true. There was a long account of a terrible railway accident to the mail train between Paris and Berlin, and amongst the names of those killed were Dora Marsden and the Prussian gentleman she had been with. Mrs. Lewis carried the paper to Edith, who had to tell her brother. What his feelings were they could not guess. He maintained the same resolute silence. Only as they got into the carriage that was to convey them to the station, and he found himself face to face with Mrs. Lewis and obliged to recognize her, he took her hand and thanked her warmly for all her goodness to his sister.

The Miracles of our Lord, as illustrating the Doctrine of Purgatory.

X.—CURE OF THE SICK MAN AT THE PROBATIC POOL.

(St. John v. 1—15.)

1. IT appears that, not long after the miracle which has last been mentioned—the healing of the paralytic man who was let down in his bed into the inner court of the house in which our Lord was teaching—He went up to Jerusalem for the celebration of the feast of the Pasch. It was now, then, just a year since He had taken on Himself publicly the office of Teacher and Prophet in the Holy City itself, by the wonderful exercise of authority which had been shown in the act of cleansing the Temple. By far the greater part of this year had been spent by Him, as we have seen, in Galilee, at a distance from Jerusalem—from the neighbourhood of which He had retired in order not to provoke too soon or too much the enmity of the Jewish authorities. At the time, however, at which we have now arrived, our Lord was following what we should call a bolder course, and was claiming for Himself, both by act and word, an authority which was not likely to be at once recognized by men so full of ambition and pride as the Chief Priests and Pharisees at Jerusalem. A notable example of a claim to authority hitherto unheard of, is that on which we meditated in the last chapter—His claim to forgive sins upon earth. The miracle of which we are now to speak is another such instance, at least in so far as it asserted an entire independence of the usual interpretation put by the Jews and their teachers on the

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law of the Sabbath. When our Lord came to explain, in answer to His accusers, the grounds of His conduct, we shall see that He put forward claims which went far beyond this.

2. It was then at this great feast, the second in the course of His Public Ministry, that our Lord went on the Sabbath day to a famous pool of water at Jerusalem around which there were five porticoes or colonnades, under which a large multitude of sick persons, suffering from almost every form of disease, were lying, in expectation of an opportunity which might possibly lead, in the case of any one, to his relief. For an angel went down at certain times into the pool, and moved the water, and then the first person who stepped into it after the movement was healed of whatever the disease might be which afflicted him. It was but a chance, for only one among so many could be healed, and we may well imagine how that large collection of sufferers must have moved the tender and compassionate Heart of our Lord. If it had been in Galilee they would probably have all called on Him with one voice to aid them as soon as He appeared; but in Jerusalem He was very little known, and He seems to have entered the place quietly and without any crowd of companions which might attract notice. The miracle which He was about to perform was altogether unsolicited. He did not require prayer or faith, except as far as the latter was implied in the obedience of the man whom He selected as the subject of His miraculous cure. This miracle, then, like many others, was wrought by our Lord for a special purpose of His own, just as He had turned to a like purpose the incidents of the last-mentioned miracle, and made the faith of the bearers of the paralytic give Him an occasion for proving His authority as to the forgiveness of sins. Thus, He did not heal all or many of those who lay around this pool at Jerusalem, but He selected a single sufferer as the object of His compassion. Again, He did not simply heal him, and then pass

away; He laid on him a special injunction to take up his bed and carry it to his home—an act which was certain to attract attention at any time, but which on that particular day was also certain to cause a kind of scandal, inasmuch as it was an act which was considered to be forbidden, and a breach of the Divine commandment. This act had the effect which our Lord must have foreseen. It brought upon Him the complaints and hostility of the Jewish rulers, and gave Him an occasion for setting forth to them the proofs of His Divine mission in a long discourse which St. John relates, and for the sake of which, according to his usual principle in the composition of his Gospel, it seems to have been that he inserted the account of the miracle itself.

3. The particular truth which our Lord meant to assert by means of this miracle does not concern us at this moment, for we are engaged in the consideration of His miracles only as far as they may be used as illustrations of the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory. But there is one particular circumstance about the miracle which will furnish us with abundant matter for thought in respect of that doctrine. It has already been said that our Lord, Who might, if it had so pleased Him, have healed at a word the whole of the crowd of sufferers who were waiting for the movement of the waters, chose one only as the object of His special compassion. We have no right at all to think that this one person was more deserving of so high a favour than many others, on account of any special sanctity, or resignation to GOD'S will, or contrition for the sins which may have been punished by his Providential affliction. But two circumstances in the case are mentioned, one by himself, and the other by the Evangelist, which seem to distinguish him from the rest of the crowd; and, as these circumstances are specially mentioned, it is not presumptuous to suppose that they may have had weight in his favour in the mind of our Lord Himself. In the first place St. John tells us

that he had been afflicted by his infirmity for as many as thirty-eight years, and that our Lord saw him lying there, and knew that he had been a long time. In the second place, the sick man himself furnishes us with another circumstance, when he tells our Lord that he had no man, when the water was troubled, to put him into the pool. Thus he had been a sufferer for a very great number of years, and he was also remarkably helpless and left altogether to himself. It may have been the case that our Lord selected him from the crowd on account of both of these circumstances; certainly, it seems as if St. John meant us to understand that the first of them influenced the merciful tenderness of His Sacred Heart. Thus we have in this miracle both the principle of a selection of one from among many from the objects of Christian charity, and also the grounds on which, among others, preference may be given to this or that particular case—the length of time during which the suffering has been protracted, and the helpless and friendless state of some individual sufferer. From each of these heads we may derive instruction as to the application of our spiritual alms in favour of the Holy Souls who are suffering in Purgatory.

4. In the first place, then, it is certain that the satisfactions which may be applied to the relief of these holy sufferers are limited in their efficacy, either in themselves, as is the case with works which are simply our own, though wrought through GOD'S grace, or in the decrees and arrangements of GOD Himself, as is the case with the satisfactory power of the Holy Sacrifice, infinite in itself, but not so in its application. Thus, when we visit in spirit this pool of holy punishment, by which so great a multitude of souls are lying, as it were, waiting for the movement of the refreshing waters of GOD'S mercy, we may feel like persons who have but one boon to give, and who should therefore be guided in its application by some reasons of justice or wisdom. Our Lord, if He had chosen, might

have healed at once that suffering crowd ; but He did not so choose. In like manner, His application of His meritorious satisfactions to the Holy Souls, which is intrusted by Him to us, is limited by His own decree. The choice as to their application is left by Him very much in our hands for many wise and Divine reasons. All these reasons we need not attempt to fathom. It is enough to say, out of other things which might be said, that the thoughtful and careful application of our good works to particular intentions is a thing very pleasing to Him. It helps on devotion, it fosters charity, it gives us many opportunities of making reparation, or of showing gratitude and love, and every such act strengthens in the soul the virtue of which it is an act, while at the same time it forms a new link in that marvellous chain of charity by which our whole life is bound together in His intention, the full effect of which is to knit us one to another in the Communion of Saints. It is not contrary to this truth that it is often our best wisdom to pray in general for the conversion of sinners, or the advancement of the good in perfection, or for the souls in Purgatory, without any specification of this or that person. These practices work in the same way, and Christian piety has room both for one and for the other. The Church teaches us to be always honouring GOD in His great mercies to us through our Lord, but she also sets before us one by one the mysteries of His Life and Passion, and of their fruits. She teaches us to honour all His Saints in one great festival, and day by day throughout the year she sets before us, one by one, the same Saints in order, as if for the moment our desire was to be to honour that particular Saint alone. We gain in devotion if we offer Masses or Communions or Indulgences or good works for the Holy Souls in general, or for those in particular for whom we are especially bound to pray, or for those whom it may please our Lady or some one of the Saints that we should especially succour in this way ; and in this last case we

knit ourselves each time by a fresh tie of love, not only to the souls for whom we intercede, but also to our Blessed Lady or to the Saints in whose honour we offer that good work. Thus the whole spiritual doctrine of the value of special intentions in all that we do for the honour of GOD or the good of souls is brought before us by this instance in which our Lord selected one poor sufferer, out of so large a multitude, as the subject of the work of mercy which He was about to do in the course of that great series of manifestations of Himself which was so essential to the accomplishment of His work in the world. It was in accordance with the counsels of His wisdom that one single person should be selected; but He did not, as an ordinary man might have done, take the first person on whom His eyes might fall and work the miracle on him. He made a selection according to the instincts and judgment of His own ineffably wise and loving Heart.

5. The two circumstances, already mentioned, which were peculiar in the case of the sick man who was selected as the subject of the miracle, were the length of time during which he had suffered, and his entire want of human aid. If we apply this thought to the case of the Holy Souls, we are at once struck with the ease with which the lessons of which we are in search are furnished to us. Something has already been said, in the chapter on the Healing of the Leper, of the great length of time to which the sufferings in Purgatory may be extended, and the books of holy writers on this subject are full of very grave warnings on this subject. Thus Christian devotion has often felt itself moved in a special manner to the relief of the souls which have been the longest in Purgatory, or of those who owe the longest debt to GOD'S justice, unless it be cancelled otherwise than by their own sufferings. "Woe is me, that my sojourning is prolonged!" is the cry of such souls, and we cannot think of such words without remembering at the same time that even a comparatively short period of suffering there is felt as immensely

long, on account of the intensity of their pain, or of the burning desire which they feel for the enjoyment of GOD. Both these circumstances have the effect of making what is already long seem even longer than it is. Again, the touching words of the sick man in this miracle, "*Lord, I have no man !*" apply very beautifully to the case of others among the holy prisoners of Purgatory. It is very sad to know, as we do by experience, how very soon the memory of the departed fades away from the hearts of men. It may be one of the things at which the angels marvel most. The deadening effect of the impressions of present and sensible interests upon the traces left on our hearts, even by the deepest of our affections and the strongest claims on our gratitude, is a thing which makes us sometimes wonder whether we have hearts at all. Sometimes, again, our own want of remembrance of the departed who have claims on our assistance, may be allowed in the great Providence of GOD to act in our own case, when our time of need may come, in turning away from us the thoughts of those whom we may leave behind us. With the same measure which we have used towards others will the aid which we ourselves need so much be meted out to us. But there are often other circumstances which may produce the same effect on the holy sufferers in Purgatory without so much of cause in faults of their own as of others. For they may pass away into the next world at a time or in a place where many of the ordinary means of help to the departed are comparatively wanting. Thus, for instance, the Catholic parents of the generation in this country which witnessed the change of religion from Catholicism to Protestantism, must have been largely defrauded of what may be called their natural rights in this respect. The same may be said of our own Catholic forefathers during the centuries of persecution, when there were so few priests in the country, and when it was so difficult for Catholics to hear Mass or to approach the sacraments. To such persons we owe the incalculable

debt which their constancy in keeping to the faith has entailed upon us ; but they could have had little aid, ordinarily speaking, from those who came immediately after them in the inheritance of that faith. The same thing may be said of a great number of persons who are secretly converted to Catholicism, perhaps on their death-beds, while their families and friends remain Protestants. The same is true of the number of souls, known to GOD alone, who die outside the visible pale of the Church, but who have been baptized, and have by His mercy either been preserved from mortal sin, or visited with interior grace sufficient to enable them to reconcile themselves to Him by true contrition before they die, and whose good faith makes them, as the Fathers say, belong to the soul of the Church, though not to its body. In all these cases there are no suffrages offered for the departed—their friends and kinsfolk may not forget them, but they have never been taught how much they stand in need of prayer—for it is the invariable device of Satan in the introduction of false and imperfect creeds to shut the eyes of man as much as possible to the claims of GOD'S justice, as well as to the provisions of His mercy for the relief of misery of every kind. These thoughts are sufficient to indicate a number of other cases in which the words of the sufferer in this Gospel narrative, "*Lord, I have no man !*" are true of certain among the Holy Souls of Purgatory, and thus to point them out as especial objects of the compassionate and thoughtful charity of the children of the Church.

H. J. C.

Life of Father Claude de la Colombiere.

CHAPTER VII.

VOW OF PERFECTION.

IT was during this second week of retreat that by the sustaining influences of an extraordinary grace Father Claude was enabled to carry out a project he had nourished for three or four years of consecrating his soul more closely to GOD by a complete offering of himself. Let us listen to the outpourings of his heart.

“How great are Thy mercies towards me, O GOD Almighty! For what am I that Thou shouldst deign to accept an offering so poor as that of my heart—shall it be indeed all Thy own wholly detached from worthless earthly ties? Be Thou then, O most loving JESUS, my Father, Friend, and Master; for since Thou dost deign to be satisfied with my heart, would it not indeed be unreasonable were it not satisfied with Thine? Henceforth I have no wish save to live for Thee, and should such be Thy good pleasure may my life be long, giving me more time in which to suffer for Thee. I ask not for death to abridge my sufferings, for as it is not Thy will that I should die at the same age* as Thyself, then blessed be that will—but at least permit me to begin to live for Thee at the age when Thou didst die for mankind in general and for me in particular.”

What was this grave resolution and great sacrifice which was to be an epoch in his life, and raise it at one bound to a state of higher perfection? He was going to bind him-

* Father de la Colombiere was at this time thirty-three years of age.

self by a vow to observe faithfully all the rules of his Order *without one exception.*

Now among these rules there are, besides those which necessitate the continued endurance of the various trials entailed by a life of community, other stricter ones which consist in nothing less than, like St. Paul, the renouncing all for the foolishness of the Cross. This is an end attained indeed by few, but at which all should do their utmost to aim. At the same time, for Father de la Colombière, who had been studying and carrying out the rules of the Order for fifteen years this effort to reach sanctification was insufficient, he wished once and for all to burst the bonds of self-love, and for this purpose imposed on himself the practice of even heroic virtues. This can best be realized by noting the following points to which he bound himself:

First. To desire insult, calumny, and injury, even to be considered a lunatic, so long as he should have given no just grounds for such imputations nor in any way offended GOD.

Secondly. Never to have any will other than that of GOD as touching adversity, prosperity, places, employments, life or death.

Thirdly. Always to seek as far as in him lay that which should be most opposed to his own wishes.

Fourthly. Never to be on the watch for that which flatters the senses or is a satisfaction to vanity.

Fifthly. Never to avoid any mortification that might present itself.

Sixthly. Never to share even those pleasures into the midst of which he should find himself so necessarily thrown, as that it must appear almost affected and singular to decline them.

The reader will easily gather from the above that such resolves as these might daunt the most determined. The high and holy thoughts which decided the saintly Father to undertake such a contract have been left by him in

writing for the good of those to whom his motives might not be clear.

He desired first to make it an indispensable necessity that he should fulfil as far as possible all the duties of his calling and to be faithful to GOD even in the smallest things.

Secondly. He wished once and for ever to snap all the fibres of his self-love, cutting off from it that hope of finding satisfaction in self, which seems to be ever alive in the heart of man, be his state of mortification what it may.

Thirdly. Seeing the uncertainty of life from day to day, he wished to lay up for himself all at once, as it were, the self-denials of a very long life, and also keep himself in that state wherein death, which snatches from us this means of glorifying GOD, is not to be feared. The Almighty will indeed take our self-denials in this life as a pledge that, were such His good pleasure, we would willingly thus glorify Him for eternity.

Fourthly. He wished through the necessity he now imposed upon himself of being self-disciplined in all things for as long as GOD should please to prolong his life, to make reparation for all the irregularities of the past, and this motive had more weight with him than all others.

Fifthly. To acknowledge in some degree GOD's infinite mercies to him in binding him to carry out His lightest wishes with scrupulous fidelity.

Sixthly. Though GOD in His goodness often spares men the penalty of that eternal damnation due to those who neglect His will, Father de la Colombière desired to do this will in all things from respect for it alone.

Seventhly. In order to give himself to the service of GOD without reserve of any kind, he wished to detach his heart from all human affections, so that he might devote all his powers to the service of God.

The reader will notice the practical character of these resolutions. They were the offspring of dogmatic theology, but they bore daily fruit in deeds of the highest virtue.

Besides which, after gravely weighing the subject, and bringing all the penetration of his mind to bear upon it, he came to the conclusion that that to which he was binding himself, though difficult indeed, was by no means impossible. "In inspiring St. Ignatius with our rules," said he, "GOD must have intended they should be carried out. There can, therefore, be no moral impossibility of doing this. On the contrary, the vow to observe the rules, instead of being a hindrance to so doing, must facilitate it; not only because it removes temptations, by inspiring a fresh fear of mortal sin, but because it binds Almighty GOD to give greater help in the hour of need."

He then cited the example of Blessed John Berchmans,* who passed five years in the Society of JESUS without his conscience having once reproved him for the infraction of a single rule, and he added these words: "Why should I not, with the grace of GOD, do the same at an age when one should have greater strength, and at which one is less exposed to the praise and respect of men, the most dangerous enemies one has to combat? He never feared that the stringency of the vow would rob his soul of its calm, and so become a stumbling-block to him. *Pax multa diligentibus legem tuam, et non est illis scandalum*, that is to say, "*There is great peace for those who love Thy law, O Lord, and they are not offended at it.*"†

This is an article of faith, and consequently the more we love this law the greater is our peace. The excessive care required to observe the very smallest details of that which is laid down, far from fettering the mind, gives it freedom: *Ambulabo in latitudine, quia mandata tua exquisivi*, that is to say, "*I will walk at liberty, for I seek Thy commandments.*"‡

Father de la Colombière on examining himself in the presence of GOD, could not but feel that he had already for

* This fervent imitator and dear brother of St. Louis de Gonzaga, was remarkable for an exact fidelity to all religious observances. He died at the age of twenty-two, and was beatified by His Holiness Pius IX., May 28, 1865.

† Psalm cxviii. 165.

‡ Psalm cxviii. 45.

some time been living up to the standard which he should have to maintain after taking this vow ; and his conception of the idea of doing so arose more from a desire to bind himself to persevere than from a wish to do anything new and extraordinary. It seemed to him that the mere thought of making such a vow would detach him from worldly things almost as strongly as though he felt the hand of death upon him, and he looked for support neither from his own resolves, nor from his own strength of will, but from the infinite goodness of GOD, and from the grace which He never fails to communicate to us in proportion to the generosity of our service. After all, he only needed to increase his watchfulness over himself, seeing that he was already anxious to carry out voluntarily these same rules of life to which he was about to bind himself.

Far from being alarmed at the thought of his vow, he delighted in it, for it seemed to him that he had at last found that treasure which has to be bought so dearly, and that he was about to enter a kingdom of peace and freedom, in which the love of self would hardly dare to tempt him, so imminent would be the danger of listening to its voice. It was no passing fervour which inclined him to take this vow. For long he had nourished the idea, reserving its final examination for his grand retreat, and the nearer the time drew for its execution the easier did it appear, and the greater did he find his strength and his resolution. He submitted his project, together with the motives from which it sprang, to his Superior in writing, begging him to examine into it, and announcing his determination not only to give it up entirely should it not meet with his approval, but to do so with the same submission to his opinion which he should accord to the word of GOD.

His director* was a man of great wisdom, of exem-

* It is believed that his director was Father Antony de Poissien, born in 1623, at St. Germain-Laval en Forey, who died at Lyons in 1691. He published various works full of the deepest piety, *Meditations, A Retreat of Eight Days*, &c.

plary life, and of long experience in the spiritual warfare. Thoroughly convinced that, with the assistance of grace, the fervent religious would be able to reach the necessary degree of perfection, he allowed him to bind himself by vow to the practice of all that he had proposed to himself. Never in the sequel had Father de la Colombière any difficulty as to the observation of this contract, nor did he find his conduct in the least fettered by it. On the contrary, he rejoiced in the liberty of the children of life, and it seemed to him that he had wings to carry him to the pinnacle of perfection.

During the third week the sufferings of our Lord are the subjects for meditation ordained by the Exercises. What first strikes the mind of the Christian student is the firm and confident countenance with which JESUS goes to meet those who are looking for Him. He considers the Heart of JESUS going straight to GOD without hesitating for a moment at taking the step, although that Heart had but the instant before been plunged in bitterness, and suffering intense anguish ; sinless, but expiating sin. He next admires the attitude of this same Heart towards Judas who betrayed Him, the Apostles who with cowardice forsook Him, the princes, priests, and pharisees, who were the authors and accomplices of the persecution which He endured. Nothing had the power to arouse in Him the smallest sentiment of anger and hatred, nor was His love for His disciples or for those who afflicted Him in any way diminished. In deep contemplation Father de la Colombière sought to know this Heart without gall and bitterness, and filled with an unutterable tenderness for His enemies, which no treachery or ill-treatment could change into hatred. For the second time he fixed his mind with all its power of thought on the study of the Divine Master's Sacred Heart. It seemed as though some mysterious attraction was leading him to the Sanctuary of infinite charity. He begged of the Blessed Virgin the grace which should make the dispositions of his heart to

sympathize with those of the Heart of JESUS, for he seemed to see in the Heart of the Mother the reflected sentiments of the Son. "Although crushed by her sorrow, and in so terrible a strait, she wishes no evil to His executioners ; on the contrary, she loves them, and offers for them the Blood of the Victim." Enraptured by this spectacle, and ardently excited by it to imitate this sublime virtue, he exclaims: "O Hearts of JESUS and MARY, truly worthy to absorb all hearts ! you for the future shall be my models. I will endeavour in the various occasions of life to be in sympathy with your feelings. I desire that my heart may be in the Heart of JESUS, and in the Heart of MARY, so that its every movement may be in harmony with these Sacred Hearts."

At every line we may note the effect produced by meditation on the sufferings of our Lord. The sight of those generous acts seems spontaneously to transplant the soul into an atmosphere more pellucid than its own or that of other created things. In the bleeding and wounded flesh of JESUS we see the love of humiliation and sufferings, together with all the precepts of self-renunciation, and it is difficult to imagine a heart with any real nobility resisting the eloquence of such an appeal as that of the picture of GOD crucified for love of His creatures. From what we know of the character of Father de la Colombière, his was a mind peculiarly capable of understanding this Divine lesson ; for its result was the offering to JESUS not of tears of compassion, but of a strong unswerving resolve to devote himself to all works, all sacrifices, and to die in suffering in order to follow the example of his sweet Saviour.

At the fourth week his heart is overflowing with feelings ; but faithful to the essentially practical asceticism of St. Ignatius' teaching, he makes use of the glorious mysteries to fortify his desire to conform himself to JESUS the Divine Model.

In meditating on the love of GOD, he owns that he

should be the most ungrateful and unfortunate of men if he should fail to give himself utterly to GOD, or if he could ever consent to any portion being kept back. He comments with energy on the words of St. Ignatius, *Amorem tui solum cum gratia mihi dones, et hoc sufficit*—"Give me, O Lord, Thy love and Thy grace, and that shall alone suffice me." He prays for a love in which shall be more of stability than of either fervour or sweetness. He has but one desire, and that is to please GOD in every action of his life, and to arrive at this he is prepared to meet all trials, and ready to be faithful to the end through all temptations and dryness of heart.

On the festival of St. Francis Xavier, after having written some beautiful thoughts on the virtues of the Apostle of India and Japan, he addresses himself to the Saint, and implores his intercession at the throne of grace in these words: "If your zeal for the eternal salvation of an unknown barbarian was such that you went to seek him at the ends of the earth, can you neglect that of one of your own fraternity?" He then adds what appears to be a revelation.

"All at once my mind was as it were illumined. I saw myself dragged in chains to prison, accused and condemned in that I had preached Christ crucified. . . . At the same time I seemed to conceive an intense longing for the salvation of those unfortunate men who are living in heresy, and felt that I would gladly give the last drop of my blood to save one soul from Hell."

A presentiment seems to come over him that GOD has sufferings in store for him, and he protests from the bottom of his heart that whatsoever they may be which it shall please JESUS to accord him, let it be imprisonment, calumny, opprobrium, sickness, or contempt, he accepts them all. "O sweet Saviour," he exclaims, "send me, obtain for me these trials, and eternally will I thank GOD and praise Thee for them." Does it not seem as though our Lord were showing him beforehand the sufferings that

were awaiting him in the not far distant future. Yet a few years, and he shall be thrown into prison, and condemned for the Name of JESUS, which he had boldly carried into the heart of a Protestant country.

The Spiritual Exercises generally terminate on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, either to remind those who have taken part in them that it was the Blessed Virgin who inspired St. Ignatius with the idea, or for the placing of all new resolves under her powerful protection.

On that day Father Claude's heart overflows in loving and passionate effusions. Roused by the inestimable purity of MARY to desire that he may never do anything displeasing to her infinite holiness, he vows that in the future he will be more faithful, and will by all possible means purify his heart, so as to induce our Lord to occupy it. "Come, O my GOD," he says, "and with the help of Thy grace Thou shalt find my heart purer and better swept. Never will I consent to give myself to other than to Thee ; but, oh, come quickly, for I fear at times lest Thy creatures should defraud Thee." It is the same sentiment expressed by St. Philip Neri when he says, "Lord, distrust me, for I might betray Thee."

A great many reflections on different subjects are published with *The Spiritual Retreats*, probably from a desire on the part of the saintly student to preserve the remembrance of the lights and graces received during these special devotions. Thus it was that on Christmas Day this holy soul seemed in the intimacy of its union with GOD to be intoxicated with those spiritual delights which are so far removed from the things of this world. "Thou art indeed good, O my GOD," he cried on that day, "to reward so liberally the restraints which I impose upon myself. O my Sovereign and my sweet Master, cease I beseech Thee from overwhelming me with Thy blessings, for I recognize my own unworthiness of them. Thou wilt accustom me to serve Thee from self-interest or Thou wilt lead me into exaggeration ; for if Thou didst not oblige

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me to obey my director, of what is there that I should not be capable to deserve one moment of those sweet consolations which Thou dost vouchsafe me. Oh, foolish one that I am! did I say 'deserve?' Forgive me the word, O loving Father, for growing confused in the excess of Thy bounties, I know not what I say. Could I possibly 'deserve' the inestimable graces and consolations with which Thou dost surround and overwhelm me? No, my GOD, it is Thou alone, Who by Thy suffering dost procure them for me. For this be Thou eternally blessed, and shower down on me miseries and misfortunes, so as to give me some share in Thine. I shall not believe that Thou lovest me until Thou hast made me suffer both much and long." What delicacy and generosity of feeling are to be seen in these concluding words! What humility and what gratitude at the very moment when GOD has let him taste the sweet consolations of the Divine love!*

The fervour which he extracted from a whole month of spiritual exercises in retreat is to be found fully sustained for the remainder of the year. We find him ever earnest in prayer, punctual in the observance of the minutest details, ready for any act of devotion or self-denial, genial and amiable towards his brethren of the order, and submissive as a child to the will of his superiors. Amongst the various exercises of neighbourly zeal and charity in use during the last period of probation are the religious instruction of the poor and the imprisoned, as also the visiting of the sick in hospital. At the approach of Lent the Fathers were sent forth to hold missions for the evangelizing of the people.

* We have perhaps indulged ourselves in giving too long an extract from this work of Father de la Colombière, but as our readers may have no other means of making themselves acquainted with it, we little regret its place in the text. Although the style of the book is that of the seventeenth century, both in arrangement and expression, it must not be read with a view to its literary merits, for the *Retraite Spirituelle* was written and published without revision. Hence certain mistakes and negligences, which take nothing from the value of the whole. We think no really religious person could read this book without feeling that they are perusing the thoughts and experiences of a saint.

Most probably Father de la Colombière gave a course of preaching in some important town, but whether in Avignon or elsewhere we are unable positively to affirm ; but there can be no doubt our Lord blessed his ministry. A most truly apostolic man, he added to exceptional talents learning and eloquence the still greater and more efficient gift of holiness.

After Easter he returned to the loved and peaceful home of St. Joseph,* fatigued with the labourer's work, but satisfied with the harvest, and we find him resuming with joy the routine of that hidden life, through which he succeeded in establishing himself firmly in an intimate union with GOD. The festival of the Assumption was the regulated close of this life of prayer and solitude, and Father de la Colombière had to think of leaving a house which to us is embalmed with his virtues.

In the ardour of his zeal this true companion of Christ only lived for the glory of GOD and the salvation of souls. His life was no longer his own, but was given to GOD and to his neighbour, and from henceforth every moment of time became more precious to him. His whole existence was divided between the three principal occupations of an apostle, viz., prayer, study, and ministrations. This jealous care never to lose a minute and this constant preparation for work explain to us how it is that Father de la Colombière, dying at the early age of forty-one, has been able to leave us seven or eight volumes of his writings.

As is the duty of a religious who sees the will of GOD in that of his superiors, he patiently awaited the order which, when it arrived, nominated him as head of the mission of Paray-le-Monial. We may be surprised at seeing a man of such rare merit, and one fitted to shine on a wider stage, ordered to fill so humble a position in a

* St. Joseph's Home comprised the Novitiate and House of the Third Probationists. It has been destroyed, but its name is yet preserved in St. Joseph's Street.

small town of Charolais;* but it was the will of that Providence which directs all things in this world to confide to his care a mission which has brought him more honour with posterity than he could have earned in any more distinguished post. And we shall see later how his appointment to Paray was indicated by the finger of GOD.

It was towards the close of the year 1674 that Père de la Colombière arrived at Paray-le-Monial. This little town, charmingly grouped around its magnificent church in the midst of rich pasture-lands on the banks of the Bourbine, had been chosen by Providence as the cradle of a touching and popular devotion, a devotion which rekindled in the seventeenth century the love of JESUS, amidst many surrounding phases of unbelief. There was to be revealed the chosen vessel destined to fulfil this glorious mission; there the hidden graces of the *Marguerite des Marguerites* grew and developed themselves. Far and near, in ways beyond human prescience, GOD had laid the foundations of this great work. As early as 1617 He had inspired that pious lady, Hippolyte de Gondi, sister of the High Admiral of France, wife of the Marquis du Raquy, Governor of Charolais, and sister-in-law of the Bishop of Autun, with a desire to found a Jesuit house at Paray for the destruction of heresy and the strengthening of the true faith in that neighbourhood. During the religious wars the town had been occupied by the Huguenots, whose doctrines, to the injury of the Catholic Church, lingered amongst the people after they themselves had been driven from the district. To this task the Jesuits were easily induced to devote the utmost energy, and the Lord was pleased to send a blessing on their labours. "Père Paul de Barry took up his residence, and gained great influence in Paray. He represented to his fellow citizens that nothing would more effectually repair the

* The intention of the Provincial in sending him to Paray was probably to give him more time for composition. Father de la Colombière was then but thirty-four years old.

ravages of Calvinism and restore the faith of their fathers to its original vigour than the establishment amongst them of a community of devoted and hard-working nuns, who, whilst setting an example of a holy life, should give themselves to the education of the young of their own sex, and afford a refuge for such pious souls in the neighbourhood as desired to serve the Lord in the solitude of the cloister."

In these very words do the contemporaries of the saintly Margaret Mary describe the beginnings of this great work. They go on to tell us how about this time some young girls of Paray, anxious to embrace the religious life, and hearing of the exceeding piety of the newly-established Order of the Visitation, prayed the permission of the local authorities to found a convent in honour of the Blessed MARY in their native place. The Town Council, convinced that what they proposed was alike for the glory of GOD and the welfare of souls, and not unmindful of the advantages accruing to a township from the establishment of a religious community within its walls, willingly acceded to their request.

We see from the above that the municipality had no hesitation in avowing its Christian sentiments, and the good people of Paray may therefore boast of their participation in the erection of the altar whereon later the Lord condescended to reveal His Sacred Heart. Again, we find Père Paul de Barry showing his interest in the new undertaking by soliciting for it the protection of those in power. "Before long all obstacles had disappeared, and the 4th of September, 1626, saw a little company of nuns from the Convent of the Visitation at Bellecours established in Paray." The annalists from whom we quote here gracefully remark: "The sons of Loyola, to whom GOD had willed so conspicuous a part in the propagation of the worship of the Sacred Heart, could not fail to look with interest on the foundation of Paray, the cradle of that devotion."

The young community was not without its trials in

these early days. At one moment, indeed, St. Jane Frances de Chantal feared that from lack of funds she might be obliged to recall her children to Lyons; but Providence, not without large designs for their future usefulness, came to their aid with all things necessary for their support. Forty-five years had elapsed since its foundation, when the monastery at Paray received within its walls the young and unknown girl destined to shed so much glory on the Order of the Visitation.

Anniversary Notice.

THE readers of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART will thank us for reminding them that the present month of July brings us to the first anniversary of the decease of the Rev. Father WILLIAM JOSEPH MAHER, of the Society of Jesus, who died at Paris, July the 19th, 1877.

May he rest in peace!

Sketches from the Life of Leo the Great.

“Where are they who led the attack? Unheard of and forgotten. And where is the Church? Shining brighter than the sun.”—St. Chrys., *Hom. ante exil.* §§ 1, 2.

IV.—CHALCEDON.

WHEN GOD, for the good of His Elect, permits a wolf as formidable as Dioscorus to assail the fold, He ever places in the path of the invader a shepherd as intrepid as St. Leo. If the successor of Peter were only a Bishop among Bishops or a Patriarch among Patriarchs, *primus inter pares*, according to the fond fancy of some who think that it is possible to be followers of Christ without submitting to His Vicar upon earth, the Universal Church would have suffered dismemberment long before St. Leo's time. GOD does not contradict Himself. If His Church is to be Universal, it is and it must be under one head on earth. Instead of holding together, as we know it has done, for nineteen centuries, the Church of Rome, once deprived of its unifying principle, would by the very fact of its profession of Catholicity, have fallen into disunion and decay more rapidly and hopelessly than even the Protestant Establishment in England, which already, at the end of only some three centuries, is giving signs of approaching dissolution, too clear to be mistaken except by those who wish to be deceived. A national church derives some kind of merely natural unity from the fact that its members belong to one nation and are subject to one government. The Catholic Church, because it gathers into its fold all peoples and tribes, is compelled to encounter national jealousies and ancient animosities of race and place. It

would not be Catholic except in name if it were free from the menace and the danger. It would not be the Church of GOD if it were not able to defy the menace and overcome the danger.

St. Leo's cares and labours were multiplied after the Robber-Council of Ephesus. It was not in his noble nature to look on passively at such an outrage. He had indeed enough to occupy his anxious thoughts in Italy and the West, but as bad men in the East were not deterred from evil doing by the thought of the near presence of Attila, and as the blight of disaffection would too surely spread, and the poison of heresy would grow more virulent, unless strong measures were taken promptly, the ruler of Christ's Church was forced into immediate action. Repose was out of the question until the great scandal had been repaired.

Most fortunately St. Leo received the best information straight from the place of assembly, conveyed by a trusty messenger, not quickly but surely. His own legate, destined to be his successor in the Chair of Peter, St. Hilary, having with much difficulty effected his escape from the hands of the friends of Dioscorus, was able to present from personal observation a circumstantial report of the unprecedented proceedings. This was the first account which reached the Holy Father, but it had been long on its way. St. Leo had written more than one anxious letter to St. Flavian, and nearly two months elapsed before St. Hilary arrived, alone and wearied with much travelling by unfrequented roads. The other Papal Legates were detained by force, and Hilary always regarded his escape as a special grace due to the intercession of the patron saint of Ephesus, St. John the Evangelist. To one who loved the Church as Leo did, the message brought by his deacon Hilary must have caused keen anguish. "*He shall not slumber nor sleep that keepeth Israel.*" In the watches of the night, as he mused upon the threatened desolation of the Apostolic Churches of Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem,

he would need all his strong faith to bear up bravely under a load of grief so overwhelming. He could not yield. He could not bate by one inch his proud pretensions. He could not shift the responsibility, or even share it. He could not leave things to take their course, trusting that strife would wear itself out, and peace be produced by exhaustion. He could not propose a scheme of reconciliation. He could not suggest a compromise upon terms of mutual concession. Rome "never did nor never shall" dally with heresy, or abandon one syllable of revealed truth, and to all promises and threats she makes in every age the same unchangeable reply, "*Non possumus.*" The latitudinarian benevolence which, rather than wound charity, is ready to renounce dogmatic truth, is no part of Christian morality as Christ and the Apostles understood it. "*If any man come to you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into the house, nor say to him, God speed you.*"* So said St. John, the Apostle of love, who knew well the secrets of the Sacred Heart. All hopes of corporate union in our days are idle dreams if they are founded in the un-Christian fallacy that truth and falsehood can meet in the midst and blend into some new form of much diluted doctrine.

Not a moment was to be lost. St. Leo called a council of Bishops in Rome and annulled all the acts of the *Latrocinium*. Then he wrote two letters bearing the same date, 15 Oct., A.D. 449, one to the clergy and the other to the people of Constantinople, to announce what he had done. The words he uses are a proof that he considers himself the Head of the Church, and the simple fact that such a letter elicited no indignant disavowal of his claim, reveals better than many learned essays the mind of the Church of the fifth century in regard of Papal jurisdiction.

"Now, because We have heard of this devastation of your Church, We have thought it Our duty to console you by Our letters, and encourage you to resist in behalf of the

* 2 St. John i. 10.

Church the wickedness of perfidious men. For We are loth that your love should be overwhelmed with this affliction, knowing that from your constancy will ensue increase of glory, if no threats, no alarms, have power to tear you from your worthy priest. For whoso, while Flavian your Bishop is alive and safe, shall dare to invade his priestly office, shall never be held in Our Communion, or be permitted to count among Bishops. For, as We have anathematized Nestorius in his perversity, so those who deny the truth of our flesh in the Lord Jesus Christ We with equal execration condemn."

Never for an instant did the Holy Father fear for the Church. He continues—

"Think not, Beloved, that the protection of GOD fails or shall fail His Church. For the purity of faith shines bright when the foulness of error is separated therefrom."*

Two months later he sent trusty envoys by different routes to carry to Theodosius two copies of one letter written to remind him that a grave responsibility attended his acts in this great crisis. He prayed the Emperor to permit a Council to be held in Italy, to which the Bishops both of the East and West might be summoned. Theodosius had no will of his own, and Chrysaphius had already given his solemn sanction to the acts of Dioscorus. Galla Placidia and her son, Valentinian III., and his young wife Eudoxia,† who had all gone to Rome for the feast of the Cathedra of St. Peter, 22 Feb., 450, joined their entreaties to those of the Holy Father. About Easter the reply of Theodosius came in the shape of a distinct refusal. He said the Council held by Dioscorus at Ephesus had his approval, and that Flavian was justly condemned. The poor misguided Emperor little knew how soon he would have to render an account of his criminal weakness to one greater than even the Pope of Rome. On the 29th of July, A.D. 450, Theodosius the Second was thrown from his horse

* Epist. l. (or xlv.) *Ad Constantinopolitanos*, 15 Oct. 449.

† Daughter of Theodosius the Second.

and killed. He had manifested a desire a few days before to recall his good angel Pulcheria to Court, and to banish Chrysaphius, the evil genius of his latter reign. If he had lived longer he might have lacked the courage to carry out that holy purpose, and it may be that GOD mercifully withdrew him in a moment of better hope from the scene of his ignoble paltering with imperial duties. He might have been more hostile to the Church: he was feeble and impulsive rather than distinctly wicked—a tool in the hands of villains rather than himself a villain; but his removal at that particular moment to another world was certainly, under the circumstances, a blessing to mankind, for his vacant throne was immediately occupied by a saint, his sister. Chrysaphius had had his day, and for him and Eutyches all was lost when the sceptre passed into Pulcheria's maiden hand.

According to one authority, St. Leo and the Roman Synod not only annulled the Acts of the Robber-Council, but excommunicated Dioscorus and Eutyches, and sent a notification to the clergy, the senate, and the people of Constantinople. This is not quite certain, but, on the other hand, it is quite certain that Dioscorus, with profane insolence, pronounced a mock sentence of excommunication against the Successor of St. Peter. The effrontery of the wretched man in his little day of power passes belief.

Eutyches, helped by Chrysaphius, held up his head after the deposition and death of St. Flavian. The way lay open at last to the patriarchal throne. He was bitterly disappointed. The people once again set Eutyches aside, and elected a priest of Constantinople, Anatolius by name. Dioscorus consecrated this man very willingly; but then began the difficulty. How were the all essential letters of communion to be procured from Rome? Theodosius who had treated with contempt St. Leo's urgent remonstrance, now, at the dictation of his master of the palace, dared to ask the Holy Father to acknowledge the Patriarch

of Constantinople, whom the Patriarch of Alexandria had consecrated. Anatolius also wrote a most submissive letter to the Pope in his own behalf. If it is possible to judge a man by his friends, a bishop consecrated by Dioscorus was not to be rashly admitted to communion. So thought St. Leo, and he wrote to the Emperor 'once again respectfully insisting upon a thorough examination into the tenets of the newly consecrated Patriarch. The letter with all its civility is as strong an assertion of Papal Supremacy as any Catholic need care to see even now, and yet it was written some three centuries before the Forged Decretals, which are often ignorantly declared to be the first foundation of the power exercised by the Bishop of Rome. St. Leo demands with precision of language that Anatolius be required to make a public profession of faith in the presence of clergy and people, and that a copy of this profession signed by his own hand be sent at once to Rome in order to be thence disseminated through the other churches. Anatolius is to declare his full acceptance of the doctrine contained in Cyril's letter to Nestorius and in "our own letter to Flavian of sainted memory." Until this has been done the Pope suspends all judgment about his worthiness or unworthiness. Four legates, two bishops, and two priests will be despatched to see that all is carried out duly. The letter is dated the 17th of July, A.D. 450. It was apparently the arrival of this letter which drove Dioscorus to final desperation. He saw at once that it was battle *à outrance*, and, withdrawing from Constantinople to Nicæa, induced ten bishops to join him in the act of supreme folly already mentioned. Almost at the same moment Theodosius lost his life. It was a strange conjuncture. The Patriarch of Alexandria, the second city in ecclesiastical dignity, declared the Pope excommunicated (whatever that might mean). Beyond that extravagance it seemed impossible for even the Robber-captain to go. The night had, indeed, reached its darkest, and the dawn of a new day was near.

Pulcheria, on her brother's death, immediately assumed the reins of government. She was fifty-two years old, and had long consecrated her virginity to God. Virtue is only another name for courage. Saints can strike hard blows when they are fighting their Master's battle. One of Pulcheria's first acts was to arraign Chrysaphius. He was condemned and sent into banishment. The Empress spared the life of the miserable man, but he was soon struck down by private vengeance. Tyrants who in their day of power have caused many men to be judicially murdered cannot easily retire into safe seclusion.

To meet the reasonable wishes of her subjects, and to strengthen her throne, Pulcheria gave her hand to Marcian, exacting first his solemn oath that he would respect the vow which she had made. He was a soldier of high repute and long experience, and a devout Christian. In the wars he had fallen into the hands of Genseric, but had been restored to liberty by that prince from some motive of superstitious fear. It was said that the Vandal King had observed an eagle guarding the prisoner in his sleep. We have seen already how Pulcheria and Marcian answered the proud summons of Attila. Theodosius and Chrysaphius paid tribute meekly, and were only too glad to be allowed to purchase the forbearance of the terrible barbarian. Marcian refused all thought of tribute, and sent back the fierce reply that he had iron for his enemies and gold for his friends. These words, instead of bringing the King of the Huns to the gates of Constantinople, drove him away to the West, for they signified very plainly that Marcian would not yield without a blow; and it seemed to the sagacious mind of Attila a better economy of time and force to march first to the easy conquest of the Western Empire, and to reserve the siege of Constantinople till his triumphant return from Italy.

Marcian wrote to St. Leo about the end of August, to inform him of his elevation, and to propose that the council should be held in the East rather than in Italy,

The providence of GOD, he said, the choice of the Senate, the vote of the army, had raised him to the throne, and he considered it his duty as a loyal Catholic to address himself to His Holiness, the Guardian of the faith, and to beg his prayers for the Divine assistance. He intimates his willingness to convoke a council. But now by the strong measures of the new Emperor, the situation of affairs in the East had been materially changed. Anatolius had undergone the prescribed examination, and, with much worldly wisdom, had placed his orthodoxy beyond dispute. The body of St. Flavian had been laid with high honour in the Basilica of the Apostles, and the bishops sent with him into exile had been recalled. When St. Leo proposed to Theodosius to summon a council in Italy, no other expedient seemed to offer the prospect of a peaceful adjustment. It was a solemn duty on the one hand to rally the Catholic Episcopate round the chair of truth, but on the other hand a council held in Asia might give to the Nestorians or the Eutychians fresh opportunities of creating confusion and discord. Therefore a council, but a council in Italy, had seemed then the only remedy. The death of Theodosius clipped the wings of heresy, and consequently somewhat changed the plans of Leo. If the Eastern bishops could be otherwise persuaded to forsake their patronage of error, a council for its own sake was certainly not wanted.

Marcian, overruling St. Leo's apparent indecision, summoned a General Council, to meet at Nicæa on the 17th of May, A.D. 451. He invited the Holy Father to preside in person, and he himself was resolved to be present like another Constantine, in the city which had seen the triumph of the Church a hundred and thirty years before. Nicæa* had suffered much from earthquakes in the interval, and was half ruined ; but a graver reason, its distance from Constantinople, made it necessary to move the Council elsewhere. Yet that distance was only fifty miles. Nicæa

* Now Isnik, a mere village.

was a town of Bithynia, at the head of Lake Ascanius, easily accessible from all parts of the East. The bishops had actually assembled there at the appointed day. St. Leo detained in Italy by the threatened descent of Attila, and quite unable to be present in person, had sent two bishops, Paschasinus of Lilybœum and Lucentius of Asculum, with two Roman priests Boniface and Basil, to be his representatives. Marcian remained behind. The Huns had not yet so definitively abandoned the territory south of the Balkans that the Emperor could afford to relax his attention for one day. He did not dare to leave Constantinople. The Legates of the Pope wrote to entreat him to come and keep order, and they even refused to allow the Council to be opened if he did not fulfil his engagement to be present. Marcian solved the dilemma by transferring the Council from Nicæa to Chalcedon. The Church of St. Euphemia, in which the Council was held, stood on the slope outside the town, only a few paces from the Bosphorus. Evagrius says that the view from the entrance of the church was exceedingly beautiful, with its well wooded landscape and rich meadows around, with its background of mountains, and the great capital of the Eastern world reposing on the water full in front. Before the church was a large open court, surrounded by pillars. Through this lay the entrance into the basilica, which was nearly as large as the peristyle, and of similar construction, but roofed in. "Beyond this was a circular building, running up into a dome, which was supported by columns, with a gallery running round it."*

On the 8th of October, A.D. 451, the Council of Chalcedon was opened. Nineteen high dignitaries of the Court represented the Emperor, and were bound to attend at all the sittings, but Marcian himself only once appeared. The Imperial delegates sat in the middle of the basilica, facing the altar. They bore the official style of senators. Between them and the altar the bishops sat in a semicircle,

* Fleury, *Eccles. Hist.* cap. xxviii.

presumably with their backs to the altar, and in the centre of the curve, on a throne, with lighted candles set round it, was placed in all honour the Book of the Gospels. In assigning the places, the existence of rival schools of thought was as distinctly recognized as in the House of Commons. On the Epistle side of the altar, sat the "opposition" bishops, as they may be called, Dioscorus of Alexandria, Juvenal of Jerusalem, Peter of Corinth, and the Bishops of Egypt, Palestine, Illyria. On the Gospel side, in the place of honour, sat the legates of the Pope, with Anatolius of Constantinople, Maximus of Antioch, Thalassius of Cæsarea, Stephen of Ephesus, and the rest of the Orientals. The whole number is commonly set down at six hundred and thirty.

When all were seated, Paschasinus of Lilybœum, in the name of Leo, moving towards the centre, said: "The most blessed and Apostolic Pontiff of the city of Rome, the Head of all the Churches, has been pleased to ordain that Dioscorus be not allowed to sit and vote in the Council. If he dare to attempt it he is to be expelled." Then turning to the Imperial commissaries, he observed that the commandment of the Holy Father must be obeyed, and that if Dioscorus were allowed to retain his seat the Papal legates would be compelled to retire. The secretary translated this announcement into Greek, and the Imperial officers, instead of complying at once, began to ask why and wherefore. After a short disputation about the legal procedure, they ordered Dioscorus to leave his place, and take his seat in the middle, thus excluding him from voting, but not expelling him from the Council. The Papal legates acquiesced in this arrangement.

Then Eusebius of Dorylæum laid his accusation against Dioscorus, accusing him of having solemnly approved the heresy of Eutyches, and complaining of the violence done to St. Flavian and himself. Dioscorus made petition that the acts of the synod held by him at Ephesus, and of the

synod held by Flavian at Constantinople might be read. He may have expected a refusal, for when his request was acceded to he asked that only the parts which related to dogma might be read. But his amendment was not listened to, and the reading proceeded. When they came to the name of Theodoret of Cyre in the course of the reading, the Imperial commissaries insisted that he must be introduced, and have a seat in the Council, because the Holy Father had received him to communion. His entrance was the signal for an outburst of party feeling. "The faith is in danger." "Turn out the Nestorian," cried the friends of Dioscorus. "We signed under compulsion at Ephesus." "Turn out the Manichæans," cried out the Asiatics. Dioscorus exclaimed, "Theodoret condemned Cyril. Are we to turn out Cyril?"

After peace had been restored the real work of the session began. With exemplary patience the Fathers listened to the ponderous budget, and as fact followed fact the guilt of Dioscorus stood revealed in such glaring colours that his best friends were ashamed to acknowledge him, and all who had given their signatures under violence at Ephesus made public avowal of their deep sorrow for that act of culpable compliance. Dioscorus was convicted of sharing the error of Eutyches. "If it be true," it was urged against him, "that you hold the faith of Cyril and Leo, how could you reinstate Eutyches, who denied it, and condemn Flavian, who maintained it?" This was a practical question, to which Dioscorus could only reply by begging that the reading might be resumed. His request again fell on deaf ears. "How say the Fathers? Is Flavius' profession of faith, just read, orthodox?" Paschasinus answered, "It is faultless, and completely conformable to Leo's Dogmatic Letter." All the Bishops on the Gospel side declared their assent. Dioscorus captiously observed that Flavian's meaning had not been caught, that he had contradicted himself. Suddenly all the bishops of the opposition stood up as if by an inspiration granted

to all at the same moment, and Juvenal of Jerusalem, speaking in their name, cried out, "The faith of Flavian is the faith of Cyril;" and so saying passed to the other side, followed by all the Bishops of Palestine. Then Peter of Corinth, with the Bishops of Greece, acted in like manner. Finally there stood on the Epistle side of the basilica only ten Egyptian Bishops. Far on into the night by torchlight the reading was continued, till at last the iniquitous sentence passed upon Flavian was reached, and with cries of "Anathema to Dioscorus," "Many years to Leo," the long labours of that never to be forgotten day came to a close.

The commissaries declared that the innocence of Flavian and Eusebius of Dorylæum had been established, and reserved to another occasion the solemn condemnation of Dioscorus.

The triumph of the enemies of the Church is short-lived. When will they learn this simple truth, proved, as it has been by the logic of facts many and many a time? They have eyes and see not. "*The light shineth in darkness and the darkness did not comprehend it.*" The Church of Christ is not hid in the depths of some quiet valley, but it stands, like that old basilica on the hill-side over against Byzantium, visible to all who care to see. It is a city on a mountain, very fair to the eye, and it has a glorious history. He who, after studying the lessons of the past, has not yet discovered that the Church of Rome is "fated not to die" must be very slow of comprehension, or very hard to convince: "*They shall perish, but thou shalt remain.*"

St. Ignatius. July 31.

"In captivitate redigentes omnem intellectum in obsequium Christi."—2 Cor. x. 5.

JUNE's golden day is overpast,
 The clouds by thunder-fire are riven,
 Heaven on our earth not long may last,
 For otherwise our earth were Heaven.
 And dimmer, wint'ry hours are near ;
 The day less bright,
 The lengthening night
 Give signs of a declining year.

Ages of faith were on the wane
 When JESUS' Champion first appears,
 Bearing his heavy cross with pain,
 And sowing all his seed in tears.
 But brighter days succeed the sad,
 The seed takes root,
 Its golden fruit
 The City of our GOD makes glad.

The Standard of the Cross displayed,
 The soldier of GOD's "hope forlorn,"
 By Hell's armed legions undismayed,
 Goes conquering on, tho' wan and worn ;
 Recorded is his vow above,
 In face of sin
 And death, to win
 A noble realm for Faith and Love.

With tenderer tone, autumnal skies
 Reflect the early sun, or late,
 The ripening grain for harvest lies,
 Its granaries their store await,

When to his JESUS' bright repose,
And to the throne,
Thenceforth his own,
The Spirit of the Father rose.

His secret, supernatural art,
The lofty, cultivated brow,
Meek captive of the all-conquering Heart,
Are reproduced among us now ;
On earth who kindle heavenly fire,
As brothers may,
Resemble they
Each other, and their glorious Sire.

And thousands, foreign to his rule,
Yet bless its influence benign,
Training the heart in JESUS' school,
Transmuting all things to Divine ;
To purge the soul from earthly taint,
With homage meet
Kneel at his feet,
And learn the love that moulds a saint.

ESTE.

The Bells of St. Honorat.

THERE was one of the prettiest sights and ceremonies imaginable this spring on one of those two little green islets of the Mediterranean which give so vast a charm to the sea-view from Cannes. Wherever you stand, on the bright promontory of the Croisette, in the woods clothing the heights round Vallauris, most of all by the Croix des Gardes, with the pines all round you, and the scented carpet of myrtles, aspic, and white Mediterranean heather, "the islands" lend their particular charm to that fair stretch of the tideless sea between the bays of Juan and Napoule, which is bounded on the latter side by the wonderfully picturesque outline of the Estérel. Both of them have their associations and recollections, which, together with the pleasure of the trip, bring plenty of passengers to fill the little steamers plying daily during the season between the Cannes harbour and the Iles Ste. Marguerite and St. Honorat. Both are prettily wooded, in both there is the same lovely blending of colour made up by the purple wavelets breaking on the rosy rocks from which grass-paths lead so temptingly into the pine-thickets, and each has one building to which are attached the memories of the place. Ste. Marguerite, voted by most English and American visitors "much the most interesting," contains the fortress from which Marshal Bazaine was so obligingly helped to escape (for no one who has seen the spot and heard the story can doubt the collusion) and which was the prison of the mysterious *Masque de fer*; while on St. Honorat a Cistercian monastery occupies the site, and contains some of the actual building which made Lerins, by which name both islands were originally known, famous as a school of learning, and sacred as a nurse of piety for ages after St. Honoratus took up his abode there

in the first years of the fifth century, attracted by the absolute solitude. The serpents infesting the island possessed no terrors for innocence and sanctity, and at the bidding of GOD'S servants departed from the holy soil so soon to be known as *beata et felix insula Lerinensis*.

The island was obtained for the Cistercian Fathers, and secured to them, by the exertions of Mgr. Jordany, the retired Bishop of Fréjus, and the church which they have been for some years engaged in building will be completed next spring. The ceremony of the blessing of the bells was announced for the feast of St. Gregory the Great in the present year: it was a brilliant afternoon, fresh, yet soft and bright as March days can be at Cannes, and the little quay of the Port St. Pierre was crowded with intending passengers and lookers-on. One of the steamers was reserved for the Duchess of Parma and her party; and the other was soon well packed with those who had invitations from the Fathers, and those who were bent on seeing what they could outside the *enceinte*. We walked from the landing-place on the island to the spot chosen for the ceremony; and what a spot it was! A little green ribbon of a path wound through the pine-wood, in the heart of which was a cleared space, entered under the prettiest triumphal arch of moss and spring blossoms; on each side were the seats of the religious, then of the guests, and further on those of the bishops and other dignitaries to be present, close to a rustic altar raised on three turf steps, gay with flowers and greenery, and crowned by a large white banner bearing the Papal arms. Here and there breaks in the wood gave glimpses of the violet sea rocking the boats dressed with flags and streamers which had brought parties from Cannes and the neighbourhood. Then, long before we saw anything of the procession from the monastery, we heard the solemn chanting of the monks—I hardly ever heard so many rich voices in one community—accompanied, as they came nearer, by that sound to which nothing else in nature can be compared,

the wind in the pine-boughs. The bishop's cope, crosier, and mitre were soon seen gleaming through the trees, and every turn of the path showed a flash of colour, the red and purple of bishops and *monsignori* and the gay *calottes* of the choir—boys chosen from the orphanage which is under the care of the Fathers. The procession was closed by the religious, chanting as they walked with downcast eyes, and took their places on the low seats at the entrance of the little amphitheatre, where they sang Vespers during the ceremony. I am not going to describe that: it is well known to many, and it is beautiful, touching, and inspiring, as all the ceremonies of Holy Church are. My place was just behind a bishop, from whose book I could read the prayers and responsories and psalms; but I must confess that my attention was often drawn off by the full soft voices of those white-robed religious whose presence on that little island called up so many memories. One thought of the eloquent, brilliant young man of consular race and envied position who gave it its name, of the brother who followed him to his solitude, to win him back to the world, and who, instead, was in his turn wooed and won by the same sweet irresistible Voice which had "allured him, and led him into the wilderness, and spoken to his heart;" one remembered how that wilderness became "as a place of pleasure," and how very literally was fulfilled the prophecy: "*In the dens where dragons dwelt before shall rise up verdure*;" how his children thronged around him, and how they sanctified the place by the twofold blessing of labour and prayer, which are the very life of monasticism, till at last the West had no need to envy the East, for the wonders of the Thebaid were renewed on the Provençal coast, and the school of Lerins became the nursery of saints who evangelized Gaul, and whose glory was shed even on our own land by the presence of Patrick and Augustine. The founder of this great monastery of Lerins seems to have been as tender and watchful a father as St. Bernard himself; and two of his greatest disciples, St. Eucher of Lyons and St. Hilary of Arles,

delight in dwelling on his considerate and loving rule, and the spirit of charity which breathed in the "blessed island;" and a curious monument of his popularity in the country remains in a Provençal poem of the thirteenth century by a monk of Lerins, who has made a quaint jumble of the story of the Saint and the feats of Charlemagne's *preux*. And here were we, in the nineteenth century, listening on the same "blessed island" to the same holy office which he and his brethren first sang here: *Les choses passent, et les souvenirs restent*.

The Bishop preached a good sermon, in which he spoke very warmly of the Fathers, whose monastery, by the way, is a favourite retreat of the bishops and dignitaries of the neighbourhood; then came the concluding part of the ceremony, and, last of all, Monseigneur drew the cords attached to the tongue of the big "St. Honorat," which sent its first full booming note far over the little island and the sunny sea; when hung in its tower, it will be heard, they say, almost at Nice. The ladies acting as *marraines* to the smaller bells did the same for their god-children; and in the midst of the joyous clash and jingle the Bishop intoned the *Te Deum*, which was taken up by monks and people as we all followed the procession back to the monastery. There, leave was asked of the Father Prior for the Duchess and her suite to visit the interior, which is, of course, forbidden ground to women. It was granted, and the suite became very numerous indeed, so many pressed forward to follow. At last, the Prior called out "*Assez!*" the great doors were shut, and about a dozen of us left lamenting outside. It was disappointing to miss the chance, but there seemed no help for it, and we waited as patiently as we could for our more fortunate companions. One of our number, a bright charming girl, belonging to one of the noblest and worthiest houses of France, amused herself and us by mercilessly teasing the cross-grained old porter (not a religious) at the outer lodge: "*Pour quoi ne sommes nous pas admises, toutes? je n'y comprends rien,*" she asked, with an air of innocent

unconsciousness. "*Parceque vous êtes des femmes—c'est à dire, le diable !*" "*Même les religieuses ?*" pointing to a Sœur de Bon Secours. "*Même les religieuses ! tout ça,*" with a comprehensive glance of disapproval, "*tout ça, c'est du diable !*" I think a little feeling of triumph over our enemy mingled with the pleasure with which we saw a white habit approaching us from another side : some one had spoken a good word for us, and we were to be admitted by another door. There was very little time certainly ; and we had to hurry through the new buildings and above all the old part where one would gladly have lingered. Still, it was worth a good deal to pass through the low cloisters trodden by so many holy feet, the refectory spread with the daily dinner of potatoes and dry bread, and to glance at the doors of cells where, perhaps, Vincent, Salvianus, and St. Lupus may have prayed and studied. Then, our conductor opened a little door in the wall, and from the chill of the dark shaded cloister we stepped into a small sunny garden bright with stocks, honeysuckle and jessamine, looking more as if it belonged to a Devonshire farmhouse than a severe religious community, and he told us that we were on holy ground, for this was the very spot where one hundred and fifty monks were martyred for the faith by the Saracen invaders. It was hard in that bright little garden to realize the scene of savage butchery, the one episode of blood and violence in the peaceful annals of Lerins, but at the same time its crowning glory ; and as we kissed the flowers sprung from that sacred soil which the good Father gave us as a *souvenir*, we thought that when St. Cesarius of Arles said of his beloved island : "This is she who, receiving young soldiers, maketh them kings," he uttered an unconscious prophecy of those who, in the midst of scholarly labours and peaceful seclusion, were being trained by obedience and penance for a battle in which they were to fight and die conquerors, under the banner of their Captain, and then to receive their royal "crowns of beauty" from the pierced Hand of their King.

Another Anecdote of Father Plowden.

FATHER PLOWDEN, of whom we spoke last time, was just beginning dinner one day when the servant came to tell him that a poor man wanted to speak to him. "Ask him if he can wait a few minutes," said the Father, "I shall soon be down." But the servant soon returned to say that the man was a sailor who had only just reached Bristol, and who had to go on board his ship as soon as he could. The Father immediately went down to him, and was much pleased with his open-hearted piety, heard his confession, and dismissed him with a hearty blessing. The Father then returned to his dinner, after which, according to his usual custom, he went out for a short walk. Observing several people hurrying towards the quay he proceeded in that direction, and soon learned that an accident had occurred. A boat conveying a passenger to one of the ships had capsized, and, owing to the number of vessels crowded together at the entrance of the quay, much difficulty was experienced in recovering those who had been upset. The rowers, however, were safely rescued, but more than half-an-hour had elapsed before the passenger could be found, and when at last he was laid on the quay it was evident that he was quite dead. Father Plowden hastened forward to satisfy himself of the truth of this assertion, and instantly recognized the countenance of the poor sailor, whose confession he had heard within the hour, and with whose piety he had been so much pleased. His death, though unexpected, was happily not unprepared.

Intention for the Apostolate of Prayer for July.

THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT WITHIN THE ENGLISH ESTABLISHMENT.

THE yearning after Catholic unity freely expressed by many members of the English Establishment, who have yet to learn that obedience to Peter is the one Divinely enjoined condition of that unity, has attracted the attention, and will largely engage the sympathy of the faithful in other lands. It is with gladness of heart and hopeful expectation of some signal mercy, already in part prepared in the counsels of GOD, that we make known to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer in the United Kingdom the *Intention* which, by the kindness of the Director General, is proposed during the month of July as the object of the combined petition of hundreds of thousands of fervent Catholics, and among the number very many favourite children of the SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Can it be that so many dear to GOD will plead in vain? Will not the eyes of men born blind be opened to the light of Heaven?

If there is power in united and unselfish prayer to win illuminating grace for all who do not absolutely and obstinately refuse to accept it, we have a right to feel sure that the time has come for a large outpouring of the Spirit of GOD upon thousands now severed from Catholic communion, but honestly striving to find the truth, and ready to obey the call at all costs, even with bleeding hearts. Let us not underrate the trial. Not now in England the rack and the knife give to chosen souls a

quick passage to Heaven, but there is much of very real martyrdom and patient confessorship which the angels know. Delicate girls, because they have chosen to obey GOD rather than man, are held to have forfeited all claim to a father's protection and a mother's love. Some are kept in harsh imprisonment, treated like criminals with details of parental cruelty, which, if they could find their way into our newspapers, and gain credence, would extort a cry of shame from honest Englishmen. Others are driven from the home of their childhood as if their presence carried contamination with it. The mother that bore them prays GOD that she may never see their face again. These things happen not here and there and now and then, but seemingly by a fixed law of human action. Divine truth can seldom be a matter of indifference. It must be loved or hated. Religious opinions, formed upon private study of the Bible or the Koran, or derived from unsent apostles, or any charlatan who finds it his interest to cry out, "*Lo, here is Christ, and there is Christ!*" all shades of misbelief, down to utter unbelief, find mercy and forbearance from fathers and mothers and husbands. Catholic faith alone is excluded from forgiveness.

Although conversion in England does not lie along a path of roses, yet many noble souls have listened and obeyed, and many more will follow their example. The obstacles which are interposed by flesh and blood are hard to surmount, but the grace of GOD can do, even easily, what to nature is impracticable. Conversion is in every case the change of the right hand of the Most High. When GOD undertakes a work He can carry it through, for to Him nothing is impossible or difficult. He will carry through the work of His predilection if His servants cooperate in "*charity from a pure heart and a good conscience and an unfeigned faith.*"

The time for controversy has passed and the time for moving Heaven by prayer has come. Those who are trying to introduce the outward ceremonial of Catholic worship

into the Anglican Establishment, in the teeth of Bishops who "will none of it," are in a position so untenable, when it is judged by ordinary rules of logic, that both the Church from above them and the world from below them look on in amazement. How is it possible, we ask ourselves, that they cannot see that they are only twisting ropes of sand? They are repudiated alike by Catholics and Protestants. They want to unprotestantize their whole Community, and it most distinctly refuses to permit the process. They want the Catholic Church to meet them halfway, and she would not be the Bride of Christ if she did. There is not a grain of bitterness in her refusal. With a mother's fond heart she is longing to clasp in her arms the disobedient children who by their baptism belong to her; but only by one path can they come back to her. Not one little point of the latest definition of the Pope's Infallibility will she concede to save all England or all mankind. Truth is in her keeping, and to ask her to unsay a word of dogmatic definition is to ask her to confess that the Holy Ghost is not abiding with her. If the Catholic Church is what she calls herself, she can no more submit to dictation in matter of teaching than Christ Himself in Whose authority she teaches. In other words, if the communion of the Catholic Church is worth having, it can, by the necessity of the case, only be had upon her own terms. If it could be procured by exchange and compromise, it would be a very different thing from that magnificent heritage which Catholics prize, and Anglicans would gladly give much, but always too little, to purchase.

It is not then that Rome will not, but that Rome cannot, treat upon terms of equality with any Christian sect, however respectable in the natural order. She teaches that there is One visible Church of Christ under a visible Head, the Bishop of Rome, and that she herself is that Church. From this doctrine she cannot recede; and, without receding from it, she cannot admit into her fold, however estimable their spirit or pious their intentions, any

body of men who do not declare themselves unconditionally the spiritual subjects of Christ's Vicar upon earth.

This is so clear to all except the men whom it most concerns, that it is no longer possible to ascribe the obscurity which veils it from their eyes to any flaw in the argument. Here and there, where clerical ambition and the pride of leadership have taken possession of some poor soul, there may be conscious dishonesty of purpose, but it is not necessary to suppose that wilful rejection of the light is the ordinary cause of the darkness which invests the path of Anglican inquirers. Not words of contempt for their dulness of vision, or fresh proofs of what has been proved to demonstration, are needed now, but strong, and earnest, and united prayer. Faith is, after all, a gift of GOD. It cannot be formed in the heart by poring over controversial treatises till the eyes grow dim, or disputing about sacred things till utterance fails, unless there be some higher inspiration than that which comes from pious curiosity, or a restless craving for intellectual excitement, or the desire of spiritual consolations. Reason can prepare the heart, but grace must work the change within. "*Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.*"

No Catholic in the United Kingdom is ignorant of the religious movement to which we have been referring, and no Catholic worthy of the name can look upon it without a deep, personal concern. Not only is the eternal welfare of near kinsmen and dear friends at stake, but their weal or woe depends in great part upon what is done to help them. This appeal made to all the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer throughout the world in behalf of our "separated brethren," will not fall upon deaf ears in England and Ireland. Wherever these words are read, wherever, by their aid or without it, the "July Intention" is brought to the notice of the friends of the Sacred Heart in Rosary tickets, or little calendars, or by word of mouth, a fervent prayer will be breathed for the poor wanderers.

The prayer of many hearts, innocent or penitent, rising through a whole month in one great cloud of incense to the Mercy-Seat, will surely bring down efficacious grace at once to all who are perfectly sincere in their search after truth, and will more and more purify the will of those who perhaps at present are only half disposed to yield to the influences of Heaven.

It is in the name of the *Sacred Heart of Jesus*, and for His Blessed Mother's sake, that we call upon our Associates to pray, and make others pray, that a rich harvest of souls may be gathered in, and that the work of GOD maybe carried forward without slackening till all that is pure and good and loyal in England has been restored to unity of faith.

PRAYER.

O Sacred Heart of JESUS! through the Immaculate Heart of MARY, I offer Thee all the prayers, labours, and crosses of this day, in union with those intentions for which Thou dost unceasingly offer Thyself a Victim of love on our altars. I offer them to Thee in particular for souls led astray in the paths of error, but still sighing after unity. Make known, dear Lord, to these sincere but misguided souls the necessity and the fixed conditions of the unity, which Thou didst implore so earnestly for Thy disciples, and grant to Thy Church the happiness of clasping them in her motherly embrace. Amen.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

For the triumph of the Church and Holy See, and the Catholic regeneration of nations.

JULY, 1878.

I. GENERAL INTENTION: *The Catholic Movement within the English Establishment.**

II. PARTICULAR INTENTIONS.

1. Mon. *Oct. of S. John Baptist*.—Contempt of the world; 7,486 vocations.
2. Tues. VISITATION OF B.V.M.—Humility; 18,589 spiritual intentions.
3. Wed. *Commem. of S. Paul, Ap.* June 30.—(S. J., S. Leo, P.C. June 28.)—Mildness; 3,918 superiors.
4. Thurs. *S. John of S. Facundus, C.* June 12.—(S. J., S. Fidelis a Sigmaringa, M. April 24.)—Perseverance; the grace of perseverance for 23,047 persons.
5. Fri. *S. Antony of Padua, C.* June 13.—(S. J., *Oct. of the Sacred Heart*).—COMMUNION OF REPARATION, &C.—FRIDAY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.—Gratitude; 15,925 acts of thanksgiving.
6. Sat. *Oct. of SS. Peter and Paul*.—Love of the Church; 11,873 ecclesiastics.
7. SUN. *Fourth after Pentecost*.—THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD OF OUR LORD.—Desire of Holy Communion; 18,980 First Communions.
8. Mon. *S. Elizabeth of Portugal, M.*—Confidence in GOD; 17,223 fathers and mothers.
9. Tues. *Translation of S. Thomas, B.M.* July 7.—(S. J., *Prodigies of the Patronage B.V.M.*).—Confidence in MARY; 5,236 promoters.
10. Wed. *Seven Brothers, M.M.*—Simplicity; 85,086 children.
11. Thurs. *S. Basil, B.C.D.*—(S. J., S. Pulcheria, V. July 7.)—Compassion for the souls in Purgatory; 78,847 dead.
12. Fri. *S. John Gualbert, Ab.*—Self-denial; 7,234 religious.
13. Sat. *S. Anacletus, P.M.*—Resignation; 11,986 persons in affliction.
14. SUN. *Fifth after Pentecost*.—S. Bonaventure, B.C.D.—A child-like spirit; 5,943 houses of education.

15. Mon. *S. Swithun, B.C.*—(S. J., *BB. Ignatius Azevedo and Comp. S. J., M.M.*).—Detachment; 19,566 temporal affairs.
16. Tues. OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.—Service of MARY; 2,166 seminaries and novitiates.
17. Wed. *S. Osmund, B.C.*—Remembrance of the four last things; 3,338 missions and retreats.
18. Thurs. *S. Camillus of Lellis, C.*—Patience; 27,633 sick persons.
19. Fri. *S. Vincent of Paul, C.*—A zealous charity; 1,537 spiritual works.
20. Sat. *S. Jerome Emilian, C.*—Christian courage; 45,510 young men.
21. SUN. *Sixth after Pentecost*.—A spirit of prayer; 100,171 various intentions.
22. Mon. *S. Mary Magdalen*.—A horror of sin; 86,774 sinners.
23. Tues. *S. Apollinaris, B.M.*—Zeal for the house of GOD; 4,858 parishes.
24. Wed. *Vigil*.—S. Alexius, C.—Purity; 22,118 young persons.
25. Thurs. *S. James, Ap.*—Zeal for the glory of GOD; 2,545 foreign missions.
26. Fri. *S. Anne, Mother of B.V.M.*—The spirit of faith; 30,928 families.
27. Sat. *SS. Soter and Caius, PP. M.M.* April 22.—(S. J., S. Swithun, B.C. July 15.)—A firm faith; 50,502 heretics and schismatics.
28. SUN. *Seventh after Pentecost*.—The spirit of union; 7,730 reconciliations.
29. Mon. *S. Martha, V.*—A holy earnestness in well-doing; 7,618 nuns.
30. Tues. *SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, PP. M.M.* April 26.—(S. J., *Translation of S. Thomas, B.M.* July 7.)—Charity; a special intention.
31. Wed. S. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA, C.—Love of perfection; 13,531 communities.

* Our Associates are asked to help to make known this world-wide "Intention" for England. The July number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* contains an exhortation which it is hoped they will read and recommend to the perusal of others.

Intentions sent for publication must arrive in London not later than the morning of the first day of the month. It is recommended that they should be written on a page by themselves.

An Indulgence of 100 days is attached to all the Prayers and Good Works offered up for these Intentions.

The Intentions of the *Archconfraternity of St. Joseph of Angers*, and the *Children of St. Joseph at Brussels*, are recommended to the prayers of the Associates.

Application for Diplomas of Affiliation to the Apostleship of Prayer, Tickets of Admission, &c., for England, is to be made to the Rev. A. G. Knight, S.J., 111, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; for Ireland, to the Rev. M. Russell, S.J., 50, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin. Sheets of the Living Rosary, adapted to the requirements of the Association, may be had of Messrs. Burns and Oates, Portman Street, London, W.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

The Problem Solved.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TRUE SOLUTION.

EDGAR had meant to return to Ulcoombe and spend the next few months quietly at the Hall; but either the associations of returning to England were too much for him, or the journey had really overtaxed his feeble strength, for he was carried from the railway carriage to the nearest hotel on reaching London, and for days he was unable to be moved. No words had passed between his sister and himself either about her future or her money, and for the time Edith, with her usual unselfishness, laid aside all her own cherished wishes to do with all her might, as was her wont, the evident work GOD meant her to do. Edgar seemed now utterly crushed and heart-broken, he could not bear to see any one, nor could he bear Edith to leave him for one moment. He clung to her just as the old Squire used to, with a half deferential, half imploring manner which it was piteous to witness. It seemed as if he were perpetually asking her to forgive him, and what was strangest of all in him, he begged her to write all the necessary business letters to Mr. Leonard, trusting her in

AUGUST, 1878.

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the same way which he had once resented the Squire's doing. Desperately as Dora had gambled, success had usually followed her, and the Ulcoombe estate was not the loser. Nearly three weeks had passed since their arrival in England, when one morning Edgar, who was at last recovering, said suddenly to his sister—

"Edith, have you honestly no idea where Lawrence Bretherton is?"

"Not the slightest," she answered, meeting her brother's look. "I have never seen or heard anything of him since he left Ulcoombe the day of our uncle's funeral."

"Poor Lawrence," said Edgar, speaking slowly and with effort. "He has much to forgive. Edith, why did you refuse to put your money matters into Chancery? It would have cleared him."

"Because," said Edith, "I never could bring myself to believe he needed to be cleared. There is a mystery we have never fathomed. But why discuss it?"

"Because," said Edgar, and then he paused. "GOD help me!" he exclaimed, whilst the perspiration streamed from his forehead, as if the effort to speak were too great. "What a coward I am. Edith, the missing deed is here."

"Here!" exclaimed Edith. "What do you mean? It has been found: and by whom?"

"Spare me," exclaimed Edgar. "I was mad—I was out of my mind with jealous rage. I concealed the deed: thank GOD, I was not villain enough to destroy it."

Edith rose from her seat, and bent tenderly over her brother as he leant back in his chair, utterly exhausted by the effort this confession had cost him.

"Let the past be buried, dearest Edgar," she said as she kissed him. "The deed is found, and that is enough for the world in general."

"You must find Lawrence. He must be cleared," said Edgar, recovering himself and unlocking his desk, where in a secret drawer lay the long lost marriage settlement. "And how to account for its being found?"

"We have found it," said Edith, "and the fact that Lawrence has not been seen or heard of clears him; no one can even suspect him in any way."

"If Leonard will accept my statement that I have found it, and not bother," said Edgar wearily. "Edith, we will go down to the Hall to-morrow, if you don't mind. I could not go whilst I was wronging you."

"It is all over now," said Edith, who was too relieved to feel Lawrence was cleared, and that all doubts and suspicions about her uncle were at an end, to feel her brother's conduct as she would have under ordinary circumstances; nor could she grieve over a sin he had evidently so fully repented of. All that she cared for was to lose no time in writing to Lawrence, and to proclaim his innocence to all the world. The moment she could leave Edgar, her first act was to dash off a few hasty lines to his London address, and trust they would be forwarded to him; her next was, unmindful that she had been forbidden the church-house, to rush off to the Clevedons. Through the familiar streets, where she had so often walked with Nellie, she hurried to St. Wereburgh's. Johnny Smith, long since promoted to the office of porter, opened the door, and his face beamed as he recognized her. She might be a Roman, and Johnny Smith had been taught to look with an evil eye on those who left St. Wereburgh's, but she was connected in his mind with happier days than those he had lately spent at the church-house. The child remembered all Lawrence's goodness, and had noticed how his dear Miss Helen, as he called her, had fretted all that winter, and to see Edith seemed like a bit of the old days come back.

"Miss Helen is at home, and in the library," he said in answer to Edith's eager inquiry. "She'll be glad to see you, miss, for she seems so lonely."

"I'll find my own way," said Edith, and Johnny, who was shrewd enough to know that it was just possible, from various orders he had received, that Helen might refuse to

see Edith if she were told beforehand who her guest was, let her cross the hall alone and open the well known library door for herself.

Helen was sitting by the table, an open book by her side, and a strip of rich ecclesiastical embroidery lying across her lap, but she was not reading or working. Her whole attitude was utterly listless, and unlike the Nellie of days long gone by, who never could be idle. She was thinner than ever, and her face was deadly white except for one crimson spot on each hollow cheek. There was a weary restless look in her eyes as she looked across the quadrangle, from which a glimpse of the street could be obtained. A hundred times a day Nellie looked that way, and each time reproached herself for so doing. Why did she think about or ever expect Lawrence after all those weary months of absence? Her heart was yearning after her old friends, and with a little cry she started up as Edith entered. There was no need of words, or of explanations; doubts, jealousies, and distrusts were all forgotten, and one long silent embrace between those two friends told all. Helen never even asked what brought Edith to the church-house. She had suffered intensely since her return from Warbledon, and she could no longer drown thought in occupation and excitement. Bit by bit she had to give up her work, often for days she could not leave the house, and in sheer weariness Nellie took to reading as she had never read before. Like many clever people, Helen's actual knowledge was limited. Brought up till she was fifteen at the most Ritualistic school of the day, and then placed at the head of her father's house at an age when real study may be said to begin, what did Miss Clevedon really know about half the subjects she discussed so freely? She was an excellent linguist, and spoke several foreign languages both fluently and well, but of history Helen knew nothing. Her reading had been limited, and until the present time none but carefully selected books of the most approved Anglican tone had

fallen within her reach. She had read too without thinking, more to see if the books in question were what she called orthodox than for her own instruction. But that winter a change had come, in her first misery at the accusation brought against Lawrence, she had tried to find distraction in extra work, and had been led to visit M. Antoine, the old French bookseller, from this motive. Perhaps, too, the fact that Lawrence had liked the old man, attracted her in spite of herself; certain it was that when she had to give up all other visiting, Nellie continued to go daily to M. Antoine, who learnt to look for her visits. The old bookseller had seen better days, and loved to talk of them, and gradually Nellie from hearing him talk became interested in the books he talked about. She turned over the musty volumes in his shop, and many a one did she carry away with her. She began to read to see if what he said were true, and gradually history in its true light unfolded before her. She read the lives of the Popes, and learnt for the first time in her life how unflinchingly the Holy See has held its own against the usurpations of kings and princes. The true history of all the struggles of the Church in France, the triumph of obedience over Gallican errors, the language of Bossuet (whom her friends were wont to uphold as if he might have made a good Anglican!) on the Church's unity became familiar to her. Of what use for her Ritualistic friends to quote a momentary weakness under royal pressure, when she could read his own noble retraction of the declaration of 1682? or could read his sermon on the unity of the Church, and see how he had said:

“The ecclesiastical authority first established in the person of one alone has only been diffused on the condition of being always brought back to the principle of its unity, and that all those who shall have to exercise it ought to hold themselves inseparably united to the same Chair. This is that Roman Chair celebrated by the Fathers, which they have vied with each other in exalting

as: 'the chiefship of the Apostolic See.'* 'The superior chiefship,'† 'the source of unity,'‡ 'that most holy throne which has the headship over all the Churches of the world.'§ 'The head of the Episcopate, the chiefship of the Universal Church,'|| 'the head of pastoral honour to the world,'¶ 'the head of the members,'** 'the single Chair in which all keep unity.'††

Mr. Russel was extremely angry at this development in Nellie and said (most truly) that a little learning was a dangerous thing, and that individual interpretation of the Scriptures and the Fathers led many astray! He even preached a sermon on the sin of private judgment; but here Mr. Clevedon interfered, and told his curate almost sharply to let Nellie alone. She cared for so few things and was so utterly listless that her father was thankful for anything which seemed to interest or rouse her. And so Helen continued to visit old M. Antoine. She herself hardly understood the attraction, perhaps in her secret heart she cherished the hope of hearing something of Lawrence. As long as Ada Clive had been in town she at least heard that there was no news, but with Lady Clive's departure all her communication with the world outside St. Wereburgh's ceased. She knew also that Mr. Luscomb visited M. Antoine daily, and although she never did meet him there, there was always the chance of so doing, and the old bookseller would often tell her any outside news which Bernard, whose visits were prompted by sheer compassion for the old *émigré's* solitariness, gave him. Bernard knew of all Helen's goodness to M. Antoine, and of her daily visits, and if he ever gave the matter a thought he purposely timed his own so as never to

* St. Augustine.

† St. Irenæus iii. 3.

‡ St. Cyprian, Epist. lxxiii.

§ Theodoret, Epist. cxvi.

|| St. Avitus, *ad Faust.*

¶ St. Prosper, *de Ingrat.*

** Council of Chalcedon to St. Leo.

†† St. Optat. 2 *cont. Parm.*; see also Bossuet's *Sermon sur l'Unité* and Mr. Allies' *See of St. Peter*, pp. 106—109.

interfere with hers, feeling sure that if once she met him there Mr. Russel would probably peremptorily forbid her coming. If any one had said six months before that the Ritualistic Miss Clevedon, who boasted that she "had taught the parish," let alone her father's curates, what was Catholic and "orthodox," would come to learn humbly from an old French *émigré* what the word Catholic really meant! Yet so it was; and when M. Antoine said one day he prayed for her conversion, Nellie thanked him with tears in her eyes, instead of saying angrily, as she would once have done, "that she was a Catholic, and did not want his prayers in that sense." Her walk took her past Mr. Luscomb's church, and along the streets where she had once walked with Lawrence. Old recollections came back unasked; his words, his arguments, haunted her, whilst before her eyes there was ever the vision of the churches she had seen in Paris, and of the Masses she had criticized. She thought of the sermon she had heard there, and of the kneeling throng. After all, a stolen so-called Benediction in the Sisters' chapel was but a shadow of the reality. How she longed to go into Bernard's church just for one moment to see if it was really quite like those abroad. She passed it daily with a lingering step: granted that she had Mass and Communion in her own church, she had not the daily never-ending Presence of the Blessed Sacrament. "You have everything except our Lord Himself." Those words of Mr. Luscomb's haunted her each time she entered St. Wereburgh's, or arranged the flowers on the altar with such loving care. That little episode at Warbledon Church had utterly shaken and upset her. Where was the real faith of the bulk of the Anglican clergy in the Blessed Sacrament when such things could happen? Amongst M. Antoine's books she lighted upon a Latin Missal, and saw there how jealously the Church guards the Precious Gift intrusted to her keeping. She read the minute directions which provide against any possible accident, and then she turned to the scanty rubrics

in the Book of Common Prayer. That the Anglican Communion was without protective ritual and jealous guardianship, seemed to be a strong presumption that neither the real gift nor its appointed guardians were to be found in its Communion. Clearly the clergy were the guardians of the Holy Eucharist, and how had the Anglican clergy for centuries guarded the Treasure which she had fondly believed they possessed? The thought was agony. Poor Nellie wept bitter tears over all the awful sacrileges which would have been committed during three hundred years and more if our Lord had really left Himself in such hands. She remembered stories of Mr. Monkton's early days, and how he told her that a sister of his used to pick up the crumbs of bread scattered about after the Communion service, and not knowing what to do with them put them in a niche in the chancel!

Once during all those weary six months she met Mr. Luscomb; it was on much such another wet day as that on which Lawrence had tried to upset her faith in Anglicanism. He was close to his own house, and stopped half involuntarily. There was that in Nellie's worn face which, as he afterwards told Mrs. Lewis, touched him deeply, and as he shook hands and thanked her for all her kindness to M. Antoine, he told her she ought to take care of herself.

"It is not a day for you to be out," he added kindly, whilst Nellie, who had long since forgotten her anger at the Roman priest, and who longed to ask about the old friends, after whom her heart hungered, made her usual answer that she was quite well.

"Then looks are deceptive," said Bernard kindly, looking compassionately at her, and thinking how unlike the Helen who had done the honours of St. Wereburgh's to him, this girl, who seemed utterly heartbroken, was. There was a look in her eyes as of a weary hunted animal. "Mrs. Lewis is quite well?" said Nellie, her feelings getting the better of her reserve; and Bernard, who guessed the

truth, satisfied her as fully as he could. It was at the time that Mrs. Lewis was in Germany with Edith, and he added, in the most natural and unconcerned way, that no one had heard anything of Mr. Bretherton. On those few words Nellie lived; at least Lawrence was only treating her as he did all his friends, and now, when she found herself with Edith, she forgot everything except that they had once been as sisters.

Edith told her story in a few words; she did not speak of her brother's guilt; she merely said that the deed had been found by him, and that she had written to Lawrence, and Nellie, utterly unable to control herself, burst into tears. Not that she had ever doubted Lawrence's innocence, she had only doubted his love for herself, and now that she saw her mistake the relief was almost too great. She rested her head on her friend's shoulder, and listened to all Edith had to tell her about herself and her future plans.

Thus it was that Mr. Clevedon found them. For one moment he hesitated on seeing who his daughter's visitor was, and it suddenly flashed upon Edith that she had been forbidden the church-house, and was looked upon by him as something worse than an excommunicated person. Had not Mr. Clevedon told her at the time of her conversion that she had "cut herself off from GOD and from the Catholic Church?" The next she walked boldly up to him, and said simply—

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Clevedon. I came to tell Nellie that the missing deed is found."

"And Mr. Bretherton is cleared," said Helen.

The incumbent of St. Wereburgh's glanced at his daughter, and for the first time in his life some faint perception of the truth flashed across him, and in the joy of his heart at seeing the colour come back to Helen's cheeks, and noticing her joyous tone, he would have been civil to Edith as the immediate cause of this change, even had she been an infidel or a Mahometan. Besides, six months

bring many changes in a man's opinions, and Mr. Clevedon was beginning to be a little weary of living in perpetual war with his Bishop.

He shook hands with Edith, and sat down to listen to the whole story, and when she went away begged her to come and see Helen as often as she could. Mr. Russel scowled, and said it was very unwise, but fortunately just at this time Mr. Monkton sent for him to go and give a mission somewhere with himself, and thus when a few days later Edith came to announce that she was going down to Ulcoombe with her brother, and suggested to Mr. Clevedon that change of air was what Helen wanted, Nellie herself caught at the proposal. She had been seized with an uncontrollable desire to get away from St. Wereburgh's and all its surroundings. Had Mr. Russel been at hand her father might have demurred; as it was, he listened to his own good sense, which told him that since Helen herself wished for the change it would probably do her good, and once more Dr. Vernon threw his influence into the scale.

Mr. Clevedon liked and respected Edith, and when she looked at him in her frank way, and promised him not to talk about religion to Nellie, he could only thank her for taking charge of his daughter, and assure her that he trusted her implicitly, and so early in April Edith found herself once more at the Hall, too busy with her two invalids to think of herself, and as devoted to them both as she had been to her uncle and her aunt.

Edgar fast regained his health and strength, but there was no news of Mr. Bretherton, and after a few weeks Nellie sank back into the same listless state. The weeks passed, and when the hot weather set in in May, and Mr. Clevedon wrote to say that typhus fever was raging at St. Wereburgh's, and that his daughter must get quite strong before she returned, Nellie was forced to own that she was not fit to go back and help her father. She had ceased to hope now. Edith had written twice to Lawrence,

both to his London and his Paris address, telling him the whole story of the missing deed, and begging him to return to England. It was scarcely possible both letters should never have reached him. But the weeks lengthened into months, and still Lawrence did not write.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CURÉ OF COURSEILLES.

AND where, in the meantime, was Mr. Bretherton? Lawrence had left Ulcoombe with a storm of angry feelings raging in his breast. He had been wounded in that which men hold most dear, his honour and his good name. His vanity had been stung to the quick, and he was unreasonably angry with Edith for refusing to take his advice. He never for one moment doubted that Edgar knew more than any one else about the matter, and though he had scarcely supposed him capable of destroying the deed himself, he suspected that the Squire had done so at his instigation, and he could not understand why Edith should prefer to lose her money to investigating the matter, let alone that he felt she ought to do everything in her power to clear him, forgetting that in the first instance she had trusted him too implicitly to understand how others could distrust him, and that in the second his own manner had been so strange, and such evidence could be made against him that a wish to screen him might account for her hushing the matter up. His first impulse was to rush off to the church-house, and but for Mr. Russel he would probably have done so, but the curate's society had become more and more distasteful to him, and the impossibility of ever finding Helen alone checked his impulse. He waited at his chambers, fully expecting to hear from Edith that she had changed her mind and decided to put the matter into Chancery. He waited a week, at the end of which she

wrote on other matters, but made no allusion to the missing deed ; and all this time he brooded over the cloud that had fallen upon him. Having no one to speak to, his trouble assumed gigantic proportions, till he began to feel that he could not shake it off or brave it out. Evidences were, he knew, against him, and if the Clevedons could believe him guilty, what did it matter that others believed in his innocence ? A letter from a friend at Southampton first roused him from his morbid musings. He went there at his friend's request, and there, after a few days, whilst walking about the docks, obeyed one of those sudden impulses which men call chance, but which are really often the inspirations of Divine Providence. He remembered Mr. Luscomb's account of Courseilles, and whilst looking at the Havre boat, bethought himself that a run over to France would do him good. To return to his friend's, pack his portmanteau, and telegraph to his banker to forward his letters to Paris was the work of a few hours, and that same evening he crossed the water, having no definite plan, and no idea how long he meant to be away. He went as far as Rouen, and spent an afternoon renewing his acquaintance with its cathedral and St. Ouen, and recalling how he had tried to show it to Nellie sixteen months before. Should he ever bring her there as his wife ? The place oppressed him from its very associations with his last journey, and he felt he did not care to go to Paris. The weather would have tempted a less enthusiastic pedestrian than himself, and he started off on an indefinite walking tour through Normandy, visiting all the chief cities of interest, and stopping in all sorts of out of the way places, now proceeding by diligence, occasionally using the railway, till one evening, about a month after he had left England he found himself in Brest, and saw the identical crazy diligence which Mr. Luscomb had described arrive from Courseilles.

Should he go on, and see this wonderful village, or stop at Brest, and return by the railway to Paris ? It was the

end of October, and the fine weather was over; he was tired of his walking tour, yet loth to return to England, or even to civilized society. He could afford to let his profession alone, and what could he do at it as long as this cloud hung over his name? A seeming trifle settled the question. Looking carelessly over an old *Galignani*, which happened to be lying in the dining-room of his hotel, he saw amongst the arrivals in Paris of the previous week the names of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Marsden. In his morbid state of mind, this was enough for him, and small as was the chance of meeting them, or of their even being still in the French capital, Lawrence decided not to proceed thither, and accordingly on the following morning, set out for Courseilles. Leaving his portmanteau to follow him by the diligence, which started some hours later, he left the straight road in order to explore the country, and thus lengthen the ten miles into some fifteen or twenty. Accurately as he usually studied his routes, having provided himself with excellent maps, and having, moreover, a natural bump of locality, he contrived to miss his way, and being out of all his bearings, and feeling both tired and hungry, he was just thinking he would give up all idea of trying to reach Courseilles that night and seek hospitality in the first farmhouse he passed, when a sudden dip of the road brought him in sight of the sea. He opened a gate near him, and crossing a rugged bit of moor, where a few goats were browsing, he found himself in a few minutes on the edge of a cliff, which descended in a sharp precipice straight down into the sea, which dashed at its base. To his left the ground sloped more gradually, and a narrow rugged path, which looked unsafe to inland eyes, led down to the beach, if beach the mass of huge rocks covered with seaweeds, over which the sea, calm till it reached the coast, was boiling and surging, could be called. The cliffs ran back, and as he stood on this promontory he could see nothing of the bay which he felt sure must lie

between him and the next promontory, which stretched out farther into the sea, and entirely bounded his view. The whole coast was steep and wild, and Lawrence was half inclined to retrace his steps, when walking calmly up the rocky path down which he had hesitated to venture he saw a tall figure in the unmistakeable dress of a priest coming towards him.

There was something in the venerable look of the stranger, something in his bearing and manner which reminded Lawrence of Mr. Luscomb's description of his friend, the Curé of Courseilles, as he raised his hat, and with the simple courtesy for which the inhabitants of Brittany are famous, wished Mr. Bretherton good evening.

"I think I must be speaking to the Curé of Courseilles," said Lawrence, raising his hat also, and looking with more interest than he had bestowed upon a fellow-man for weeks at this stranger, whom no one could have passed unnoticed, in spite of his worn soutane and a hat that had evidently weathered many a storm.

"He is at your service," replied the Curé, closing the breviary which he held in his hand. "Monsieur is evidently a stranger in these parts."

"I have lost my way," said Lawrence; "and wanted, if possible, to reach Courseilles to-night."

"I am delighted to be the first to welcome Monsieur to my village," said the good Curé, holding out his hand. "If you will accept my escort, I can show you a short cut. These cliffs are dangerous to those who are unaccustomed to them."

"I am taking you out of your way," exclaimed Lawrence, as the Curé prepared to descend the path he had come up.

"Pardon, Monsieur, but my errand this way is not pressing," replied the Curé. "You are tired, and it will soon be dusk; we are still some distance from Courseilles."

Lawrence followed him down the break-neck path, though after the first few yards the descent became less

perilous, and about half way down the Curé struck off into another path which skirted the side of a deep gully, invisible from the top of the cliff. There was room here for two to walk abreast, and the two men quickly fell into conversation, and feeling that he was utterly separated from all communication with his old friends, Lawrence mentioned Bernard Luscomb's name, and said he knew him well, and that it was his description of the place which had induced him to visit Courseilles.

"We are not strangers to each other then, Monsieur," said the Curé, "since we have a mutual friend. Mr. Luscomb is well?"

"I have been travelling for nearly six weeks," replied Lawrence rather evasively; "and I do not correspond with him. The last time we met he was well."

The Curé glanced inquiringly at his companion, but said nothing. A less experienced reader of human nature could have seen below the mask which Lawrence believed he could successfully assume whenever he chose, and the Curé of Courseilles was gifted with keener penetration than most men. He was a man of no ordinary character and abilities. His early youth had been spent at Paris at one of the most famous and most godless secular colleges of the day. An admirer of Voltaire and his school, he had become imbued with his opinions and his principles, and had been on the verge of utter infidelity; all the horrors of doubt and scepticism were familiar to him. But a change came one day. The great Lacordaire was moving all Paris by his eloquence, and drawing hundreds back to God and to religion, and Pierre Viennot, the reckless young professor who scoffed at everything, and who boasted that he was above being influenced by any priest's words, went to hear him, partly from curiosity, and partly to show his indifference. He went to mock, and he came back converted. What passed in his own soul during that sermon and the Good Friday procession of a relic of the True Cross at Notre Dame was

never known, but the conversion was utter and entire, and Pierre Viennot left the church to seek the shelter of a religious house, and to learn there in a long retreat what GOD, Who had so wonderfully brought him back to Himself, wanted from him. In the first fervour of his repentance, he would gladly have stayed there. To spend himself and to be spent for that faith he had once reviled was now his highest ambition. There are men to whom it is easier to die for their faith than to live for it, men to whom a martyr's death has none of the agonies of a long life of petty daily martyrdoms, where every wish and inclination are to be crucified. The hardships, poverty, and privations of foreign missions, the separation from home and kindred, these things were now as nothing to the young abbé. Who can tell the heroism of the unquestioning obedience with which he accepted the decision of his superiors, and returned to the world to labour as a poor secular priest in the heart of Paris, and to perform that hardest of all tasks, that of boldly and openly doing good in the very place and amongst those same companions in the midst of whom we have done evil? It was the first of a long series of heroic virtues by which Pierre Viennot was to become a saint. But his talents and abilities did not allow him to pass unnoticed in the crowd, and once more a brilliant future opened before him. The same eloquence which had attracted the young students when he was their professor, and had made his lectures on rhetoric famous, betrayed itself in his sermons. The pulpit of Notre Dame might have been at his command, and all Paris at his feet; but he had learnt the dangers of praise and applause, and once more he fled the world. Love is ingenious in finding ways to show its depth and strength. St. Teresa, burning with zeal for GOD'S glory and the salvation of souls, could find no better or fitter way to satisfy her ardent love for her Divine Master than to sanctify her own soul and those of a comparatively small number of poor weak women

between the four walls of a Carmelite convent. The world calls such things madness, because it cannot understand them, and Pierre Viennot, who longed to shed his blood for his Lord and Master, found a living death by burying himself at Courseilles. The gay world of Paris, which had talked and speculated about his conversion, regretted his loss, and said he would be thrown away on those rough Bretons. None had the curiosity to follow him to Courseilles; perhaps few of those who had hung upon his words knew the exact spot to which he had retired. And had his life been wasted on that poor fishing population? When the new Curé first went to Courseilles, the place was a stronghold for smugglers, and its very out of the way situation, its dangerous coast, and easy communication by means of the sea with other countries made it a place of refuge for those on whom the law would willingly have laid hands. Ten years afterwards, when Bernard Luscomb had first visited Courseilles, he had pronounced its inhabitants a simple hospitable set, and had been charmed with their goodness and honesty. The change was the work of the good Curé, whom years afterwards one and all united in proclaiming a saint. He had preached by example even more than by word; he had won all hearts to himself, and Courseilles had become famous far and near for the exemplary lives of its inhabitants. The Curé was their friend, their counsellor and father, all in one; no wonder they loved him and would do anything for him. They loved and revered him, and were almost jealous when his fame spread beyond his parish, and pilgrims flocked from all Brittany, not merely to visit a little chapel built by a seaman's vow to our Lady on the cliffs above the village, but also to see the saintly Curé of Courseilles, and often to seek his advice or ask his prayers. Such was the man who at one glance took in that Lawrence Bretherton was not merely a stranger, to whom he meant to show hospi-

talities, but also a suffering fellow-creature, whom he was determined to help to the utmost of his power.

Lawrence in the meanwhile was studying his companion, half vexed with himself for having mentioned Bernard Luscomb, and yet strangely fascinated by the Curé's manner as he pointed out the beauties of the view which opened before them as they advanced along the path. After the first few yards the narrow gully widened, and the bay of Courseilles lay before them, girded on all sides by steep precipitous rocks covered with rich verdure; a narrow strip of sand formed the only beach, whilst the main village stretched up the side of the cliffs in a steep narrow street, the houses perched in all sorts of curious places. Far above, on the opposite side of the bay, rose the white steeple of the little Chapel of Notre Dame de Bon Secours; a long ridge of half sunken rocks, about a mile from the shore, formed a sort of natural break-water, and the fishing-boats lay calmly at anchor within this, whilst a picturesque group of men and women in the national costume stood mending or cleaning their nets on the quay. The Curé pointed to the rocks which stretched far out into the sea, and which, even at a high tide, were dangerous.

"A nasty coast, I should think," exclaimed Lawrence.

"It is very dangerous in rough weather," replied the Curé; "those rocks are fearfully treacherous, and few even of our men really know them; indeed, Courseilles is utterly inaccessible from the sea to those who are unfamiliar with our coast."

"A storm must be a splendid sight," said Lawrence.

"Yes," replied the Curé, "and a fearful one. The sight of the surf boiling over that ridge you see there is terribly grand. You see that rock covered with sea-weed: the people about call that spot Hell's Mouth; there is some subterranean stream comes rushing down from the mainland on the further side, and the current against the tide makes a perfect whirlpool. Several boats have been lost

there. Ah, there is my church," he continued, as another turn of the path brought them within a fuller view of the village and the quaint church and its stone Calvary, which stood on a narrow plateau of land a little to the right of the steep street. The scene was one which Lawrence never forgot. To his dying day—Courseilles, its bay, its picturesque houses and old church as he first saw them, lighted up by the glow of a wild October sunset, remained ever clearly before him. The Curé opened a gate, and, ascending a rude staircase cut in the rocks, entered the garden of the presbytery, which had been laid out with endless toil in terraces along the side of the cliff.

"For this night, monsieur," he said, turning to Lawrence, "you will consent to be my guest. Courseilles does not boast of a good inn. Should you make any stay here, we must get old Mère Mallidor to take you in."

"Thank you," exclaimed Lawrence heartily, "I am but a bird of passage, and never stay long anywhere."

Once more the Curé glanced half compassionately, half inquiringly at his guest.

"Let us hope," he said with a sweet smile, "that Courseilles will be the exception which proves the rule."

Life of Father Claude de la Colombiere.

CHAPTER IX.

MEETING WITH MARGARET MARY.

DURING the three first years of her residence in the convent to which she was to give a world-wide celebrity, this chosen vessel of Divine grace had been regarded with distrust by her spiritual director. Little skilled in the understanding of the human heart, and slow to discern the workings of the Spirit of GOD, her Superiors looked upon Margaret Mary as a poor misguided creature led astray by a too vivid imagination. Many and great were the fears and anxieties of the trembling religious during this painful time.

To listen to the voice of her conscience and follow its guidings was to expose herself to ridicule, and to incur the severest censures of those whom she had vowed to obey. What was she to do? Can we imagine any state more painful than that of a soul bound, as it seemed to her, by the voice of duty to resist the call of GOD Himself? This comforting assurance had indeed been made her: "Fear not, I will send My servant to you." But where was that promised guide? She had hitherto awaited him with an unrequited patience. At length, however, he had arrived. The newly appointed Rector of the Jesuits was he whom GOD had chosen to be her support and guide. He came at the very moment of her greatest need, immediately after our Lord had appeared to her and for the second time shown her His Sacred Heart (a vision little likely to be understood by her immediate Superiors); and

on the eve of the last and most important revelation with which she was favoured. It was Father de la Colombière who was to bring to her light out of darkness, and to participate with her in the high and extraordinary mission the Lord was about to confer on His servant.

We will convey to our readers in her own words the need in which Margaret Mary felt she stood of such a director. "Notwithstanding all the sorrows and anxieties to which I was exposed, the most profound peace reigned in my soul. Several learned people were commissioned to talk with me and advise me, but they only, until the coming of Father de la Colombière, added to my difficulties. His arrival was in fulfilment of a promise made to me by my Divine Master shortly after my formal consecration to His holy service, in which He declared that He would send one of His servants to show me what He would have me to do. To him I was commanded to discover all the secrets and the riches of the Sacred Heart which had been communicated to me; my Sovereign Lord promising that out of the Divine treasure-house He would pour on His servant and on our future communications many and great consolations. Much helpful intercourse existed between the Jesuit Fathers and the Convent of the Visitation at Paray, hence it was that immediately after his arrival the newly appointed Superior found himself in communication with Sister Margaret Mary. She indeed relates that on the first occasion of his coming to pay his respects to the community she heard a voice within her saying: "This is he whom I have sent." That his mission to her was a very special one is apparent from the fact that on the ember days immediately succeeding his arrival he spoke to her as to one the secrets of whose heart were well known to him. He detained her an hour and a half in the confessional, but Margaret Mary, although well knowing that it was to him she was eventually to reveal all, abstained from so doing on this occasion, probably as not yet having received permission to do so from her Superiors.

The Father seeing that in her fear of occupying the time of others she was anxious to withdraw, asked her to come to him on some future occasion, to which she replied, that being under obedience she would do in that matter as she should be desired. Some days later, Father de la Colombière gave, as he had been requested, a spiritual conference to the nuns, and was much struck while preaching with the angelic expression of Sister Margaret Mary, whose face he had never before seen. The same Spirit Who had revealed to each other the hearts of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances was about to unite these holy souls in a mutual preparation for the great work of love and mercy in which they were to be engaged.

The conference ended, the Father inquired of the Mother Superior who was the nun with whose countenance he had been so impressed. "That," said Madame de Saumaise, "was Sister Margaret Mary." "A soul," he replied, "to whom the Lord has imparted great grace."

These few words were of much import. Mother de Saumaise, having a very high estimation of the holiness and spiritual discernment of Father Claude, and being full of anxieties as to Sister Margaret Mary, determined both in her own interests and those of the Sister to lay the case in all its details before the Superior of the Jesuits. For this purpose she begged him to come to the convent, and at her desire Margaret Mary met him in the confessional. This she did with a repugnance of which in making her confession she failed not to accuse herself. "My daughter," replied the Father, "thank GOD Who has given you this opportunity of submitting yourself to His will." Thus exhorted, all Margaret Mary's feelings of reserve vanished, and without further delay she opened her whole heart to her director, concealing nothing from him either of good or ill.

Father de la Colombière, well versed in the science of human hearts, quickly recognized before him a soul under Divine influence, and perceived that in the supernatural

paths she had been treading GOD Himself had been her guide. It was for him but to console and encourage her. Her devotion, her obedience, and profound humility were in themselves a proof of the presence in her heart of that Divine Spirit in Whose light neither illusion nor delusion can exist. Father de la Colombière instructed his spiritual daughter to adore the Infinite Goodness which had not allowed itself to be repulsed by so long continued a resistance, and to receive with reverence the revelations that should be made her, and by continual acts of thanksgiving to express her gratitude for them. He exhorted her to continue in the practice of the strictest obedience, and in the abandonment of her whole being to GOD to be dealt with according to His holy will, at the same time enjoining her never without a special reason to speak to others of the favours she received.

Sister Margaret Mary complained to him of the difficulty she experienced in approaching GOD in vocal prayers, he advised her to content herself with saying only such as were of obligation, adding the use of the chaplet, but not to engage in devotions which had no attraction for her.

In this interview the Saint spoke openly of the Divine tenderness of JESUS to her soul, and of the ineffable union which existed between her Saviour and herself, but made no direct communication as to the revelation of the Sacred Heart. Before she left the confessional Father de la Colombière exhorted her afresh to keep herself as the recipient of such unspeakable favours in a state of the deepest humility. His penitent left him strengthened, consoled, and full of the liveliest gratitude for the presence of a director so well calculated to direct and support her in the many difficulties by which she was surrounded. Now and from henceforth Margaret Mary felt herself full of strength and courage to undertake whatever work the Lord might appoint.

Men of the world who know nothing of the many perplexities of a priest as he sits in the tribunal of recon-

ciliation can little understand the painful anxieties which the holiest must feel when made the recipients of supernatural communications. Those unknown and mysterious paths which whilst touching the sublimest heights skirt the most alarming abysses. To what frightful peril would not the imprudent tourist be exposed who attempted to reach an Alpine summit without a competent guide. Who then would dream of climbing the mountain of heavenly perfection unassisted by an experienced hand.

CHAPTER X.

DIRECTOR APPOINTED BY GOD.

THE more delicate and rare the flower, the greater is its need of the unremitting care of the gardener. Elect souls such as St. Teresa and St. Jane Frances, in whom Divine grace flowing with the force of a rushing stream necessarily produces supernatural effects, demand above all others the guidance of a watchful director who shall discern the workings of the Spirit, detect the approaches of error, sustain the soul in trial, and keep it humble in the presence of GOD ; that thus instructed and fortified it may soar above the things of time unshackled in its upward flight. Such to a remarkable degree was the result to Margaret Mary of the direction of Father de la Colombière. A letter written by her many years after his death bears ample testimony to how much she believed herself indebted to his enlightened guidance. Referring to the long and painful period during which so many around her thought she was the victim of the grossest self-deception she says: "Thinking I must certainly be mistaken, I strenuously endeavoured to bring my mind into accord with that of my Superiors, but all my efforts to do so were vain. Then I began to despair and thought I should indeed be lost, since I had no power to resist the spirit within me and was told it was not of GOD.

"My state at this time, and until the arrival of Father Claude, revealed to me to be the faithful servant and friend of GOD was truly most pitiable. When, however, this holy director, assuring me of the heavenly nature of my inspirations, urged me to follow their guidance my grief was quickly assuaged. Since that moment I have enjoyed unbroken peace and tranquillity of mind amidst all the crosses, humiliations, and sufferings with which to my joy and consolation my Divine Master has honoured His unworthy handmaid."

He to whom GOD had given the title of "His servant," who united a great discernment to much experience, was well qualified to form an estimate of the mental state of Sister Margaret Mary, and on his opinion we feel we may rely. So prejudiced, however, were many of her contemporaries, that even after his judgment had been pronounced they still regarded her as a visionary suffering, had that word then existed, from an hallucination. On Father de la Colombière they looked compassionately as on one who like others had been deceived by the overwrought fancies of an imaginative girl. These calumnies had, as we may easily believe, no effect on the Reverend Father, who continued to give his paternal care to Sister Margaret Mary, not only during his stay at Paray but until the close of his life. The Saint often expressed her astonishment at his patience, wondering that the many annoyances to which he was exposed on her account and her own deficiencies had not induced him to abandon her. She believed that no other director would have borne with her for so long.

Her natural humility doubtlessly exaggerated her own defects, which probably consisted in the ever recurring anxieties and weaknesses to which, notwithstanding the counsels and encouragements of her confessor, she was subject. Whatever they may have been, his patience and kindness never failed her, nor did he belie her generous love to GOD by sparing her either humiliations or crosses.

Since it throws much light on certain later parts of our narrative we must not omit a communication which Margaret Mary made about this time to Father de la Colombière. One day she said to him, "My Lord has granted me many favours on behalf of certain persons to whom for His greater glory He wishes that I should communicate them either by writing or speaking, as He shall hereafter reveal. I am not to occupy myself in thinking how I shall speak or write these matters, the grace of GOD accompanying my words will produce the blessed effects intended for the edification of those who receive them rightly. For myself I am deeply humiliated at the repugnance which I feel to writing and communicating these revelations."

Her wise director engaged her, however, to obey at whatever cost of humiliation and sacrifice the promptings of the Divine voice. She was to give her notes when written to her Superior, who would do with them as should be revealed. This arrangement, notwithstanding the pain it cost her, Margaret Mary carried out, and at a later period communicated by this means with Father de la Colombière in his absences from Paray. When later the Saint was enjoined to commit to writing the communications of GOD to her soul, so great was her repugnance to draw up this memorial that she threw the paper when written into the fire. Her confessor and her own conscience soon however convinced her that she had failed in the spirit of obedience, and from henceforth she carefully preserved a written account of her successive revelations.

On another occasion our Lord commanded her to dictate in His favour a will or testament such as she had already verbally made of all her sufferings and good works, as well as of all spiritual gifts which might be bestowed on her either during her life or after her death. This deed she was to beg her Superior to write out, to whom a reward in case of compliance was promised, but should she refuse, the task was to be confided to that

servant of the Lord, Father de la Colombiere (1678). Her Divine Master seemed anxious to assure her that this holy priest was indeed one of His elect, who would aid her in all her undertakings, and to whose assistance she might look in every difficulty. Our Lord specially designated him "His servant." Could any higher honour be given him? Does not such an appellation make his name for ever great? So marked were the teachings of Providence which led to his appointment as director to Margaret Mary that many saintly people, his contemporaries, recognized the special nature of the call. One of his spiritual daughters, Mdle. Rosalie de Syonne, asked Father Forest, at that time Prefect of the College, how it was that so distinguished a man as Father de la Colombière had been banished to Paray. If we may believe the anecdote, Father Forest's answer will go far to explain the residence of Father de la Colombière at Paray. "He has been sent there," replied the prefect, "in the interests of a saintly person needing his direction." GOD had so arranged that the assistance she so much required reached his handmaid at the critical moment. When all human help had failed, and GOD was her only refuge, Father de la Colombière appears to soothe her sorrows and calm her anxieties, and by his sensible and pious advice to reassure the Mother Superior, greatly troubled by the responsibilities of the situation. And now his mission to Paray accomplished, and the wonderful work of mercy the Lord is carrying out in that convent revealed to him, he is removed from this to another sphere of labour. But later, when the Saint, rudely assailed by the evil one, is about to fall into despair, Father de la Colombière is again sent to Paray, and permitted, during a visit of a few days, to console and edify her.

It seems, indeed, that to members of the Society of JESUS the grace necessary for her direction was specially given. After the departure of Father de la Colombière she found in Father Ignatius Rollin a faithful depositary of

the Divine marvels of which she was the recipient. The Jesuits always held her in the highest veneration, and she gave them her fullest confidence.

But it was not only to minister to the saintly Margaret Mary that Father de la Colombière had been called to Paray; the duties of a great and holy apostolate were, as we shall presently see, to be there confided to him.

CHAPTER XI.

FATHER DE LA COLOMBIERE THE APOSTLE OF THE DEVOTION OF THE SACRED HEART. HIS ZEAL AND INFLUENCE (1674-6).

IT was the intention of our Lord that Father de la Colombière should be not only the guide and consolation of the Blessed Margaret Mary, but also her fellow-worker in the development of the devotion of the Sacred Heart, and the words in which the Church honours St. John, the beloved disciple, may well be applied to the subject of our memoir, "O blessed Apostle, to whom are made known the secrets of the Most High."

It was on the feast of the Immaculate Heart of MARY, whilst he was celebrating Mass in the Chapel of the Visitation, that a fresh revelation was vouchsafed to her, announcing the Divine intention that he should have part in this mission. She had just drawn near the altar when our Lord showed her His heart, burning as it were in a furnace, and with it two other hearts, which seemed about to melt and lose themselves in it.

"It is thus," said He, "that My love will knit these three hearts together for ever." She was then commanded to reveal to Father de la Colombière the treasures and glories of the Sacred Heart, for the increase of Whose honour this union was to be effected, and whose spiritual gifts were henceforth to be impartially divided between the Father and herself.

When upon hearing this she took exception to her own poverty and the spiritual inequality which existed between so saintly a man and a wretched sinner like herself, our Lord answered, "All deficiencies shall be supplied, and all inequalities equalized, from the infinite riches of My Heart; address yourself, therefore, to My servant without farther hesitation."

What was the surprise of Père de la Colombière when at their next interview she carried out these instructions, and he learnt that GOD had chosen him as an instrument for the future glorification of the Sacred Heart of JESUS. The consciousness of his own unworthiness overwhelmed him, and Margaret Mary declared that no sermon she had ever heard affected her so deeply as the profound humility with which the Rev. Father received her communication.

Our Lord had not yet spoken openly of the Institution of the feast of the Sacred Heart. He had indeed already established the *Heure Sainte*, the Communion of the first Friday in the month, and was now about to give permission for the public and special adoration of His Sacred Heart. "It was indeed a touching and noble thought that the joyous strains of the *Lauda Sion* should be succeeded by the notes of the *Miserere*, and that the public worship of the Divine Host should conclude with a solemn act of reparation."

Our blessed Lord, before entering on this subject, vouchsafed to the Saint two revelations, in which He particularly dwelt on the ardent love of His Heart for man, but such love, He explained, exists not without suffering; hence it was that in farther revealing its depths He bared the desire of His Heart for consolation, and Its need of expiation. But we should prefer relating the vision in Margaret Mary's own words:—

"Whilst kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament during the octave of the 16th June, 1675, I received from my GOD the most lively expressions of His love. He inspired me with a tender desire to return love for

love, and said to me, 'You can in no way more fully express your feelings towards Me than by doing that which I have so often begged you to do.' Then, discovering to me His Heart, 'Look,' He said, 'at this Heart, which so loved men that It shrank not from shedding in their behalf the last drop of Its blood, and in return receives nothing from them in general but ingratitude. They cease not to outrage Me by irreverence and sacrileges, and what adds tenfold to the bitterness of their ingratitude is the coldness with which such as are specially dedicated to My service treat Me in this sacrament of My love.

"It is therefore in reparation for the indignities to which the Sacred Heart has been subject when exposed on the altars of the Church that I have commanded the faithful to communicate on the first Friday after the octave of the Blessed Sacrament, and that that day be kept as a festival in honour of My Sacred Heart. In return, I promise that from that fountain of My love shall come forth on that day an abundance of Divine grace on all such as observe this feast, and induce others to do so."

When the Saint in her humility represented to our Lord that she was too insignificant a person to carry out these designs, He replied, "Do you not know that it is My custom to choose the poor and those of small account to confound the mighty; that it is through the poor in heart that My Spirit effects the greatest triumphs, that they therein may take no honour to themselves?" "Show me then, O Lord," she cried, "in what way I may accomplish that which Thou hast commanded." "Put yourself in communication," He replied, "with the Jesuit Father de la Colombière, and bid him from Me exert all his influence to establish this devotion, and thus give consolation to My Divine Heart. Let him not be discouraged by the difficulties he will meet with in this enterprize, for he who puts his confidence in Me is indeed all-powerful."

We hope to be forgiven the length of this quotation. Can we ever weary of our Lord's ardent expressions of love to man? Again and again with touching earnestness He entreats the holy Margaret Mary to labour for the establishment of the feast of the Sacred Heart. For the moment, indeed, He engages her to nothing but enlisting in the enterprize the services of Father de la Colombière.

When this vision was communicated by Margaret Mary to her director, no shadow of hesitation with regard to it crossed his mind. A man of infinite discernment, he was not given to believe anything on insufficient evidence, but the personal holiness of his penitent made it in his opinion impossible that she should be the victim of any unholy delusion.

He desired her to commit the vision to writing, that he might study it at his leisure, and indeed preserved the document to the end of his life. Having examined it in prayer before GOD, Father de la Colombière, guided by the light of the sanctuary, solemnly declared to Blessed Margaret Mary that he could entertain no doubt as to its Divine origin, or of her obligation implicitly to obey it. From that moment she willed herself without reserve to the service of the Sacred Heart, offering It a purer homage than it will often again receive on earth.

Father de la Colombière, wishing to be united in this holy consecration, dedicated himself to a life of devotion on the morrow of the octave of the feast of the Blessed Sacrament, Friday, June 21, 1675. This was the day the Lord had selected to be for ever the feast of the Sacred Heart. Thus, in the persons of a saintly priest and a holy virgin, did the Heart of JESUS receive the first fruits of the universal adoration so soon to be offered It by the Church.

Father de la Colombière was now fully invested with the high and holy mission of establishing the devotion of the Sacred Heart, and became the apostle of a service of love and reparation, whose chiefest obligation was to make

the Heart of JESUS known and adored throughout the world.

And now, whilst extolling the wisdom of the most High in selecting Father de la Colombière for this great work, it may be well to pause in our narrative and mark the reasons of the Divine choice. It was necessary that he to whom this mission was confided should have the power to make the world his audience, and to rivet the gaze of all on the Heart of JESUS, known hitherto but to a few, whilst before a new festival could appear in the calendar of the Church, the ear of the Sacred Pontiff had to be gained.

Some may say, would it not have been well that a bishop or celebrated preacher should have been selected for such an undertaking? Did not France possess at that very moment an illustrious man who would have proclaimed, with the weight of authority and the power of genius, the mysteries of the Sacred Heart? Would not that eminent and accomplished prelate the future Archbishop of Cambrai, have lent the charms of his eloquence to a subject so well fitted to fire his imagination and fascinate his heart?

Such a man would indeed have been easily found in France at that time, but in accordance with a Divine arrangement, of which the history of the Church presents us with many examples, this honour was not to be conferred on one of high degree. It was characteristic of the devotion of the Sacred Heart that it should be established noiselessly and unobtrusively. Margaret Mary, in her ardent longing for Its universal love and adoration, often lamented to her Divine Lord the incapacity of the instruments He had chosen, whilst the influence, she urged, of greater learning and authority would immensely promote the spread of the devotion she had at heart. Then did our Lord condescend to explain to her that as it was to the poor and despised His Sacred Heart was specially to be revealed, and Its triumph to be set up amidst the

opposition and contempt of the world, it would be most inappropriate to look to any earthly influence for its success."

A member of the Society of JESUS, a man poor and despised, an object of hatred to the world, was well fitted for this mission. Hence the Divine choice of Père de la Colombière was fully justified, and we need seek no further the motives which suggested it. Whilst on this subject we cannot, however, forbear transcribing an eloquent passage from a recent life of Blessed Margaret Mary. The author is speaking of the choice of her confessor.

"In selecting her director from the Society of JESUS the Almighty designed to recompense in His person the services which that valiant band had rendered to the faith during the great religious struggles of the sixteenth century, when by the zeal of her founder, the heroism of her earliest members, and the might of her theologians, she contributed so largely to the suppression of heresy and the edification of the faithful. Perhaps also her Divine Master was pleased thus to mark His approval of the attitude she took when, in the seventeenth century, Jansenism began to throw its baneful shade over Western Europe, for without diminishing aught of the Justice of the Infinite, the Jesuits have never failed to keep distinctly before the eyes of their people the boundlessness of the Divine mercy and love, which the teaching of Jansen so perversely ignored. It is also to be remarked that in return for such services as raising the educational standard of Christianity, civilizing Paraguay, evangelizing Japan, enriching the museums of Europe with the most valuable discoveries, shedding their blood on many a distant shore, and, above all, refreshing the whole world with the odour of its sanctity, the Society of JESUS was about to be persecuted and banished, its most illustrious and venerable members condemned to prison or to death, and that it well became the justice of Heaven to countenance and console it with this visible sign of favour. For all these

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reasons it was well that the priest chosen to verify and proclaim the revelations of the Sacred Heart should be a Jesuit." For ourselves, indeed, we cannot say whether it entered into the counsels of the Most High thus to recompense the services which the Society of JESUS had been permitted to render the Catholic Church, but we shall for ever bless our Divine Lord for choosing this first disciple of His Sacred Heart from our number, and confiding the propagation of this glorious and loving devotion to the Society of JESUS.

Father de la Colombière devoted himself instantly to the work, beginning by inviting all his penitents to communicate on the first Friday after the octave of the Blessed Sacrament. And during the remainder of his life his correspondence abounds with a similar recommendation to all who came under his influence. In a letter to the Superior of a convent given in the eighth edition of his works, he says, "I write to you to-day praying your community to make a special Communion on the morrow of the octave of the Blessed Sacrament, in reparation for all the irreverences to which our Lord JESUS CHRIST has been subject whilst exposed on the altars of the Church." To his sister the nun in the Convent of the Visitation at Condrieu, he writes, "I beg you, in reparation for the indignities offered to our Lord, to communicate on the Friday immediately after the octave of Corpus Christi. This custom has been recommended by a person of extraordinary sanctity, who assures me the greatest benefits shall accrue to those who offer this mark of love to our Lord. Try to engage your friends in the practice of a like devotion. I pray that in many communities it may be commenced this year and be for ever continued."

He often begins his letters thus—"My dear sister in the love and in the Heart of our common Lord," or ends by begging his correspondent to pray for "your devoted servant in the Heart of our Lord JESUS CHRIST."

Three Bishops of Acanthus.

A BEAUTIFUL memorial of the Apostolic origin, the venerable antiquity and the unconquerable vitality of the Catholic Church, exists in the custom of investing the bishops of foreign missions with the titles of Churches which in the first centuries were famed as seats of learning, or as places of repose of holy martyrs, and which in the course of time have entirely disappeared, or have been preserved by unbelieving nations, simply as ruins of former magnificence. Apparently, the Church has there shared the fate of all human institutions, she has blossomed, borne fruit, and then seemed to wither away. She has done great things, and all apparently has gone to dust and ashes and left no trace but the mere name behind. But this is only in appearance: for, besides that many of the oldest archiepiscopal and episcopal sees in the world have already lasted more than eighteen centuries, and have never become dioceses *in partibus infidelium*, the names of the destroyed sees have preserved from their historical consecration a marvellous power to renew the holy life they once showed forth, and call it back in these later years in greater fulness and perfection. Not only have the ancient names survived, but also the martyr spirit, with the faith and self-sacrifice of the primitive Church, its steadfastness, its self-denial, and its zeal for souls, the most beautiful gifts of the Spouse of Christ. Though the flower garden that once budded in beauty round the shores of the Mediterranean be now partly devastated and destroyed, it has again sprung up in distant lands, of which in the first centuries there was scarcely any foreknowledge.

Three men especially there are, who, during the last forty years, have again surrounded the ancient title of Bishop of Acanthus with all the splendour of the early Church. By birth they all belonged to France, and by their labours to the Martyr Church of West Tongkin, so richly distinguished for its sufferings and persecutions. The life of one was spent under the rule of the famous persecutor of Christians, Mink-Menh, who in 1820, mounted the throne of the Annamites; the two others lived under the Emperor Thiö-Tri, who from 1841 to 1847, and his son Tu-Duc from 1847 to these latter years, unremittingly persecuted the Christian religion.

Peter Boric Dumoulin is the first of these three Bishops. Like most of the missionaries of the Vicariate of West Tongkin, he was a member of the Society for Foreign Missions in Paris. He was named Bishop in 1838, when the persecution of Mink-Menh was at its greatest height. In that one year, thirty-one martyrs shed their blood, as victims of heathenish cruelty, and in testimony of their faith. Amongst them were the two Dominican Bishops of the Eastern Vicariate, Ignatius Delgado and Dominicus Henares, one of whom died in prison, the other by the sword. They were followed by the venerable Boric Dumoulin, who received the crown of martyrdom before his episcopal consecration. After suffering with unshrinking courage the most cruel tortures, he was beheaded on the 24th of November.

Sanctified and fortified by the blood of martyrs, the title of Bishop of Acanthus and Vicar-Apostolic of West Tongkin passed in 1840 to Mgr. Retord, who had already laboured zealously in the mission for seven years and had been one of its most powerful supports.

"What a position is this," he writes, describing his office, "to be continually like a bird perched on a branch, constantly disturbed with rumours that spics are abroad, that we have been denounced, that the mandarins have already begun to surround us, and what a misfortune for the

mission and for the poor Christians would this be ! They would be plundered and many of them killed on our account ! To avoid this danger we go to the rivers, hide ourselves in boats, and draw back into subterranean caverns, where we are, as it were, buried alive. Once we remained full eight hours in one of these holes, with no air to breathe, but what came to us through a slender bamboo cane. When we came out we were almost blind and stupefied. In such critical moments, the bodily suffering is nothing compared to our mental anguish."

Hunted thus from village to village, from one place of ambush to another, Mgr. Retord held on his course for eighteen years, spreading and upholding the Kingdom of GOD, and courageously preaching the Gospel, amidst incessant persecution, until at last, consumed with sorrows and sufferings, a poor fugitive in the cavern of a mountain, alone and forsaken he fell a victim to fever in 1858. "Mgr. Retord is no more," wrote M. Venard, one of his *confrères*, in December, 1858 ; "the malignant fever of the forests took him from us on the 22nd of October." Thus in complete abandonment and privation was brought to an end this life of fatigue and suffering, after twenty-five years of labour, eighteen of which were spent under the heavy burden of the Apostolic Vicariate. Mgr. Retord never saw the dawn of the beautiful and long-desired day of peace. His whole missionary life was spent amidst dangers and trials of all kinds ; it was the working out of a dream of his youth, in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, took him to the top of a high mountain, placed him at the foot of a Cross, and told him his was to be a crucified life unto the end. The life of every missionary abounds with crosses, but that of Mgr. Retord was so in no ordinary degree, and his death on a wild mountain, in a forest inhabited only by beasts, entirely separated from all, was like that of his Lord and Master, a death on the Cross.

As heir of this post of suffering and third Bishop of

Acanthus, followed Joseph Simon Theurel, who had been twenty-nine years a missionary, and until 1868 had been at the head of the suffering Church of West Tongkin. Like that of Mgr. Retord, his life as a Bishop was one of continual flight and peril, a determined warfare against the hatred and cunning of the monarch and the power of his mandarins. Members of his flock, his dearest friends and fellow-labourers went to the martyrs' death before him. Almost by a miracle GOD kept from him the favours of martyrdom, that in this time of terror he might uphold the Christians of Tongkin, and strengthen the martyrs themselves in their heroic conflict. A few extracts from the life of this confessor, and the friend of his youth, Venard, who, under his episcopal guidance, shared the crown of martyrdom, may show the reader how closely "bishop" and "martyr" are bound together in the life of the Church at the present time, and how the name of the ancient Christian Church of martyrs still shows forth its vitality.

Joseph Simon Theurel was born on the 28th of October, 1814, in the diocese of Besançon, of a peasant family, sufficiently well off to give a good education to their children, generous enough to procure it for them, and so pious and upright as to make it a real blessing. Two of the sons were priests, one daughter a nun, and the third son, Joseph Simon, a bishop also. At the age of eleven he began his studies at Besançon. With all his liveliness and impetuosity, the boy showed a deep and serious attraction for piety, and by a fervent devotion to the sufferings of Christ which he had retained through life, laid the foundation of a holy and priestly life. After some years of study he entered the Seminary for priests, whence, in the following year, being assured after a long self-examination of his vocation to the apostolic life, he was admitted into the College for Foreign Missions in Paris. Three joyous years, but occupied in serious study, he spent in this house, which has given to the Church so many

martyrs, confessors, and priests who have preached the faith in so many parts of the world. Not the least amongst its attractions for him was the "Hall of Martyrs," where numerous relics attest the lofty aims of this apostolic College. "Our reception room," he wrote, "contains no comfortable seat; of its curtains we might say that they had once been red, and its ornaments are chains, bamboo canes, blood-stained mats, and glorious relics. Oh! if you knew how well one prays, and how one feels one's courage rise at the sight of these remains of those who were our friends and predecessors!" In 1852 he heard the joyful news that he had been chosen for the most dangerous of all the missions, that of Tongkin. On the 5th of June the holy priesthood put the seal to the offering of his life, and though he said his first Mass in the midst of his family at Franche Comté, there were no tears, no looking back to earthly things, not even to the prospect put before him by Cardinal Gousset, that he might be spared this sacrifice and be retained in Europe.

On the 23rd of September he sailed from Antwerp with four other missionaries, one of whom was for Tongkin, two for China, and one for Kambodscha. Though the same intention was a close bond of union between them, M. Venard, one of those destined for China, had been the chosen friend of Theurel in the College for Foreign Missions. John Theophan Venard, only a month younger than himself, was also born in the narrow limits of a country village, in the diocese of Poitiers, and resembled him in his lively and impetuous character, and had been brought up in the path of devotion and solid virtue. As J. Theurel, when a boy, had been inspired with the desire of converting heathens by the accounts of their missions given by Fathers Laverlochère, de Smedt, and Mgr. Retord, so were the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* the favourite reading of young Venard, and when he read of the glorious death of John Charles Cornay, beheaded at West Tongkin, in 1837, he exclaimed: "I also will go

to Tongkin, and die for the faith." His father, who was a schoolmaster, educated him well at home, and through the Curé he was enabled to go to Douai for the higher studies. Later on he entered the Seminary at Poitiers. After many interior conflicts, he recognized his vocation for the Foreign Missions, embraced it with holy resolution, notwithstanding his deep affection for his family, and went to Paris in 1851 already subdeacon.

Out of his element as the holy youth felt in the Paris of the modern worldly spirit, the more at home and happy was he in the beloved Catholic circle of the city of the world, and in the life of inexhaustible Christian charity, holy zeal for souls, and apostolic energy which it poured forth silently over the whole world. Urged on by thoughts like those inspired by the "Hall of Martyrs," he laboured here at his own perfection, and acquired that extensive information so necessary to every preacher of the faith for the perfect fulfilling of his mission. Though he kept up a regular and affectionate correspondence with his family, it was marked less by natural tenderness than strong apostolic zeal. His chief aim in his letters was to make his brothers and sisters advance in the love and service of GOD.

"You are now at an age," he writes to his brother Eusebius, "which decides upon your whole future life. For at this age convictions are formed, thought becomes more serious, and things present themselves to your mind more clearly. My dear brother, in your intercourse with men, you will have many prejudices to combat, for the nations have strayed from the right path. European society is infected with decomposition, and like a corpse is on the way to destruction. GOD alone knows what will be the end of it. Not that I mean to say there were no bad men before: man is always and everywhere the same. But a few centuries ago, society had sure and certain foundations, there was life in it; it was pervaded by the religious spirit, and life is given by GOD alone, to individuals and to

nations. This you will understand later. . . . This you should say, my dear brother: Before all things I am a man created by GOD to know Him, love Him, and serve Him. From GOD I come; I go to GOD; to Him I belong, and to Him also belong my body, my soul, my heart, and my mind, and all shall be employed according to the measure of grace bestowed by Him. Yes, with GOD's help, my heart, soul, and body shall be devoted to His glory and His love in the best way I can."

Alike in nobility of mind and Christian education, and bound together by deep devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, Venard and Theurel had become close friends, and were not a little delighted to go together to Asia. After a good voyage, Singapore was reached in February, 1853. An English vessel took them to Hong Kong. As the boat was out in which Theurel was to sail to Tongkin, the two friends were enabled to spend four months with the Rev. M. Chapdelaine, who, three years later suffered martyrdom in China. The friends then said farewell, as they thought for ever, and after a tedious journey in boats, Theurel reached West Tongkin. The whole village, with the students of the College, the Bishop, and Rector turned out to welcome the new comer. Mgr. Retord immediately chose him for his companion in a visit to his diocese, so that he became at once acquainted with its clergy, people, and institutions. Among them were two printing presses, hard at work, to furnish the priests of the mission with the most necessary books, of which they had at first only written copies. One of these Mgr. Retord placed under the care of the young missionary. Indefatigably he worked with his Annamitish compositors and assistants, until in 1854, the new press drew the attention of the Government, and a mandarin was sent to seize it. The establishment was broken up, and all went into concealment. During Lent a regular hunt after M. Theurel was made by the police. Thirteen times in ten weeks had he to change his abode.

Mgr. Jeantel, the President of the College, just managed to escape to the mountains, M. Néron, the Rector of the College of Ki-Yink was captured, and only freed by a heavy ransom. In a few weeks the Annamitish Seminary, the work of years, and the most hopeful nursery of Christian civilization, was entirely broken up. The College of Ke-Non only escaped a similar fate by a payment of 10,000 francs. Amidst these hard trials, M. Theurel had the great consolation of finding his friend Venard with the Bishop. Though destined for China, he had as yet no appointment, and at the request of M. Guillemin, the missionary of Canton, undertook to instruct a young Chinese in philosophy. After he had been thus employed for fifteen months, his destination was changed by his superiors. "Instead of China," he wrote, "it is to be Tongkin. I shall not be the loser by the exchange. I should have been well content with either, but for the mission conducted by Mgr. Retord, West Tongkin, so rich in glorious recollections, I have a double affection." Great was the joy of the two friends in again meeting. "One must remember that all things are possible to GOD," writes Theurel; "to believe that Venard and I are again together! He will speak the language excellently, and whilst he is studying I shall go to the press until another storm breaks out."

The Miracles of our Lord, as illustrating the Doctrine of Purgatory.

XI.—CURE OF THE MAN WITH THE WITHERED HAND.

(St. Matt. xii. 9—14 ; St. Mark iii. 1—6 ; St. Luke vi. 6—11.)

I. WE have seen that our Lord healed the poor man whom He found lying in one of the porches of the Probatic Pool on the Sabbath day, although the lesson with regard to the doctrine of Purgatory which was drawn from that miracle did not refer to the particular point. The student of the Life of our Lord will be aware that, just at the period of which we are speaking, He took occasion, more than once or twice, to assert very clearly, by word and action, that the Jewish tradition which seemed to forbid the exercise of good works on the Sabbath, if they were ever so little laborious in themselves, was a false tradition, and one by which He was not Himself in any way bound. It was soon after the miracle at the Probatic Pool that the disciples were blamed by the Pharisees for plucking the ears of corn and rubbing them in their hands on the Sabbath. On this occasion our Lord again defended Himself for permitting this, as He had defended Himself most formally and at great length at Jerusalem after the working of the miracle lately mentioned. It seems also to have been a little later, after His return to Galilee, that He worked the miracle on which we are now to comment, with the same purpose of enlightening men as to the observance of the Sabbath, and with the result—which appears to have been the reason why the three historical Evangelists all mention

the occurrence—of driving His enemies to the mad and impious step of making a plot against His life.

2. One circumstance is found the same in all the miracles wrought by our Lord on the Sabbath day—that is, that He worked them unasked, except so far as the simple presence of the poor sufferers was a silent but eloquent prayer to His Sacred Heart. He worked them in different parts of the country, as if it had been a special object with Him to draw attention everywhere to the doctrine which He taught and the authority which He claimed about the Sabbath. In their narratives of the miracle of which we are speaking, the Evangelists tell us that He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath, and that there was then present a man who had a withered hand. The Pharisees and others watched Him to see what He would do, for the question raised by His act at Jerusalem at the Probatic Pool had already made a great stir. St. Matthew tells us that His enemies actually put the question to Him, whether it was lawful to heal on that day. This must refer to some few of the party, for the other Evangelists only mention that they watched Him, and that He knew their thoughts, and asked them the question Himself, whether it was lawful on the Sabbath to do good or bad, to save life or destroy it? They were silent, and then He probably added, as St. Matthew tells us, the words which imply His own answer, asking them which of them would not help out a sheep which had fallen into a pit on the Sabbath—how much better was a man than a sheep! St. Mark tells us that He looked round with anger, being grieved at their blindness of heart. Then our Lord bade the man with the withered hand stand in the midst, and asked them the same question, as if to show that He was about to answer it by deed as well as by word. He bade the man stretch forth his hand; he did so, and it was at once made whole.

3. It is not our business here to draw out our Lord's reasons, as far as we can divine them, for thus insisting, in

the teeth of opposition, on the Christian liberty of doing good on the Sabbath day. But we may gather from it a very profitable and practical head of instruction as to our own special subject of Purgatory, by reminding ourselves that the Sabbath day, in our Lord's Life, represented to Him the great chain of festivals, the anniversaries of His mysteries, and the like, which was afterwards to exist in His Church, and that He was about to enact, as it were, the Law of the Sabbath in a new form, in the institution of all the ecclesiastical festivals and solemnities with which we are so familiar. The Church, acting by the authority over the Sabbath which belonged to Him as the Son of Man, was to transfer the observance from the seventh day of the week to the first, as well as to spiritualize the mode in which the precept of the Sabbatical rest was to be obeyed. Our Lord was looking forward to this feature in His Kingdom in all that He did and said with regard to the Sabbath. It seems to have moved Him even to anger and indignation when He saw His critics so blind of heart as to object to the performance of works of active mercy on that day. But we may venture to think that He might not perhaps have acted or spoken so strongly in opposition to the religious prejudices of the Jews, unless He had meant to insist on a principle which directly contravened those prejudices—the principle that feasts and holy days and religious solemnities and commemorations were to be times of rejoicing and of spiritual activity, great occasions for the exercise of mercy and charity on the part of Christians, and for the bountiful diffusion of graces and spiritual gifts on the part of GOD. Thus Christians have always considered that they might hope for special and large gifts of grace on occasion of the great solemnities of the ecclesiastical year, the days on which the chief mysteries of our Lord or of His Blessed Mother or of the Saints are commemorated. The Church encourages this belief in a number of different ways, one of which, which has especial relation to our own subject, is the connecting

her greater indulgences with the more solemn feasts. Thus it may be said to be a principle of the new Kingdom of our Lord, that the great acts and mercies of GOD, whether in the life of our Lord Himself, or in the lives of His Saints, or in the history of the Church, should have each their special commemoration, as the great consummation of the work of Creation had its special commemoration in the observance of the Sabbath. But the observance of the Sabbath was not a simple commemoration, but also an institution full of benefit to mankind for many various reasons. Indeed, there can be no such institution in the Kingdom of GOD as a simple commemoration of past mercies, which is not also an occasion for the obtaining of fresh benefits from His inexhaustible and ineffable goodness. And, in the same way, the festivals of our Lord, His Mother, and the Saints, which are occasions of intense joy to the Church in Heaven and on earth, are also intended by GOD to be opportunities which He may take, in His infinite bountifulness, of pouring out ever fresh and fresh blessings upon those who celebrate them devoutly.

4. There are many reasons for thinking that, among the many ways in which we may please GOD at such times, that of praying especially for the deliverance of the Holy Souls is not the least. This act of mercy belongs, it may seem, as of right to the great moments of triumph in our Lord's history, and to the anniversaries which celebrate them. It is thought by many holy writers that, on Holy Saturday, after our Lord's descent "*into the lower parts of the earth,*" as St. Paul speaks, He not only set free from their captivity the saints who were detained in Limbus, but that He also made His presence felt in Purgatory by the deliverance either of all the souls which were then suffering pain, or at least, as St. Thomas seems to think, of all those who by their faith and devotion while alive had merited that He should so deliver them. St. Vincent Ferrer says that if the number of the delivered from Purgatory on that occasion was measured by rigorous justice, it would not

extend beyond these last mentioned, but that if it were measured by the sweetness of GOD'S mercy, all would have been set free. It is also the opinion of many Doctors that, when our Blessed Lady was dying, she obtained from her Son the liberation of all that were then in Purgatory, who accompanied her to Heaven in the triumph of her glorious Assumption. It is said by some that she exercises her loving power in favour of the souls of Purgatory on every feast of her Assumption, and even on all her feasts, and on those of the Nativity and Resurrection of her Divine Son. We find also privileges of the same kind attributed by holy writers to some of the Saints, as St. Lawrence, who delivers a soul every Friday, and St. Frances of Assisi, who is allowed to deliver his own religious children on his annual feast day. The number of instances in which some such privileges are mentioned in the Lives of the Saints and in other such books, seems to show that it is according to the mind of the Church to think that these privileges exist, and that it is usual for the favourite servants of GOD to be allowed such powers at the times of their feasts. If we put by the side of this the other fact, already mentioned, of the habit of the Church to attach special Indulgences to works of piety on such days, we have quite enough to encourage us to hope that it is greatly pleasing to GOD that we should make such days occasions for exerting ourselves in some special manner for the relief of the Holy Souls. We may say to ourselves those words of our Lord, "*How much is a soul better than a sheep ;*" and if at times of rejoicing, and on occasions which remind us of mercies which we have received even in the natural order—birth-days, wedding-days, and the like—we think it well to give alms, or to exercise the rites of hospitality, or the duty of visiting the sick and the afflicted, we may surely hope with great confidence that GOD will hear our prayers and accept our thanksgivings more readily, if we make it a point never to let a holy day or festival season pass away without endeavouring to make the saints and the Holy

Souls partakers in our feast, the latter by the prayers or good works or Masses which we offer for their deliverance, the former by the accidental glory which redounds to them when such offerings are made in their honour, and when their glorious company in Heaven is increased by fresh arrivals from Purgatory.

XII.—THE HEALING OF THE CENTURION'S SERVANT.

(St. Matt. vii. 5—15 ; St. Luke vii. 1—10.)

1. THE next of our Lord's miracles in order of time, after the miracle in the synagogue of which we spoke in the last chapter, seems to have been the healing of the centurion's servant. This took place after an interval of at least some weeks, during which our Lord was absent from Capharnaum, and in which we must place the great events of the delivery of His Sermon on the Plain, and the still more important event which immediately preceded it—the election of the twelve Apostles. It is natural to suppose that after some time spent in His usual course of missionary preaching our Lord returned for a short rest to Capharnaum. Here, as the Gospel narrative tells us, He was applied to by the chief Jews, the rulers of the synagogue, and the like, in favour of a person who was too modest to come to Him himself, partly on account of his sense of unworthiness, partly because he did not belong to the sacred nation. He was a Gentile officer, probably a Roman, in command of some small force in the city, and it seems that he must have been a dweller there for some time. He had become acquainted with the Jewish society of the place, he had taken an interest in their religion, to which he had probably become a proselyte, and he had shown his attachment to it and to them by more than one good work, especially by having built them their synagogue at his own expense. He had heard of our Lord—it is very likely that he had heard of Him

as a teacher, and not only as a worker of miracles, for the story of his application to our Lord seems to show that he knew the nobleman whose son our Lord had healed at a distance, before the formal beginning of His Galilean preaching, and had caught from him the special lesson of faith which had been insisted on in his case. If this is so, it is not likely that the nobleman would have been backward to speak to him of his own belief as to our Lord's Divine mission. The centurion, however, was now anxious about the health of one of his servants, of whom we are not told whether he was or was not a Jew. The servant was lying under a violent attack of paralysis, in great pain, and not far from death. Under these circumstances the master went to the chief Jews, as has been said, and asked them to intercede for him with our Lord. This they did very willingly, representing that he was a lover of their nation, and had built them the synagogue. We need not go through the whole series of details which are related by the two Evangelists. Our Lord said at once that He would come and heal the sufferer, but He was met on the way, first by some friends sent by the centurion, and then by the centurion himself, begging Him not to put Himself so much out as to come, for he was well aware of his own unworthiness to receive Him under his roof, and also that our Lord could heal as well by a word as by His presence, at a distance as well as on the spot. He was himself, he said, a man both under authority and also with some authority of his own over his inferiors; he knew what authority was, and he was quite sure that our Lord had only to exercise His authority over disease and health in any way that pleased Him, in order to produce the effect which He desired. "*Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed.*"

2. We need not pause to dwell on the intense delight which this display of faith and of humility founded on faith, caused in the Sacred Heart of our Lord. In some

respects this centurion was an earnest and foretaste to Him of the multitude of souls who were to follow him in his ready and generous faith, and to come, as He said to His disciples, from the east and west, and sit down in the kingdom with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. These considerations belong to another time. At present we shall find abundant food for thought in two things which seem to stand out from the story, and to illustrate in very different ways the doctrine to which these chapters are devoted. These two things are suggested, the first by the recommendation with which the Jews sought to move our Lord's compassion in favour of the centurion, when they said that he loved their nation and had built them their synagogue, and the second by the beautiful words of the centurion, which the Church has made her own by taking them into her own mouth at Holy Communion, "*Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest enter under my roof.*"

3. The first of these heads contains the whole doctrine, so to speak, of the immense value of good works done for the Church and her children as such, and especially of the particular good work of building churches and raising altars for the worship of GOD and the honour of His saints. When the Jews put this forward as their special ground of recommendation to our Lord in favour of the petition of the centurion, they may perhaps have thought that they ought to meet the objection which might be made that the subject of their petition was an alien to the holy people. They may have meant to say that although he was a Gentile, still he had deserved well of the Jewish community. If they meant no more than this, then we may take their words as having more force on our Lord's Heart than they expected. To love the holy nation of the Church, and especially to show that love by raising the sanctuaries of GOD, gives a higher title to our Lord's good will than simply to belong to the holy people. The rewards which our Lord confers on any service done to

His kingdom or to the worship of GOD, are determined and measured by His own most magnificent liberality. He says in His charge to His Apostles,* that any one who receives a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive the reward of a prophet—that is, he shall be dealt with by GOD as if he had himself done the work of the prophet whom he receives. These words indicate the law of the gratitude of GOD, if we may so speak, for any services of the kind of which we are speaking. They are of immense consolation to all those who have the means and the good will to advance the service of GOD by the use of wealth, influence, position, authority, and the like. Such persons have opportunities which others have not, of gaining the friendship of the saints and of our Lord Himself, and their opportunities amount to nothing less than the power to gain a share in all the good works for which they open the way by their munificence. Let us take the case, for instance, of a person who uses his wealth to build a Christian church in which the Holy Sacrifice is continually offered to GOD, in which the Gospel doctrine is constantly preached, in which the sacraments are administered, in which the Blessed Sacrament dwells on the altar day and night, in which prayer is almost unceasing, and in which a thousand hidden graces are imparted, hour after hour, by our Lord to His faithful worshippers. Let us take the case of a person who founds a convent in which the chosen souls of the Church may retire from the world, and give themselves up without interruption or distraction to that “attendance on our Lord,” of which St. Paul speaks;† or a college in which the highest mental culture is imparted, under the guidance and blessing of religion, in which learning is pursued for the sake of elucidating Scripture and theology, in which missionaries are trained for the glorious work of carrying the Gospel into heathen countries, and of supplying the wants of the sacred ministry in countries where priests are comparatively few. In all

* St. Matt. x.

† 1 Cor. vii.

these cases the person who makes this holy use of the worldly goods which GOD has given him, has a share, according to our Lord's rule, in all the good that is done to His honour in the church or convent or school or college, or in any other work of a like kind, which he has helped to found. And as the work goes on for generation after generation, the founder, or the souls to whose benefit he may wish to apply its satisfactory power, will continue to enjoy his share. If he be in Heaven, he will have an accidental increase of joy for all that is done ; if he or they be in Purgatory, it cannot be doubted that his soul or theirs will be greatly and continually relieved, and the time of their deliverance hastened on, by the service to GOD which is daily and hourly accruing in such places as those of which we have been speaking. GOD Himself, and all the Court of Heaven, the Blessed Virgin and the saints and angels, as well as the Church upon earth and her children, are his debtors, who will certainly not forget the obligations, and who are very powerful in their means of payment and very prompt in using them. The best works that can be done for the Church are those which most directly contribute to the worship of GOD and the preaching of the Gospel, and those also which last on generation after generation. We see in all this the holy wisdom and considerate charity and prudence of ancient times, when the foundation of convents or colleges or schools, or the building of churches or of chapels in churches was a favourite work of piety, very often indeed undertaken with a distinct and definite purpose of providing for the relief of the souls in Purgatory.

4. Here, then, is a very practical point of teaching concerning the way in which we may benefit those dear to us, for whose souls we are anxious to obtain the speedy mercy of GOD. The erection of an altar in their memory, or the foundation of Masses, or the contribution to the maintenance of a priest, especially in parts of the world where the Church is most in need of support from a dis-

tance, and in countries where it is possible for a very small annual sum to keep a mission alive, and so to contribute to the service of the altar under circumstances which promise exceptionally large returns for any labour or alms that are spent upon them—these and other similar ways of helping the holy sufferers are suggested by the miracle before us. It must be remembered that any one who procures the celebration of a Mass which would not otherwise be celebrated, does not benefit alone his own soul or the soul for whom the Mass is offered or that of the priest who offers it, but the whole Church of GOD in Heaven, on earth, and under the earth. This is a good deed which rejoices GOD and the saints and angels, as well as the living and the dead, and it is no wonder if the prayers and interests of such a person are assisted by the intercessions of all Heaven.

5. But there is another and very beautiful lesson to be learnt from this good centurion, which illustrates one of the most suggestive points in the whole doctrine concerning Purgatory and its prisoners. This lesson is contained in the words to which reference has already been made : *"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest enter under my roof, but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."* These words should be put by the side of other expressions of the same kind, which are among those breathings of the Holy Ghost which seem most clearly to interpret the words of St. Paul, when he says that the Holy Spirit of God prays in us and moulds, as it were, our petitions, so as to make them the prayers which are acceptable to our Heavenly Father. They are to be set by the side of the cry of the publican of whom our Lord speaks, who would not so much as lift his eyes to Heaven, but smote his breast, saying, *"God be merciful to me a sinner."* They belong to the same class as the words of St. Peter in the ship—*"Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord."* They remind us of the answer of the Syrophenician woman, *"Yea, Lord, the dogs eat of the*

crumbs which fall from the masters' table." These are the petitions which have so much power over our Lord's Sacred Heart. We are told by holy writers on the subject of Purgatory, especially by St. Catharine of Genoa and those who have followed her, that the Holy Souls have so deep a sense of their own unworthiness to meet the eye of GOD in Heaven, before they are perfectly purged from the imperfections which are consumed in the fire of Purgatory, that they would shrink back from His Presence if it were offered them to pass into their destined Beatitude before the time. So intense is their love of GOD, and so entirely does that affection overrule or absorb any other, such as the desire of their own happiness, that for His sake and for the sake of the holiness which becometh His courts, they cannot bear to think of anything that is unfit being presented there.

6. We cannot doubt that this beautiful humility of the centurion made our Lord all the more ready and eager to help him; and that it was one of the fruits of his very keen and penetrating faith, which made him see the dignity of our Lord's Person far more clearly than many others who approached Him with similar petitions. So in the same way, the intense humility of the Holy Souls, which is founded on their charity, is one of the causes for which our Lord's Sacred Heart yearns after them with so extreme a love. We may, then, add this to the other motives which we have already considered as incentives to our own charitable exertions for the relief of these Holy Souls, which all tend to their speedier purification and to the hastening of the moment when the desires of our Lord's Heart may be satisfied in them.

Other Sheep I have which are not of this Fold.*

At length within the fold
 The wandering sheep found rest ;
 Close to the Shepherd's side
 In wondering love they pressed.

Long had they heard His voice
 Call faintly through the night ;
 And followed from afar
 His dimly guiding light.

Oft had they felt his touch
 Fill them with joyous dread ;
 And so they followed on,
 Unknowing where He led.

And now their joy is great,
 All doubt and error past ;
 Secure within the Fold
 They see His Face at last.

S. A. W.

* Gospel for the Second Sunday after Easter.

The Perpetual Adoration, Limerick.

IN a retired part of our city, adjoining the far-famed school of the Faithful Companions of JESUS, Laurel Hill Avenue, stands the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament. As this community is of recent origin, and as reparation to the Sacred Heart of JESUS, wounded in the Sacrament of His love, forms a pre-eminently distinctive feature of the new Institute, a passing sketch of its history, and the motives which led to its foundation may find a place in the pages of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, and not prove uninteresting to the reader.

When, towards the close of the eighteenth century, liberty and peace had been in some measure restored to the suffering and persecuted Church of Ireland, it was natural to expect that in a country where proselytism was making such desperate efforts, the spiritual destitution of the people should engage the first attention of its pastors, and that religious institutions devoted to active works of mercy should receive at once their warmest and most cordial support. Thus many contemplative orders then in Ireland deemed it, under such circumstances, a higher and holier calling to share the activity of Martha, and to gather around them the poor little ones of Christ than to kneel, like Mary, in silent prayer at His feet. Whilst Italy, France, Germany, and Belgium saw arise in their midst communities and confraternities devoted to the honour of the Most Holy Sacrament, whilst even Protestant England could name its several cities wherein the Spouses of Christ kept watch, hour after hour, before the lonely Dweller of the Tabernacle, Ireland could not point

to one spot where the voice of uninterrupted praise and reparation was being poured forth to JESUS in the Blessed Eucharist.

Towards the commencement of the year 1869, the state of loneliness and desolation in which the Blessed Sacrament was left in many of our churches made a deep impression on many minds. A remedy had been applied, thus they reasoned, to almost every phase of moral and physical suffering: means of education secured to all classes, the widow and the orphan had been provided with a home, the infirm poor with benefactors, the Magdalen with a refuge; but there was no religious community to pay perpetual court to Him Who perpetually remains on our altars, a Prisoner of love. Thus, when in the tribunal of penance, on the same day and within the same hour, the same desires (that an effort might be made for the establishing of the Perpetual Adoration in Ireland) were manifested to a holy priest by persons previously unacquainted, he, guided by that light which the Holy Spirit unfailingly gives, was enabled to see the finger of GOD pointing to a new work, and warmly encouraged their commencing an association of the Perpetual Adoration. Before that evening several members had been enrolled; thus was begun from Thursday in Sexagesima, a day set apart in many religious communities, and in the lives of saintly persons for special reparation, the nocturnal adoration which has never since been interrupted. Throughout each successive hour of the night, in the different parts of Limerick, persons arose in the privacy of their homes to adore, at least in spirit, JESUS present in the nearest church; whilst during the day they succeeded each other before the tabernacle. His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Butler was early made acquainted with the plan of the association, and gave it every encouragement. GOD so visibly blessed these first efforts, that, after some months, it became necessary to purchase a house in order that the object of the association

might be more fully carried out. That no premature step might be taken in the absence of his lordship at Rome, the Vicar-General of the diocese was requested to give his sanction to the proceeding. Before doing so, he consulted, and advised those who applied to him to consult, on the subject some of the most learned and prudent amongst the Fathers of the Society of JESUS, the Redemptorist, and Oblate Fathers, who unanimously agreed that the work ought to be regularly organized, and some of the members begin to lead a community life. A house was temporarily taken. During the eighteen months which followed many and severe were the trials to which the little band of adorers were subjected. "Unless the seed die it cannot bring forth fruit," were the oft-repeated words of the saintly priest who gave the work its first encouragement, and to whose counsels it owes so much. Doubtless from the many sufferings the association had to undergo it must have seemed to those of weak faith that our Blessed Lord willed its total destruction; but when suffering had reached its height, the reward was at hand. Many and fervent had been the desires which, hour after hour, the little community had poured forth during their adorations that JESUS would come in His own sweet Sacrament to reside in their midst, and He, Whose "*delight is to be with the children of men*," could not refuse their prayer. Already a generous benefactor came forward, and purchased their present convent and garden* at the sacrifice of what was then almost his entire wealth. Immediately the house was dedicated to St. Joseph, and many and touching are the records of the protection afforded by this great Saint to the new community. In September, 1872, permission was obtained from the Holy See to

* This benefactor, Mr. P. MacNamara, died rather unexpectedly early last March. R.I.P. His brother, acting in accordance with what he believed to be the wishes of one whose life had been spent in a series of works of charity and benevolence, and as a tribute to his memory, has just made a generous donation to the community of a house adjoining their convent, of which he had recently become the possessor.

reserve the Blessed Sacrament in their oratory, and there, throughout the day and night, is now carried on that highest, holiest, and most sanctifying of all prayer, the Perpetual Adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

After much deliberation, it was determined for the consolidation of the Institute that some members of the community should spend some time in a Continental Convent of the Perpetual Adoration, in order to acquire a more perfect knowledge of the practices of the religious life. The religious of the Blessed Sacrament, St. Omer, France, offered a warm welcome, and in December, 1874, shortly after their arrival, the illustrious Bishop of Boulogne and St. Omer, Mgr. Lequette, honoured the reception of the first members of the new congregation of the Consolers of the Sacred Heart by presiding at Pontifical High Mass, and by preaching, and officiating at the ceremony.

The past three years have been years of deep interest for the community. The numerous professions and receptions which have taken place at St. Joseph's, the privilege of daily Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, of which the public are at liberty to avail themselves, and the deepening sympathy felt for the Institute by all classes have already more than repaid much suffering.

We pray GOD to grant the new work complete success, and to bless it as He has blessed many foundations which have sprung up on our soil, and we trust that shortly we may possess in most of our cities a convent whose members will be ever before our, alas! too often abandoned Lord, consoling Him for the outrages of which He is the Victim, and pleading for the conversion of sinners.

AN IRISH CORRESPONDENT.

Intention for the Apostolate of Prayer for August.

THE NEW MISSIONS TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

A NEW world has been opened to European thought and enterprise by the discoveries of Livingstone and Stanley. Where in all but the most recent maps blank spaces spoke to the unlearned of vast waterless deserts covering half a mighty Continent, and served to remind the members of the Geographical Society that a good deal of work still lay before them, it is now known that there are full flowing rivers and beautiful scenery, great wealth of nature, and—many millions of human beings. Those to whom the Interests of the Sacred Heart of JESUS are paramount may leave to others the pleasant task of collecting ivory. More precious objects claim the early efforts and fervent prayers of those who traffic the kingdom of Heaven. “*The fields are whitening to the harvest,*” Souls for which JESUS died are athirst for the waters of baptism; a great number of grown up children are waiting to be taught the saving truth. They have no sacraments abused to answer for, no careful education to unlearn. Experience has already shown that the tribes of Africa are easily won to the faith of Christ.

There is not a moment to lose. The future of faith in Africa will in appearance depend upon the action of Catholic missionaries at this particular juncture, although it is not quite correct to say that the poor pagans will adopt the first form of Christianity which is presented to them. The forms of Christianity, outside the Church of Christ, are so various and conflicting that it is never long before contradictory teaching asserts itself. Any form of Christianity will seem amiable and respectable beside the

degrading superstitions of savages, but when, as inevitably happens if things are left to their course, one Christian preacher flatly contradicts another upon such all important points as the necessity or not of baptism, the eternity or not of punishment, the existence or not of sacrifice, the Real Presence or not of GOD in one of the sacraments, the inspiration or not of Scripture, the inchoate conversion of a native tribe receives a fatal blow. The first condition of the spiritual conquest is wanting, for whereas the Founder of Christianity, speaking of a visible effect, solemnly chose Oneness of the most perfect order as the mark by which all men should know His followers, visible oneness is conspicuously absent from reformed Christianity. Therefore it is not the prospect of a rapid or wide diffusion of Protestantism over the new regions of Africa which need excite alarm. What is to be feared, and greatly to be feared, is the spoiling beforehand of a great Catholic work. Whole nations will certainly not become Protestant, however numerous may be the armies of missionaries, with or without their wives, and of Bible-readers sent out to convert them; but they may easily enough be prevented from becoming Catholics if Catholic missionaries are late in the field and miss the moment of grace. We can study the action of Protestantism in Rome now. Italians cannot be changed into creditable Protestants, but it is a very easy business to make many of them unsatisfactory Christians. Bad Catholics give up their ancestral faith readily enough, but they do not care to profess a new form of faith unless it puts money into their pockets.

It is a point of supreme importance that Catholic missions to Central Africa should be organized on a grand scale without loss of time. Many Catholics in England are already fully sensible of the greatness of the crisis, and are making generous sacrifices to meet it. Their efforts will be largely aided as the facts come to be more widely known. If we pray as well as work the Holy

Spirit will not cease to urge generous souls to contribute according to their power in their own way of life, either personal service or supplies in money and material. The case needs only to be stated in its simple truth to make all sensible that no nobler cause has claimed for centuries the prompt and zealous intervention of the Church.

Portuguese commerce in Africa had languished under the twofold disadvantage of its own inferior attractiveness when put into competition with the richer trade of Brazil or the East Indies, and the incessant semi-religious hostility of the Dutch Calvinists, who may be said with truth to have kept Africa for two centuries from the light of the Gospel.

For the last fifty years the prospect has been gradually brightening. Catholic Emancipation, the development of English colonial activity in the south of Africa, as well as in India and Australia, the energetic suppression of the slave-trade on the western coast of Africa, the facilities of steam navigation, coinciding with the establishment in France of the great association of the Propagation of the Faith, and the restoration or first foundation of various religious orders and missionary congregations, have given quite a new hope and impulse to the work of evangelizing Africa. Within thirty years twelve vicariates have been established on the coast, so that a ring of Christian settlements surrounds the Continent. There is question now of pushing forward into the interior. Mgr. Comboni, with his associate priests have penetrated as far as the sources of the White Nile. The Fathers of the Holy Ghost in Guinea on the West, and the Fathers of the Sacred Hearts of JESUS and MARY stationed at Bogamozo, opposite to the island of Zanzibar, on the east, have extended their labours through the adjacent regions. Missioners from Algiers are under orders to proceed to the country of the Great Lakes. The Society of JESUS has been charged with the duty of evangelizing the vast territory through which the Zambesi runs, a field of operations lying between

10° and 18° south latitude, and between 15° and 30° east longitude. The southern boundary as at first proposed was the Limpopo, on the borders of the Transvaal ; but the distribution has been readjusted.

Father Depelchin, S.J., who brings to the work an experience of eighteen years of missionary life in India has been appointed the Superior of the expedition, and, as many of our readers know, he is now in London making active preparation for the great enterprize, which is regarded by His Holiness as especially belonging to Catholic England.

All who love the Sacred Heart of JESUS, and esteem it a privilege to co-operate in saving millions of immortal souls will try to aid by prayer and alms this great mission to the heathen, that no fatal delay may disappoint the fervent hopes of those who already in happy dreams can see the great river-courses of the dark Continent dotted with Christian villages.

PRAYER.

O Sacred Heart of JESUS! through the Immaculate Heart of MARY, I offer Thee all the prayers, labours, and crosses of this day, in union with those intentions for which Thou dost unceasingly offer Thyself a Victim of love on our altars. I offer them to Thee in particular for the natives of Africa, and for the missionaries who are preparing to announce Thy Name to them. Sprinkle, dear Lord, abundantly the dew of Thy grace on this long barren land, and send many workmen to gather in the harvest which it offers to Thy Church. *Amen.*

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

For the triumph of the Church and Holy See, and the Catholic regeneration of nations.

AUGUST, 1878.

I. GENERAL INTENTION: *The New Missions to Central Africa.*

II. PARTICULAR INTENTIONS.

1. Thurs. *S. Peter's Chains*.—Confidence in God; 14,736 persons in affliction.
2. Fri. *S. Alphonsus Liguori, B.C.D.*—COMMUNION OF REPARATION, &c.—FRIDAY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.—Care of Children; 6,836 houses of education.
3. Sat. *Finding of the Body of S. Stephen*.—Fervour; 2,936 seminaries and novitiates.
4. SUN. *Eighth after Pentecost*.—*S. Dominic, C.*—Devotedness; 16,093 religious.
5. Mon. *Dedication of the Church of S. Mary of the Snow*.—Zeal for the house of God; 4,539 parishes.
6. Tues. *The Transfiguration of our Lord*.—Desire of Holy Communion; 7,389 First Communions.
7. Wed. *S. Cajetan, C.*—(*S. J., Oct. of S. Ignatius*).—Remembrance of the four last things; 3,072 missions and retreats.
8. Thurs. *SS. Cyriacus, &c., MM.*—(*S. J., B. Peter Faber, S. J., C.*)—The spirit of concord; 9,502 reconciliations.
9. Fri. *SS. Nereus, &c., MM.*—(*S. J., S. Cajetan, C. Aug. 7.*)—Remembrance of the Dead; 82,167 dead.
10. Sat. *S. LAURENCE, M.*—Love of doing good; 14,639 spiritual works.
11. SUN. *Ninth after Pentecost*.—Love of purity; 23,033 young persons.
12. Mon. *S. Clare, V.*—A lively faith in the Blessed Eucharist; 16,816 communities.
13. Tues. *Of the Oct.*—(*S. J., B. John Berchmans, S. J., C.*)—Fidelity to grace; 6,580 vocations.
14. Wed. *Vigil*.—(*S. J., B. Peter Canisius, S. J., C. April 27.*)—Reverence for the priesthood; 11,726 ecclesiastics.
15. Thurs. *THE ASSUMPTION B.V.M.*—Gratitude; 42,112 acts of thanksgiving.

16. Fri. *S. Hyacinth, C.*—Zeal for the salvation of those we love; 55,422 heretics and schismatics.
17. Sat. *Octave S. Laurence*.—Detachment; 27,647 temporal affairs.
18. SUN. *Tenth after Pentecost*.—*S. Joachim, Father B.V.M.*—A Christian spirit in families; 20,413 fathers and mothers.
19. Mon. *Of the Octave*.—(*S. J., S. Paul of the Cross, C. April 28.*)—A spirit of order and peace; 23,839 families.
20. Tues. *S. Bernard, Ab., C.D.*—The spirit of wisdom; 4,332 superiors.
21. Wed. *S. Jane Frances, W.*—Love of God; 13,548 nuns.
22. Thurs. *Octave of the Assumption*.—Recourse to MARY; 21,432 young men.
23. Fri. *Vigil*.—*S. Philip Benetius, C.*—Patience; 23,533 sick and infirm.
24. Sat. *S. Bartholomew, Ap.*—Zeal for the glory of God; 2,071 foreign missions.
25. SUN. *Eleventh after Pentecost*.—(*S. J., MOST PURE HEART OF MARY.*)—A life of faith; 27,628 spiritual favours.
26. Mon. *S. Margaret, W.* June 10.—(*S. J., S. Dunstan, C.P. May 19.*)—The spirit of prayer; 65,069 various intentions.
27. Tues. *S. Joseph Calasanctius, C.*—Zeal for the good education of children; 56,433 children.
28. Wed. *S. Augustine, B.C.D.*—Confidence in the mercy of God; 55,449 sinners.
29. Thurs. *Beheading of S. John Baptist*.—The virtue of constancy; the grace of perseverance for 28,098 persons.
30. Fri. *S. Rose of Lima, V.*—Purity of heart; the people of Central Africa.
31. Sat. *S. Aidan, B.C.*—The virtue of fortitude; 3,538 promoters.

Intentions sent for publication must arrive in London not later than the morning of the first day of the month. It is recommended that they should be written on a page by themselves.

An Indulgence of 100 days is attached to all the Prayers and Good Works offered up for these Intentions.

The Intentions of the *Archconfraternity of St. Joseph of Angers*, and the *Children of St. Joseph at Brussels*, are recommended to the prayers of the Associates.

Application for Diplomas of Affiliation to the Apostleship of Prayer, Tickets of Admission, &c., for England, is to be made to the Rev. A. G. Knight, S.J., 111, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; for Ireland, to the Rev. M. Russell, S.J., 50, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin. Sheets of the Living Rosary, adapted to the requirements of the Association, may be had of Messrs. Burns and Oates. Price 2d. the Sheet.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

The Problem Solved.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NOTRE DAME DE BON SECOURS.

IN spite of his assertion, Lawrence remained at Courseilles, and took up his abode in Widow Mallidor's small farm, which was situated a little outside the main village, perched on the side of the cliff above the narrow plateau on which the church stood, and commanding a glorious view of the whole bay with its masses of dark rock. Indeed, the view was the one redeeming feature in the accommodation, which, although the best in Courseilles, was certainly not calculated to satisfy any one of very fastidious taste. Yet Lawrence, who was usually over-exacting in all that regarded his own personal comfort, seemed utterly indifferent to all the inconveniences of his surroundings, and week after week found him with no thoughts of leaving his farm kitchen. Its walls were black with smoke and age, and the small roughly-glazed window barely lighted it on a bright summer day. The heavy oak presses which lined the walls, and contained the heirlooms of generations, added to its sombre appearance, whilst the quaintly-carved bedstead chairs and long polished table would not have

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

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been out of keeping in any old castle. The rough stone floor had a tendency to become unpleasantly damp in wet weather, whilst if he left the door open to admit light and air, the huge fireplace, in which an ox might have been roasted, was certain to smoke, let alone that the cock and hens, to say nothing of the pigs, which were, if possible, noisier and dirtier than their English brethren, always regarded this proceeding as an invitation to walk in. It seemed as if Mr. Bretherton were determined to practise his own favourite proverb of when at Rome doing as the Romans. He fraternized with all the villagers, and soon picked up Breton enough to understand them and to make himself understood. He drank the sour cider of the country and asked for nothing better ; he even put up cheerfully with the proverbial Breton dirt, and forgetting that in England he had been fastidious to a fault in the matter of tea and coffee, learnt to breakfast on butter-milk and the favourite Breton dish of galette, a sort of girdle cake made of red barley. The utter novelty of his present life was in itself attractive. In his morbid depressed state whatever forced him out of himself by opening to him an entirely new world was welcome, and unknown to himself his real attraction to Courseilles lay in its saintly Curé. In the Curé of Courseilles Lawrence had found not merely his equal and his match, but his superior in every sense, and strange as it may seem, there was to Lawrence, who had all his life found his fellow-men his intellectual inferiors, something positively refreshing in this, to him, new sense of inferiority. It is wearisome in the long run, whatever people may say of man's natural love of domineering, to feel we never need exert our best powers, and an easy victory seems hardly worth fighting for. Men are often attracted by what is most opposed to their own natural character, and it seemed as if the deep and genuine humility of his new friend acted like a magnet on Lawrence's pride and vanity, add to which there is a nameless, but at the same time an irresistible attraction

about true holiness. If the mere shadow of it had first drawn him to the Clevedon's, and made him love Nellie, what wonder that the reality as seen in the Curé of Courseilles exercised over him an influence which he was powerless to resist? Here was the same self-sacrifice, self-denial, and unworldliness which he loved and admired in Helen; but in her these qualities were more or less natural, and marred by the self-will which characterized all her actions, whilst the Curé of Courseilles' most ordinary action and passing word were actuated by the most supernatural principle, and were, although Lawrence knew it not, so many acts of heroic virtue. It was impossible to be intimate with such a man and not be influenced by him. Not that Lawrence discovered at once the depth of intellectual culture of his new friend. Much as he liked him, he had been inclined during the first few weeks to set him down as a simple unlettered village curé. How could it be otherwise with a man who had spent the best years of his life in the most remote and isolated of villages? For Mr. Luscomb had confused a French lieue into an English mile, and the distance from Brest he had spoken of as about ten miles was in reality a good thirty, and the separation from the civilized world was entire. The Curé was a problem to Mr. Bretherton as he watched him talking to his parishioners, throwing himself heart and soul into their small interests. What was it that gave him such power over them all? His conversation was not remarkable for brilliancy, he was most kind and courteous to Lawrence, yet the poverty of the presbytery was almost a shock to the latter, and when a few days after he had first installed himself at Mère Mallidor's he surprised the good Curé hoeing his own potatoes, he was half inclined to leave the place. He could not understand it all. Perhaps the Curé guessed what was passing in Mr. Bretherton's mind, and like St. Philip Neri possessed the gift of making himself all things to all men, without, however, losing his own simplicity, for he looked up with a

smile, and answered Lawrence's exclamation with a quotation from Horace in the Latin which bespoke a scholar and a gentleman, and from that moment Lawrence set himself to study the first man whom he had ever failed to read at a glance, and to try to draw him out and make him betray the rare store of classical knowledge he possessed. Not that he succeeded, but the difficulty of his undertaking gave it zest. Of all the frightful austerities which would have made Lawrence shudder had he known of them, but which were to the Abbé Viennot a matter of course and the merest trifles, none was so unflinching or so hard as the continual intellectual mortification which he had accepted when first he came to Courseilles, and which he practised on every occasion, for had not his own pride of intellect well-nigh been his ruin? But thirty years had not taken the edge off his mental powers, nor rusted his intellect, and no man was fitter to cope with Lawrence and to fight the semi-infidel and rationalistic views which, ever since his trouble had come upon him, he had been drifting into. Mr. Lewis had once said truly that a man like Lawrence could never remain stationary, he must speedily become either an infidel or a Catholic, there was no *via media* possible for him. But if the Curé would not for his own satisfaction indulge in the conversation which would have been a rest and a refreshment to him, where a soul was at stake he knew how to bring all influences to bear. He had suffered too keenly himself; he knew too well all the horrors of the broad road along which Lawrence was allowing himself to stray, and when Mr. Bretherton one evening broached an opinion which he could only logically support by the most false rationalistic philosophy, the Curé was like an old war-horse, which sniffs the battle afar, in the keenness with which he seized upon the weak point of Lawrence's argument, and Mr. Bretherton had to own himself beaten, though not till after a long fight would he cede the victory. It was a fight in which he was forced to admit and to admire his adversary's strength, and when he

for the first time in his life grasped some faint idea of the nature of true Christian philosophy. It was the first of many a similar discussion. Lawrence was roused from his apathy, and it must be feared in his delight at hearing the Curé talk, and forcing the latter out of his shell, he often argued against his own better principles. Could the late missionaries of St. Wereburgh's have heard his defence of Anglicanism and his rash statements about certain "modern" "ultramontane doctrines," they would have begun to think that after all the mission had not been thrown away on Lawrence, without having wit enough to detect that Mr. Bretherton had suddenly become as hazy and illogical in his statements and conclusions as they themselves were. He was like a drowning man catching at straws, and more like a wayward petulant child who is peevish for the pleasure of tormenting those whom it really feels are its best friends, than the shrewd practical lawyer, whose clever satirical tongue had made Mr. Monkton and Russel wince. Then he took a perverse fit, and quarrelled with his best friend: he would go no more to the presbytery, he no longer rushed off to spend his evenings with the Curé. He little guessed what loss of sleep his selfish monopoly of the good Curé's evenings had entailed on the latter. Courseilles, however, without the Curé's society was unutterably dull, and Mère Mallidor's kitchen, lighted by a tallow candle, and without books or music, was more than Lawrence could stand. His curiosity with regard to the Curé was fairly roused, and he went to the church to hear him preach. What could a man who had St. Thomas Aquinas and all the Fathers and Doctors at his fingers' ends possibly find to say to those rough Bretons? Mr. Bretherton was fairly startled at the sight he beheld at seven o'clock on a dark cold winter's morning the first time he ever went inside the church at Courseilles on a Sunday. It was crowded. He had seen fashionably-crowded churches in Paris, but the sight of a church literally overflowing with poor was novel to him. He had

yet to learn the depth and fervour of the faith which is to be found in the heart of France. He went again to the late Mass, and found the same thing ; but if what he saw startled him, the sermons and instructions of the Abbé Viennot startled him more. They were very simple, yet Lawrence, who had heard the best and greatest Catholic preachers of the day, had never hung on any man's words as he did on those of the Curé of Courseilles. None but a saint could have preached those sermons, none but one deeply versed in the ways of GOD could have preached on the sublimest mysteries of the faith with such childlike simplicity, and yet such marvellous eloquence. To the Curé of Courseilles the unseen world was far nearer and more real than the material, and, deeply as he concealed his supernatural gifts, they betrayed themselves. He could not hide his light under a bushel. It was the same with his catechizing. No wonder the children hung on his words. Mr. Bretherton went once, and after that once he never missed. There he sat half concealed behind a pillar, and listened intently, at first with a desire to prove that it was all puerile, and that the Curé was after all just like anybody else, but afterwards with the keenest interest. With all his love of argument, and often as he had fought the Ritualists, and taken the Catholic side, how little Lawrence knew of the real practical teaching of the Church ; how little he really understood the meaning of words when it came to the things of GOD ! and there he sat on his hard bench (half ashamed of his interest, and wondering if the Curé knew of his presence), learning the simplest truths of religion, and realizing for the first time in his life that faith outside the Church is an utter impossibility, since faith supposes a Divine revelation. Where had the Curé learnt the secret of his eloquence, where had he gained that gift he had of giving a new beauty and light to the simplest truth ?

Lawrence had been many weeks at Courseilles before he discovered the key-note of the Curé's character.

He was too proud to resume his visits at the presbytery after the evening when he found it hopeless to attempt to answer the Curé, and could only find refuge in a sulky silence. He took to boating, and often spent whole nights out in the bay, winning golden opinions from the fishermen for his skill and address. He took to exploring the most dangerous rocks round Hell's Mouth, and although the oldest men in the village shook their heads and said Monsieur would never come back alive if he would persist in rowing round and climbing about those treacherous reefs with no companion but that young Pierre Mallidor, a lad of sixteen, who would do anything at Lawrence's bidding, and who was as wild and reckless as any one could be, still Mr. Bretherton always did come back safely, and bring with him rare treasures in the shape of shells and seaweeds, which he was collecting for the amusement of a sick child in the village, to whom he had taken a fancy, until at last it passed into a sort of proverb that if any one knew those rocks it was the English Monsieur.

But all this did not compensate for the loss of the Curé's society, though how long Lawrence would have nursed his resentment it would be hard to say, but for an accidental meeting. He had wandered far from Courseilles one wild afternoon when the look of the weather made boating impossible. He had started off to see some Druid remains which he fancied were to be found in the neighbourhood, and had been benighted. It was pouring with rain, and the wind which howled and whistled in his ears as he struggled on along the moor nearly carried him off his feet. Close by he could hear the roar of the sea, whilst the occasional flashes of lightning revealed all the dangers of the path he was following. One false step, and he might be over the cliffs; besides, the village beyond Courseilles did not bear a good name. There were ugly tales of smuggling along the coast, and Lawrence, although no coward, started more than once as

he came suddenly upon the great *menhirs** and *peulvens*, which looked almost human in the uncertain light. The unmistakeable sound of footsteps evidently following him was far from welcome, and instinctively he grasped his only weapon, a stout stick, when the well known tones of the Curé of Courseilles fell on his ears as he called out in Breton, "In the name of GOD, whoever you are, stop ; that path leads over the precipice !"

Lawrence stopped, half stunned by the sense of his peril, as a vivid flash of lightning revealed the need of the Curé's warning cry. Another step, and it would have been too late. The same flash revealed his face to the Curé, and as he came up to Lawrence he grasped his arm, 'exclaiming : "Most perverse of men, why will you risk your life in these senseless expeditions ? It is not a night for a dog to be out in."

"Then to what good fortune do I owe your presence here ?" said Lawrence, trying to speak lightly, though the attempt failed, and his deep thankfulness betrayed itself in his warm pressure of the Abbé Viennot's hand.

"I have been to see a dying man beyond the Point," said the Curé ; "and as I crossed the bottom of the path I saw some one in front of me."

"And you followed me," said Lawrence, deeply touched. "Why, suppose I had been a desperate character?"

"Le bon Dieu can protect His own," said the Curé simply ; "perhaps, Monsieur, had you been one of those poor fellows from the Point, it might have been given to me to save soul as well as body."

Mr. Bretherton did not answer for a moment, he could not be angry with the Curé, although the words made him uncomfortable ; he felt too that his peevish avoidance of the Curé needed some explanation. In his present state he would not have cared to know how well his new friend understood him and the feelings which prompted his conduct.

* *Menhir*, Druid stones, which are found singly and in groups in Brittany, especially in the departments of Morbihan and Finistère.

The Abbé Viennot had a large heart; perhaps it was because there there was no corner for himself in it, that there was such ample room for all his fellow-men, their interests and their troubles. At all events he had taken Mr. Bretherton into it, and he really loved this wayward Englishman, who interested him as no one had ever done before. He had guessed pretty accurately the nature of the troubles which oppressed Mr. Bretherton, and he could sympathize keenly with him; and though no word of his ever betrayed that he did understand and sympathize, this sympathy made itself felt, and in a great measure accounted for his influence with Lawrence.

"I would ask you, Monsieur," said the Curé, when after a few minutes' silence Mr. Bretherton hazarded some remark about the violence of the storm, "what pleasure you can find in thus recklessly exposing your life?"

"I do not find it such a very valuable article," replied Mr. Bretherton, though even to his own ears the words sounded unnatural.

"Life is one of GOD'S best gifts," said the Curé, "for time is the stuff out of which eternity is made."

"Yet you risk your own," said Lawrence, taking refuge in an attack, since he felt he should get the worst of any argument.

"It is not quite the same thing," replied the Curé. "I went on duty, pardon me for saying it; it was as much my duty to be out to-night as it is yours to be at home."

"They must be unconscionable people who will send for you six miles on such a night," observed Lawrence, bent in the most perverse way on proving the Curé if not actually in the wrong at least over-zealous. "Why, that old fellow at the Point was at Mass on Sunday."

"Is that a reason he should die without the last Sacraments? Your doctrine is not comforting for a poor soul, Monsieur."

"But is he really dying?" persisted Lawrence.

"On the contrary, I left him a little better, and I think he will pull through."

"Then it was a false alarm," said Lawrence, "and you yield to such exactions, one would think you were these people's servant."

"I did not know, Monsieur, that a priest could aspire to a higher honour than to be like his Divine Master the servant of all," said the Curé.

"But is it not bad for the people, don't you often get imposed upon?"

"Ah, Monsieur, at the Day of Judgment le bon Dieu will not ask us if we were taken in by those who asked of us, but whether we were willing to give our best for love of Him."

"On that principle all prudence in charity is out of place," said Lawrence, "and you would have one sacrifice one's money, time, even health, indiscriminately."

"Nay," said the Curé smiling, "I would have you remember that prudence is one of the four cardinal virtues, but there is a prudence which is only self-love in another shape, and there is the Divine prudence which the world calls folly."

Mr. Bretherton took refuge in silence, following the Curé closely as the path narrowed, and thinking over the strange chance that had once more made him his guide to Courseilles. A light in front of them made Lawrence break the silence as he asked what it was.

"That," said the Curé, "is my beacon light along these cliffs, have you only just perceived it? it is the light from the lamp before the statue of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, and has been guiding us for a long time. I often think," he continued, "of a little tale written by your English Cardinal Wiseman when I see it; it so happens that it is visible from every turn of the right path."

"I wish," said Lawrence, who even then could not be otherwise than perverse, "that those who built that chapel had not crowned it with that hideous whitewashed steeple."

"You may live to be grateful for it as a landmark," said the Curé, whilst as they passed the chapel and took the nearest path to the village, he pointed out how the sanctuary lamp from his church now shone out and guided them down cliffs which were if possible more dangerous than those which Lawrence had descended the first time he came to Courseilles, and Mr. Bretherton found he had too much to do to pick his way over the stones and jagged rocks to continue his remarks, whilst the Curé was wrapt in the beautiful thoughts which those two lamps ever awoke in his mind. He was thinking of the star which had guided the Magi, of the light which had shone on the Gentile world, of which the sanctuary lamp might be said to be a faint image, pointing out so clearly to those who had faith where God Incarnate in the Holy Sacrament has chosen to dwell, and as he thought thus an earnest prayer for Lawrence rose from his heart. Neither spoke again till they reached the Mallidor farm, when Lawrence for the first time asked the Curé inside his room, but the invitation was declined, and with a good night and an injunction to change his wet clothes and go to bed as soon as possible the Curé left him, and hurried down the rough stone steps which were his nearest way to the presbytery. But Lawrence was not inclined to go to sleep, and after raking up the dying embers, disposing of the bowl of soup Widow Mallidor had left on the hearth for him, and changing his wet garments, he opened his shutters to watch the effects of the storm over the Bay of Courseilles. From his window he could distinctly see the church and the Curé's house; in the latter the lights were all extinguished, but for the first time he perceived that the same light from the church which had guided their steps could be clearly seen from his window, and at that moment it seemed to him as if the lamp flamed in a way which denoted it had been fresh trimmed; a strange fancy entered Lawrence's head; he looked at his watch, it was just eleven, and the inhabitants of Courseilles, who

winter and summer rose before four, had long been asleep. Then he buttoned his coat, locked his door, and regardless of the rain-water which was streaming from his hat, crept softly down to the church. It was he knew open day and night, nevertheless he did not try the door, but went round to the one window from which he could unseen himself see into the church; and there kneeling motionless within the sanctuary he beheld the Curé of Courseilles. It has often been said that those who with a holy curiosity have watched unseen the saints at their devotions, have been struck with awe at the sight of their faces; and Lawrence stood as if riveted to the spot by the expression on the Abbé Viennot's face. This, then, was how the Curé spent his nights after a hard day's toil; this was where he learnt the science of the saints, and drew those marvellous depths of eloquence and simplicity. Here was the secret of his sanctity, and what made his living martyrdom at Courseilles sweet to him. The Blessed Sacrament is GOD. How could the Curé complain, either of loneliness, isolation, humiliations, or exile, when GOD Himself in a marvellous and incomprehensible manner shared that life? How strangely and how unaccountably grace works on men's hearts. The sermon he had heard in Paris, and which had converted Edith Marsden, and confirmed Mrs. Lewis' faith, had made no impression on Lawrence at the moment, now it flashed upon his mind and gave him the key to the Curé's conduct. Yet he was far from believing. Half recklessly, half defiantly, he had once said, given self to find GOD, little dreaming that GOD would mercifully in His own good time take him at his word. For the first time in his life he wished he could believe, and he stood there unconscious of the time, his eyes fixed upon the unconscious Curé. At least it was real to him; religion was no empty form, no lifeless string of doctrines, but a living, supernatural thing, which centred round the greatest miracle of GOD, this marvellous renewal and continuation of the mystery of the Incarnation. Not till at the close of two

long hours when the Curé moved did Lawrence start back with a guilty sense that he had been acting the spy; but he need not have feared detection; the Abbé Viennot never even glanced round as he rose from his knees and walked hastily back to the presbytery to snatch the few hours' sleep which he allowed his macerated body, and Mr. Bretherton regained his room unseen.

The next morning he met the Curé, and Lawrence who had come to a better frame of mind thanked him heartily for his timely aid, and indulged in no more perverse fits; he was applying himself seriously to the study of Breton, the richness and beauty of the language, even when spoken by the fishermen, attracted his ear, and the Curé's help and books were not to be despised. By Christmas a firm, lasting friendship had sprung up between these two men whom chance or Providence had so strangely thrown together. Mr. Bretherton never spoke of his troubles, never breathed one word of what had driven him thus to bury himself at Courseilles, but he brooded less over it all, and although he never directly now discussed religion, innumerable prejudices and wrong notions wore away. When Christmas came he even roused himself to get up the unknown treat of a Christmas tree for the school-children, and could despise the morbid remembrances of similar entertainments at St. Wereburgh's, which at first made him shrink from re-opening his old wounds. He even went to Brest for three days to purchase the necessary articles, and sent to Paris for letters, adding however in the note he sent to his banker, that he was merely at Brest *en passant*, and that all future communications were to be kept till he sent again. There was nothing of any importance. Edith's letter was merely a confirmation of what she had said at Ulcombe, and he decided to take no notice of it. The banker was not a communicative man, and did not think it necessary to inform Lawrence that two months before Mr. Lewis had written to ask his whereabouts; and Mr. Bretherton returned to Courseilles

feeling more than ever that all communication with his old friends had better cease. There was a constraint and a formality about Edith's note he did not understand and which roused up all his old morbid feelings. It never occurred to him that his own extraordinary conduct was enough to make poor Edith write stiffly. After that short absence he threw himself more than ever into his new life; the discordant music in the church, the harmonium in one key with two clarions in another as an accompaniment tortured his ears, and he one day took possession of the harmonium as unceremoniously as he had once of Helen's organ, and certainly a reformation was welcome and needed. So the winter passed, and Lawrence still stayed on; he had no idea of all that was passing in the outer world; papers rarely came to the village, and although the actual railway accident in which Dora Marsden was killed did come to his knowledge, he had no idea that it was in any way fraught with importance to himself. Yet he felt himself that his stay at Courseilles must end some day. I will wait till Easter, he had said at Christmas, and at Easter he said he would wait and see the pilgrimages of May to Notre Dame de Bon Secours.

"I have never seen one of your worst storms," he added to the Curé, with whom he had been discussing the best route to take when he did actually leave Courseilles, as they stood on the quay one morning early in May, just when Helen down at Ulcoombe had ceased to hope for tidings of him.

"Monsieur won't wait long," observed an old sailor who was standing near: "look at those white waves!" and he pointed to the unusual quantity of foam round the reefs beyond Hell's Mouth.

"That is nothing," exclaimed Lawrence.

"Then Monsieur knows very little about the matter," said the man half contemptuously. "It has been blowing hard for two days, and there have been other signs."

"What signs?" asked the Curé; whilst the man began

a low confidential communication. Lawrence listened, amused at the mixture of superstition and real observation which the old fisherman's words contained, and surprised at the way in the Curé unravelled the tangled statements, and sifted the real from the imaginary.

"You don't believe he is right," he exclaimed as they walked away together. "I mean to go out with the boats to-night."

"We shall see," said the Curé, "at least don't you be rash, for I remember exactly the same signs the night old Mallidor's boat was lost ten years ago, the worst storm I have ever seen. Long observation makes these men keenly alive to trifles as to wind and clouds we should take no notice of."

Lawrence shrugged his shoulders, but he found most of the men agreed with the Curé, and before the next evening the sea was lashed into a fury, whilst the thunder echoed with an awful sound along that rocky coast. The fishing boats were all drawn up above high-water mark, whilst the men stood about and thanked their patron saints that they were safe at home. The scene was truly awful in its grandeur, and once more Lawrence kept a late vigil, watching the storm from his window. The sea round the farther promontory was rolling in in breakers such as he had never seen, whilst the rocks and the long reef nearer the shore were one mass of boiling foam.

"GOD help the poor wretches who are out in such a night," thought Lawrence, as he at last sought his bed, remembering that but for the Curé he would probably have been out himself. He could not help the thought, "Why am I preserved so strangely from danger?" crossing his mind. Either the thought made him wakeful or else sleep was really impossible in such a storm, for Lawrence had not long lain down when he heard sounds as if others were astir in the house. He started up, and hastily dressed just as some one knocked at his door, and young Pierre Mallidor called out :

"Oh, monsieur, come and help us!" Lawrence opened the door, and before he could ask an explanation, Pierre's sister, a girl of twenty, threw herself on her knees and catching his hand exclaimed :

"Monsieur, for the love of all you hold sacred, save Jacques."

"What does it all mean?" said Lawrence, turning to their mother, who was wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Jacques Cliquot's boat has never come home," said Pierre.

Jacques Cliquot was the betrothed of Marie, and with a fresh burst of tears she poured forth an incoherent story of how he would go round the Point, he and four others, and how there was a boat wrecked on the reefs round Hell's Mouth and "Oh, monsieur, you know those rocks, save him," she concluded.

There was something in the girl's beseeching face which reminded him of his Nellie, he raised her gently and said kindly in Breton : "If it be possible, my child, I will; come Pierre."

"Pierre, Pierre, you will never come back alive," shrieked his mother, who was well-nigh distraught between her wish to save Jacques and her terror of losing her only son.

"Bah, mother! if Monsieur goes so can I," said Pierre, to whom the prospect of becoming a hero presented many charms, besides he had an ignorant, hot-headed youth's contempt of danger.

Lawrence did not wait to waste words, he seized a lantern, took his seaman's cap and coat, and hurried to the quay. He passed the presbytery—no need to rouse the Curé, where there was danger or trouble for his flock he was certain to be in the thick of it, and Lawrence found him the centre of an excited group assembled on the narrow strip of sand; even within the breakwater the waves were of considerable size. What a wild scene it was, the dark expanse of angry sea, the roar of the waves

and the shrill agonizing cries for help which could be heard from the rocks; the houses in the village were lighted, for Courseilles was all astir, and the rude torches the villagers carried in their hands cast a lurid glare over their bronzed faces and curious sheepskin coats. In the intervals when the moon came from behind the clouds it only served to make the scene wilder, by revealing the awful mass of rocks and surf. No boat could live in such a sea. The Curé was speaking as Lawrence came up.

"Who is out besides Jacques Cliquot?" he said.

A dozen voices answered the names of Jacques' companions, at the fourth there was a cry of horror. "Martin Le Blanc, mon Dieu, and he has not made his Easter!"

"And 'tis his boat, small wonder that it is wrecked," said a woman; "but oh, my boy!"

"Silence, Mère Cliquot," said the Curé, speaking however more gently than if this superstitious and not too Christian sentiment had been uttered by any one whose son was not in the luckless boat; and in the moment's lull that followed, Lawrence laid his hand upon the Curé's arm.

"If it is possible to reach them, I will go if you will," he said.

The Curé glanced at the sea and at the clouds before he answered, then he turned his searching glance full upon Lawrence, and the two men looked at each other in silence for a moment. Stern resolution was written in both their faces; but with Mr. Bretherton it was the pure instinct of humanity, which would have made him try to save a drowning dog, joined to a natural love of danger and a certain recklessness of life. In the Curé it was something more. He knew the awful danger of any attempt to reach the rocks, and till he heard Martin Le Blanc was out he had not really thought it right to risk other lives; but Martin was the black sheep of Courseilles, a very prodigal son, the only one of all the men who had held out against the Curé. Not one but many Easters he

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had been outside the Church, and more than one black crime lay at his door. But Lawrence, as he waited almost breathlessly for the Curé's answer, wondering what made him hesitate even a moment, could not tell all the thoughts that were passing in the Abbé Viennot's mind. He was not reckless of his life, but he had an exile's longing to be safe in his true home. Was the desire of his heart about to be granted? and the long weary living death to end at last? It was the part of the good shepherd to lay down his life for his sheep, and the Curé felt he was glad it was right to go; but how could he let Lawrence run the risk? At the same time how refuse his help? He knew the rocks better than any one else; besides no power on earth would stop his going.

Lawrence guessed a little of what was passing in the Curé's mind. "I know the risk," he said, speaking low; "but——"

"Le bon Dieu can bless our efforts," said the Curé, finishing the sentence Lawrence was too shy and reserved to utter. "In the name of GOD then let us go," and he laid his hand on the boat he had selected, and called out: "Three to go with me: Pierre Mallidor, André, Simeon."

The lads started forward eagerly, and the boat was launched, and amidst the cheers of those who stood on the quay it crested the first few waves. Strange thoughts rose in Lawrence's mind as he took his oar; visions of long forgotten days, when he had rowed in the Oxford boats, and strained every nerve in his eagerness to win the place of honour for his College, little dreaming in what stead his skill would some day stand him. He thought of talks he had had with Bernard Luscomb, and before him there rose the remembrance of the number of his most intimate friends who had sacrificed all for conscience' sake. Then as he felt how powerless the boat was in that raging sea, and looked at the calm face of the Curé, who was at the helm, steering as if it were his natural occupation, he thought of another storm on the Sea of Galilee and of the

bark of Peter, true type and image of the Church, which alone can safely ride the stormy sea, because in Peter's bark alone the Divine Master is ever to be found; and even as he thought this, there arose before his mental vision the dark pile of St. Werburgh's buildings, and Nellie Clevedon's passionate exclamation: "I will never marry a Romanist." But it was not the moment to analyze his thoughts: the tide was rising, and although the storm had spent itself, the force of the waves was terrific. The nearer they got to the rocks the greater the danger became. It seemed impossible to approach the wreck they could now distinctly see. The men were crowded together on a rock, which stood up above the rest, and on which a footing could be maintained, but it was impossible to reach this, except by crossing the sunken reef over which the surge was tossing.

"If we could round the rocks on the farther side, we might cross them with a rope," said Lawrence, as the men rested on the oars and looked at the Curé for instructions. "I have done it in calm weather."

"It is the only chance," said the Curé, as he steered the boat to a more sheltered spot; but it was impossible to approach the rocks even from this side, or to moor the boat, every effort only resulted in their being pushed further away by the force of the receding waves.

"There are the hooks we put," said Lawrence, "if only we could once get on to the reef;" and he laid his hand on the rope, and with a desperate effort succeeded in throwing it round a sharp pinnacle of rock which rose like a tower above the rest. In another moment he had drawn the slip-knot tight, and had given one end of it to Pierre Mallidor, who had helped him in similar landings, but it was a fearful risk to pull himself up to this pinnacle by means of his rope, which swayed and shook as the waves dashed over it, nearly dashing Lawrence against the rocks. Twice he was thrown back blinded by the spray, no footing was to be found on that sunken reef covered

with sea-weeds, slippery at all times and now one white sheet of foam. But over the roar of the water, over the agonized shrieks of the drowning men, there rose a sound which was to Lawrence at that moment the sweetest music he had ever heard. The villagers of Courseilles had formed a procession up to Notre Dame de Bon Secours, and their shrill voices as they sang could be heard, whilst the light from their torches could be seen all up the rocky path. The language of the church was familiar to Lawrence, and from the depth of his heart there rose St. Bernard's *Memorare*; then with one last desperate effort he gained a footing on the rocks, and as he made fast his rope in one of the iron hooks he had riveted to aid his pleasure expeditions, and turned to help the Curé who was following him, his eye rested on the chapel with a sense of thankfulness. The Curé's words had come true, he had lived to be grateful for that whitewashed steeple! The worst was over now: Lawrence knew his way across the reefs, and by means of his rope fixed as a hand-rail they managed to reach the rocks on which Jacques Cliquot and his companions stood. Five times did the Curé and Lawrence make that journey, for the men were too spent and frightened to be able to attempt to cross the reef without a hand on each side. Little had Lawrence guessed when to amuse an idle hour he had fixed those iron rings that on their holding firm seven human lives would depend. It was a long weary business, the spray dashed in their faces, and even when the rocks were crossed the difficulty was to lower the rescued men into the boat. Lawrence was the last on the rocks. The difficulty now was that he must unloose his rope ere he lowered himself into the boat, for if left hanging they might become entangled in it. The danger of swamping the overcrowded boat was no less great, and as Lawrence stood looking down into the dark water there rose the awful thought: "What would become of me if I were to die now?" He felt he had no faith, or rather he felt that he had been too proud

to bend himself beneath the Church's sweet yoke. Practically he had said that Romanism was right for most of his fellow-men ; it was in fact the best religion for any one, himself excepted, but in that awful moment what would he not have given to be in the Curé's place? Once more his eyes rested on the white steeple, which the rising sun was gilding with its first rays, and then as those in the boat shouted to him to make haste, he with another prayer to the Immaculate Mother of GOD made the desperate leap into the sea ; the water closed over him and hissed in his ears as he struck out for the boat, and in a few moments he was drawn into it, whilst the Curé grasped his hand and said in a low voice : "Thank our good GOD you are safe : under Him all owe their lives to you."

The men raised one mighty cheer, which was answered from the shore as the boat pulled back to Courseilles. Lawrence would gladly have escaped to his own rooms, but he was the hero of the hour. Little the villagers cared that they had been up all night, as they once more formed a procession and followed their Curé up to Notre Dame de Bon Secours. Lawrence was carried along by the crowd. He felt he must do as they did, and he forgot his fatigue as he sank on his knees on the threshold of the little chapel, which was literally overflowing. He watched Martin Le Blanc make his peace with GOD, and the Curé come out to say his Mass, and suddenly the scales fell from his eyes. Lawrence was conquered, he could resist no longer : the simple act of faith he had heard the village children repeat so often rose to his lips. The remembrance of Helen rose again before him, and with it there came a passionate longing to save the soul of the woman he loved so well, even at the sacrifice of all his earthly happiness. What was even a life blessed by Nellie's love in comparison with the value of one soul ! The passionate love of and zeal for souls which men call folly and madness had taken hold of Lawrence. The strongest ties of human affection were worthless unless they were built upon GOD and stepping-

stones to His love. No earthly love of which He was not the foundation and the centre could bring with it any lasting happiness. Could Nellie ever plead invincible ignorance? She who seemingly had so played with Catholicism! This life was almost too short and fleeting to dwell upon, and all love that would not blossom for the next world must be worthless. The motto in one of the most beautiful of modern books,* *Pour la vie c'est trop court, c'est pour l'éternité*, came into Lawrence's mind, and there where he registered his vow to be received into the Church without delay he offered his own life for Nellie, not in the reckless spirit in which a few hours before he had been willing to risk it, but with the keen perception of its value, and of all he was voluntarily sacrificing.

To proceed to Paris without delay was now his great wish, there might be letters awaiting him, and he felt he had too long shirked his responsibilities; briefly he told his story to the good Curé, and much as he would have liked to have lingered another day at Courseilles he decided to take the diligence which was to start that morning. There was not time to discuss much, he had to pack his few possessions, and to submit to be wished good-bye by all the village.

"You will let me hear of you, Monsieur," said the good Curé, as they stood waiting for the diligence. "My advice is go back to your country and live down your trouble, and show your friends what great things GOD has done for you."

"I shall never forget Courseilles," said Lawrence, holding the Curé's hand in both his own. You have been my best friend. We shall meet again."

"*Là haut*, Monsieur, if not here," replied the Curé, and Lawrence took his place, straining his eyes for the last glimpse of Courseilles as the diligence slowly mounted the hill.

* Madame Craven's *Récit d'une Sœur*.

Life of Father Claude de la Colombière.

CHAPTER XII.

ACTIVE LABOURS OF THE APOSTOLATE.

THE desire of the good Father to spread the Devotion seemed to grow greater every day, as he realized more vividly the happy effects which it produced in souls. The blessed promises attached by our Lord to this Devotion were realized a hundredfold, and the happy results effected in many souls, and the extraordinary graces he himself received therefrom daily, confirmed the love and quickened the zeal of Father de la Colombière for the furtherance of this holy practice. Our readers however would be mistaken did they think that the name and authority of Father de la Colombière, or his reputation for learning and piety, sufficed to dispel all the obstacles and difficulties attendant on this undertaking. Margaret Mary herself was a stumbling-block to many both among her intimates and strangers, and Father de la Colombière, though venerated as a saint, lost somewhat of his reputation for discretion when it was perceived with what respect he regarded her.

Let us not wonder that these trials and crosses existed. Are they not the almost invariable accompaniments of the Divine dealings? But the servant of GOD, strong in his reliance on assistance from above, looks not behind him, but goes forward in an unassailable confidence that the work of the Lord shall ultimately prosper. He himself may die before the completion of the work which would have made his name illustrious, but the prospect of such an eventuality affects him but little. He came at the appointed time to support and console the handmaid of

the Sacred Heart, and now, devoting himself to the noble mission confided to his charge, he feels confident that GOD will bring the labours of his apostolate to a perfect end.

The Superior of the Jesuits at Paray exerted all his influence to bring souls to Christ. Young and attractive both in mind and person, he possessed in an extraordinary degree the gifts which charm and fascinate in every relation of life. His language and manners were exceedingly refined, and his whole bearing conveyed that sense of completeness which distinguishes the cultivated mind. All his movements were gentle and unaffected, whilst the dignity of his carriage added grace to his most trivial actions, and his habitual intercourse with Heaven impressed its stamp upon his dealings with men. In a word, as one who knew him well remarked, his every action, whether alone or in society, was so void of self-consciousness and self-seeking, that all who came in contact with him acknowledged the influence of an honest man and a devoted religious.

Under this description, however vague and according to the fashion of the sixteenth century, however oratorical, we cannot fail to recognize the pious and humble Superior of Paray. He was much beloved in that town, and the confidence which he inspired drew to his confessional so large a number of persons anxious to put themselves under his wise and enlightened direction that his time was much occupied at this period, when, besides his duties as rector of the College, he was often called on to preside in the parish church of S. Nicolas and in the convents of Paray and Charolles. He placed the Superior of the Convent of the Visitation of this latter town, Françoise Sucrèce, in communication with Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque, to be by her initiated in the Devotion of the Sacred Heart. There also he founded, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, a congregation of gentlemen and artisans; for what distinction of class can exist between those united in acts of faith and charity. With its assistance he established

the St. John's Asylum for vagrants and incurables, at the same time interesting himself in the enlargement of the local hospital.

He was sometimes called away to preach on special occasions elsewhere, such as at the funeral of Madame de Nerestang, Abbess of the Bénissons-Dieu. This lady had been a great benefactress of the Society of JESUS, whose members, anxious to mark their gratitude, commissioned Father de la Colombière to attend the ceremony of her interment as their representative. In a funeral oration full of piety and eloquence he enumerated the virtues of this saintly woman, in whom so much force of character had been united to exemplary holiness.*

We know not where he preached the Lents of 1675 and 1676. An humble and devoted missionary, having no object in view but the glory of GOD and the good of souls, he went wherever he was sent, and returned, his mission over, peaceful and content to the little convent of Paray.

We may gather, from a distinct allusion in the following passage of a letter to his sister, Margaret Elizabeth, how numerous were the occupations which absorbed his time at this period: "How much, notwithstanding all your trials, should I envy you your retreat, did I not know that the greatest good consists in doing that which our Master has appointed. I am also persuaded, my good sister, that no occupation undertaken for religious motives, need overwhelm one, but it is difficult to keep near GOD when constantly in the society of men, to preserve the tranquillity of mind essential to holiness when you have four times as much to do as time will permit, and to keep a watch over your own soul when you have barely a moment in the day to crave for it the Divine protection. Such things have to be done, and they are far from easy, but

* The funeral oration of Madame de Nerestang is published amongst the writings of Father de la Colombière. The "Bénissons-Dieu" was a convent of the nuns of the Order of St. Benoît, in the diocese of Lyons, near Charlieu.

such must I do if I am myself to be what I counsel you."

Father de la Colombière's influence in the town of Paray was very great. Contemporary notices have transmitted to us the favourable impression produced by his first sermon in the parish church, where he literally took his audience by storm, and, whilst he charmed, converted them. The biographers of Blessed Margaret Mary have given us the history of Mdlle. Rosalie de Lyonne, remarkable for the patience and long-suffering displayed by the Spirit of God in her conversion. We give such portions of the narrative as relate to Father de la Colombière.

His wonderful eloquence had made a profound impression on this young lady, who, whilst listening to a sermon preached by him in the Ursuline Chapel on the feast of St. Augustine, felt herself unable longer to resist the working of the Spirit. As the Reverend Father described the remorse and mental struggles of the son of St. Monica, it seemed to Mdlle. de Lyonne as if, in the congregation, he were addressing her alone, and she was ready to cry out with St. Augustine, "Oh, lovely and celestial holiness, eternal yet always fresh, too late have I known, too late have I loved you." And though amidst all the vanities and temptations of the world she had kept her soul unstained by greater sin, she felt herself, like that illustrious penitent, in much need of repentance and absolution. And thinking she recognized in the preacher the guide whom the Lord had promised her, she gave him henceforth her entire confidence. Father de la Colombière perceived that this was a soul which GOD had chosen for Himself, designing to save it from the corruptions of the age, and gather it into the arms of His love. It was then for His priest to lead her by gentle steps in the way that Providence had appointed. And so attractive did he make for her the path of piety, that henceforth she engaged without hesitation in practices of devotion which had hitherto filled her with apprehension. She afterwards acknowledged, that but

for his judicious care, she would soon probably have been discouraged, but, happy in his guidance, she forsook all worldly engagements to listen to his instructions. She had hitherto been admired solely for her personal attractions, to these she now added those of the heart and mind, whilst her appearance lost none of its charms; though she ceased to devote her time to the cares of her toilette. She now found herself capable of practising austerities from the very mention of which she would hitherto have shrunk. When at Lyons she visited the hospital, and found her delight in kneeling before the altar of the chapel. Father de la Colombière instructed her in the practice of prayer, and advised her to place an hour-glass before her to regulate the length of her devotions. "God forbid, Father," she exclaimed, "that I should dare to set a measure to the time I spend in His presence." And henceforth she remained at the foot of the altar as long as her wishes prompted her.

She had already made considerable progress in piety when her wise and fatherly guide was taken from her. This was a severe trial, under which her only consolation was the receipt of his letters, wherein he kept alive his interest in her spiritual welfare.

Another conversion much spoken of at the time was that of the daughter of a Calvinist minister lately married to M. Guinet de Maréchalle, a recent convert to the Catholic Church. This lady, overbearing in character and in the enunciation of her religious views, determined, and only too successfully, to bring back her husband to the tenets of her sect. But shortly after his relapse the unfortunate gentleman was stung by remorse, and, unable to hide his misery from his wife, entreated her not to oppose his return to the Catholic faith, in whose teaching he felt he could alone hope for salvation. She, however, declared he should die rather than carry out such an idea, she having determined they should both remain members of the communion in which they had been brought

up, and that their children should be educated as Protestants.

The youngest daughter, Anne, was a special favourite of her father, who treated her with a tenderness in striking contrast to the severity she experienced from her mother. Madame de Maréchalle's violent temper vented itself not only on her daughter Anne, but also on her husband, who, finding his family circle thus unendurable, sought by inviting his neighbours to many parties of pleasure to escape the burden of her society. The Castle of Maréchalle was situated within a league of Paray, and this indiscriminate hospitality soon brought the family to ruin, whilst his tragic death completed its misery. It was only a fortnight before the catastrophe that he once more earnestly entreated his wife on his knees to let him live as a Catholic, and bring up his children in the true faith. At this address she flew into a violent passion, declaring she would sooner poniard him than consent to this. Thus repulsed, but still hoping to gain her permission on some more favourable occasion, he again sought to forget his sorrow in the excitement of society. One day, coming home after a too convivial meeting with his friends, he was drowned in a brook not far from his own house. His horse returning to the castle, trembling and riderless, gave the alarm, but, before help could reach him, the unfortunate man had ceased to breathe.

Six months later Madame de Maréchalle, seeking some alleviation for her grief, came to Paray, when it pleased GOD that, through the instrumentality of Father de la Colombière, the truth penetrating her soul, she renounced her errors, and abjured her Protestantism. Her conversion was sincere, and she hastened to repair the past by placing her youngest daughter under the care of the Ursuline nuns for instruction in the Catholic faith. But the elder ones forced her, under the plea of economy, to withdraw their sister, and deriding their mother's entreaties, succeeded in perverting the child. In her grief, Madame de Maréchalle

fled for help to Father de la Colombière, and under his direction brought the girl to the Convent of the Visitation, where she finally made her abjuration of Protestantism on the 8th of June, 1677, and later entered the novitiate.

Whilst the Superior of the Jesuits at Paray was reaping such happy results from his labours, it was revealed to Blessed Margaret Mary that he would soon be summoned to preach the Gospel beyond the soil of France. It was from her lips that he received the first intimation of this change.

But a short time had elapsed since his profession on the 2nd of February, 1675, and Father de la Colombière, animated with the most fervent desire to give himself wholly to GOD, awaited the moment when the Divine will as to his future destination should be communicated to him through his Superiors. The summons for his departure arrived, but spoke of no foreign mission; a second message changed the order of route which Father de la Colombière was hastening to obey; a third, more pressing and definite, ordered him to Paris on his way to England.

The news of his departure was a painful surprise to the good people of Paray, whose affection and esteem he had won during his year and a half's residence amongst them. The vicar and assistant priests of the parish church were his intimate friends, nobles and people alike loved him, and the religious communities of the town and neighbourhood felt they were losing in Father de la Colombière a holy man and wise director. No words can express the sorrow of his spiritual children at this event. Sister Margaret Mary, though receiving the announcement with entire submission to the Divine will, could not but foresee how great would be the loss to her of so courageous and enlightened a guide. What would now be her fortune? would she ever fall again into the hands of those who, already prejudiced against her, were determined to refuse all the Lord required of her. But at this moment she heard the voice of the Saviour within her saying, in tones

of tenderest reproach, "Do not I suffice thee, I, Who am thy beginning and end?" At these words she yielded, abandoning her future without reserve or fear to the good pleasure of GOD. Before leaving, Father de la Colombière committed to writing, in a series of instructions, what he proposed should be her future line of conduct in presence of the revelations of the Lord to her soul. Our readers will be struck with the clearness and precision of this document, from which we give the following extract: "The Lord asks you for Himself without reserve, wishing to feel that you are wholly His, ready to obey at any moment His slightest wish. From you He expects nothing in return, willing all that is in you to spring from Him only, desiring you to leave yourself passively in His hands, to be treated according to His will, that to Him may be all the glory, and that He alone may be known, praised, and loved eternally."

For himself, Father de la Colombière wished that such instructions regarding his forthcoming mission as might be communicated to his spiritual daughter should be forwarded to him. She did indeed write a few lines, which he often declared were of much service to him in the very difficult circumstances attending his new and perilous undertaking, and under the blessing of Heaven, he attributed his future success to the advice which now, and at a later period, Blessed Margaret Mary communicated to him through her Superior.

The hearts of the children of GOD are always loving hearts, and although separated from them by leagues of land and sea, Father de la Colombière never forgot his friends at Paray. In his correspondence we find many letters addressed to the aged vicar of that place, to members of the congregation, to the nuns of the Convent of the Visitation, and to his spiritual daughter, Margaret Mary, in all of which we find him occupied with their spiritual and eternal interests.

CHAPTER XIII.

ARRIVAL OF FATHER DE LA COLOMBIERE IN ENGLAND.

ENGLAND had ceased to be the isle of saints, the land of miracles. The schism of Henry the Eighth had separated her from the Church, and since his day her change of dynasty had effected no change in her religious system, for the Stuarts, in succeeding to the throne of the Tudors, had not restored the spiritual supremacy of the Holy See. Hopes were still, however, entertained of the eventual triumph of the Catholic faith.

After the tragic death of Charles the First and Cromwell's reign of terror, a new order of things was inaugurated with the unexpected return of Charles the Second. The Queen of England, Catharine of Braganza, was a Catholic, and the Duke of York, brother of the King, and heir presumptive to the crown, publicly professed the true faith, and was disposed to begin his reign by proclaiming complete liberty of conscience.

If, however, the religious antipathies of the nation had been excited by the conversion of James, Duke of York, to Catholicism, they were still more exasperated at the report of his recent marriage with a Catholic princess, Mary Beatrice, sister of the Duke of Modena.

The danger threatening Protestantism by this union became the subject of general conversation, and Charles the Second found himself exposed to the public discontent. Naturally indolent, solely occupied with his own pleasures, and ever ready to sacrifice his best friends to the ambitious and dissatisfied amongst his subjects, it was impossible to rely on his firmness either to repulse the attacks or circumvent the designs of the enemies of the Catholic Church. A chivalrous feeling of honour prevented his trying to break off the marriage, though he dared not defend his own brother, to whom he was sincerely attached, openly.

At the meeting of Parliament it was thought fit to

interrogate the King on the reports circulating as to a marriage with the Princess of Modena. "It is not a report," answered Charles, "it is an accomplished fact." And when the House of Commons, recovering from the momentary stupefaction into which it had been thrown by this announcement, vociferously demanded that the marriage should be annulled, and the Papist princess forbidden to enter England, Charles declared that his honour was involved, and that he could not dissolve a union sanctioned by all laws, human and divine. The malcontents then, falling back upon making a public manifestation of their displeasure, implored the King's permission to proclaim a solemn fast to avert the evils this alliance would bring upon the country.

On the arrival of Mary Beatrice at Dover, she was met by James, and their marriage celebrated anew by the Bishop of Oxford, according to the Anglican rite. They then proceeded to London, where the beauty of the young princess triumphed over the malice of her enemies, and the charm of her manner, her grace, and above all, the purity which shone in her face, a rare gift at the Court of Charles the Second, won for her all hearts. The King himself was much attracted by her, but never allowed his admiration to deviate from the sincerest respect and esteem. Many of the highest nobles were at this time amongst the staunchest supporters of the Duke and Duchess of York.

Mary Beatrice found it very difficult to accustom herself to the ways and manners of the English Court, which were very distasteful to her, and sadly at variance with those of grave and Catholic Modena. The Duchess of York lived in St. James's Palace, universally loved and respected for the exemplary manner in which she fulfilled her often complex duties as wife and sister-in-law, as a stranger and a Catholic. But nothing could disarm the hatred of the Protestant party, to whom she was obnoxious as the perpetuator on the throne of Great Britain of the line of

Catholic princes. Hence the secret and implacable opposition to the Duke of York, the Catholics, and the Duchess herself. At the head of this party, composed of the remnants of Cromwell's republicans and Presbyterians, was Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, whose notorious impiety did not prevent his assuming the leadership of the evangelical faction. A persecutor of the Papists, he might be an atheist with impunity. This faction, whilst sheltering itself behind royalty, aimed in reality at seizing the executive power, and was well aware how futile would be its endeavours so long as James retained his hold over the affections of the people and his place in the royal counsels. "It required great audacity and yet greater malice to accomplish the ruin of such a prince."* The work of intrigue and perfidy had, however, begun. The Presbyterian party demanded the instant revival of those oppressive laws which had somewhat fallen into disuse, and Charles, adopting the fatal system of concessions, hoped to calm the fears and allay the murmurs of his people by enforcing the measures against the Catholics with the utmost rigour. He began by refusing the Duchess of York the use of a public chapel, although such a permission had been particularly stipulated for in the marriage contract. An ordinance was then published forbidding Catholics to enter the parks and palaces of St. James's and of Whitehall under pain, were the delinquent a peer, of incarceration in the Tower, or in case of a commoner, of confinement in the common gaol. In fine, the penal laws were again put in full force against the faithful.

These severe measures did not, however, satisfy the leaders of the Protestant party, or induce them to abate aught of the vigour of their attack. And when, in the beginning of 1674, Parliament again assembled, new motions hostile to the Catholics were introduced by the Earl of Shaftesbury, Algernon Sydney, and Lord Russell,

* *Memoirs of Lord Peterborough.*

whose main object was the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne.

The following year, 1675, an adventurer named Luzancy (precursor of the infamous Titus Oates), an old offender in France, made his appearance in London.

This bold intriguer, without money and without introduction, presented himself under a feigned name, desiring to be received into the Established Church, and to abjure Catholicism. He instantly became an object of the greatest interest to the more bigoted among the Protestant party, and doubtless wishing for notoriety, and hoping to secure future assistance, declared that about a month before his abjuration Father St. Germain, introduced to him as confessor of the Duchess of York, had come suddenly upon him in his room, and holding a dagger to his heart had forced him to sign a retractation of faith and an engagement to return to France.

Neither the improbability of the tale nor the length of time that had elapsed without his speaking of the assault, awakened the slightest doubt as to the truth of the allegation. The House of Lords communicated the important document to the King, and the court, the city, and the country resounded with cries of horrified astonishment at the audacity of the Papists. The King commanded the arrest of Father St. Germain, wherever he might be found. Luzancy, examined before the House of Commons, insisted that the streets of London were in daily danger of being flooded with Protestant blood. For this assertion he could, however, bring no proof; it was indeed nothing but a repetition of absurd rumours originating and spreading in city taverns.

In the meantime a French Protestant minister, well acquainted with Luzancy's antecedents, had the courage and honesty to unmask him, and a clever and forcible pamphlet appeared refuting all the calumnies and accusations brought against Father St. Germain. Upon this further inquiry was stopped and never renewed. The

Father thus falsely accused had, however, to quit England to escape death, leaving the post of preacher to the Duchess of York vacant, which it was now proposed should be filled by a French Jesuit.

A request to this effect was submitted to Louis the Fourteenth, who communicated it at once to his confessor Father de Lachaize, charging him to find one of his order capable of filling this honourable and arduous post. Father de Lachaize had formerly been Provincial of the Province of Lyons; indeed, it was from that post he was removed when called on to succeed Father Ferrier as director of the royal conscience. He had known Father de la Colombière at the College of the Holy Trinity, where he had many opportunities of observing his talents and virtues, and now did not hesitate to propose him as confessor to the Duchess of York. To this arrangement the then Provincial, Pierre Boyer, taken by surprise, and doubtless having other plans for his future, at first demurred, but afterwards consented, and Father de la Colombière received orders to hold himself in readiness for departure.

Doubtless that guiding Providence which conducts the smallest events in the history of man was not indifferent to this choice. Zealous, yet prudent, possessed of fine oratorical powers, intrepid courage, and a heart eager to suffer for the name of JESUS, GOD had destined his servant for this mission, for which no one could have been better fitted. Many dangers awaited him in a country "where it was a crime to be a priest, a greater to be a Jesuit, and where every devotional act fell under the ban of public opinion." Father de la Colombière had vowed "to go wherever he might be sent, asking no questions." He was ready. The post to which his superiors appointed him might be fraught with dangers and difficulties, but in its defence he would gladly toil and suffer, for suffering had to him an attraction. Was he not offering his very heart's core to GOD, for he could not leave without regret his beloved Paray, where he had many friends, where he

had learnt to appreciate the pure soul of a living saint, and where he himself had received the most striking marks of Divine favour.

In order to avoid useless remonstrances and regrets he told no one of his approaching departure, and it was not until quite the last moment that he announced what was his destination. "They are sending me to England," he wrote to a Superior, "as confessor to the Duchess of York. I cannot see the end, but GOD'S will be done." It was in so calm a frame of mind, and with such steady trust in GOD that he prepared for the mission intrusted to his care, speaking of it as though alluding to any ordinary journey. The order to start came sooner than he had expected, and remembering the example of St. Francis Xavier he denied himself the pleasure of bidding his family farewell, and though passing not far from his father's house would neither see any of his relations nor inform them of the honourable post to which he had been appointed. An exceeding detachment from the things of earth, and an earnest desire to obey the will of GOD, these were his only preparations for his arduous journey.

Leaving Paray he passed through Rouen, thence to Paris, there to take the final orders of Father de Lachaize, or rather of Louis the Fourteenth, whose political views, on this occasion in accordance with his religion, constituted him a supporter of Charles the Second and the Catholic party on the other side of the Straits. Father de la Colombière embarked at Calais, and arrived in London on October 13, 1676.

Confession.

MY GOD ! to Thee I cry,
 My soul seems all one desert bare :
 I find no pleasant green thing there,
 To meet my Maker's eye.

My fault, I know it well !
 I know what gifts of grace were given,
 The seed that grows to saints in Heaven
 Was withered where it fell.

I am the barren tree !
 Lord, I have tried Thy patience sore
 Full many a year ; yet one year more
 Thy mercy waits for me.

Since Thou wouldst have me still,
 Take Thou, dear Lord, this foolish heart,
 Enter, oh, never more to part,
 And make Thy will my will !

Three Bishops of Acanthus.

II.

IN 1856 M. Theurel was placed at the head of the College of Hoang-Nguyen, which, under his management, soon in some degree replaced that of Ké-Vinh. It included two European and two Annamite priests, twelve catechists, and more than a hundred students, who lived in small bamboo huts, clustered round the dwelling of their Superiors. Occupied as he was in teaching rhetoric, managing the establishment, and again starting the printing-press, he found time to translate into the language a description of the world and the liturgical manual of Falise. Meanwhile M. Venard translated part of the New Testament, and the Harmony of the Gospels. Père Néron compiled manuals of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, and all promised well for the future education of the young Annamites. From Cochin China at this time came the joyful news that M. de Montigny, the Consul-General of France, had been commissioned to enter into a solemn contract with the Emperor of Annam for the lasting peace and freedom of the Church at Tongkin. In this year the most beautiful part of the mission was devastated by an inundation, which carried away Mgr. Retord's house, threw down many others, and destroyed the harvest. Famine followed the flood, and to fill up the measure of their trials the village of Ké Vinh was attacked and destroyed, and the missionaries had to fly to the mountains. The sending of Montigny had not the effect anticipated; on the contrary, the government was filled with fresh suspicion and hatred of the Faith, the flame of persecution was again

enkindled, and preparations were made for a war of annihilation against Christianity. In 1857 Mgr. Diaz, a Dominican, Vicar-Apostolic of Central Tongkin, was beheaded, and the following year his successor, Mgr. Melchior, hacked to pieces alive. The blood of martyrs flowed in streams.

That the mission might not be left without a head, should he himself fall into the pursuer's hands, Mgr. Retord named as Vicars-General M. Theurel and Père Charbonnier. Hoang-Nguyen for a time was spared, which M. Theurel attributed to St. Joseph's protection. In the meantime all the letters he had written to Hong Kong from the spring of 1858 had been seized by the mandarins, and led to the destruction of the College during the summer. The letter-carrier was stretched on the rack, and in his torture gave up the names of the villages where Mgrs. Retord and Jeantet and the missionaries Venard and Theurel lived.

On June 11, 1858, a force of about three thousand five hundred men, under an apostate Christian and several mandarins, attacked the peaceful College of Nguyen. The little colony was very quickly surrounded, the road cut off, and the houses taken by the soldiers. To their astonishment no one was to be found within the enclosure but the grey-headed porter, an old woman and her daughter, who took care of the church, and two boys, who were just about to make their escape. All the rest had fled. News had arrived the evening before of the threatened attack, and a second messenger removed all doubt. In three hours all the furniture and everything moveable were hidden underground. Teachers and scholars then made their escape, taking what was absolutely necessary. M. Theurel, like a brave general, directed the retreat, and remained until he thought all were in safety. In the hurry and darkness these two boys were overlooked.

The assailants vented their rage on the empty buildings, and set church, college, and houses on fire. The whole

bamboo erection was levelled to the earth, and the few persons they found seized and carried off. The woman and her daughter were soon set at liberty. When the mandarin required her to tread upon the Cross: "A likely thing," she replied, "who would be such a wretch as to tread on his father or mother?" So much sympathy for her was elicited by this answer that the man of law thought it wiser to let her and her daughter go free.

The failure of this attempt excited to the highest pitch the rage of the mandarins. A regular administration of the parishes was impossible. The houses of the Christians were watched, and only with the well-disposed heathens could the priests reckon upon safe concealment. As the united French and Spanish fleet had not been able to land so as to receive on board Mgr. Retord and his missionaries, they had no resource but to escape to the mountains. Here Mgr. Retord wrote his last account of the mission, a review of the devastation caused by the persecution in Annam. On October 22, 1858, he died of fever, deeply lamented by the Church of Tongkin, honoured by the heathens as the "great king of religion," and feared by the enemies of Christianity as their most powerful adversary. At the same time that this heavy blow fell on the Church of Tongkin, an order from the Superiors of the Mission in Paris recalled M. Theurel to Europe to be one of the directors of the great seminary. The case was difficult, and at the unanimous request of the clergy Mgr. Jeantet, Mgr. Retord's successor, judged it expedient to retain this excellent priest, who had been one of the strongest supports of the mission, until he had made some representations to the Superiors. At the desire of the clergy Mgr. Jeantet, who, at the age of sixty-seven, thought himself in need of assistance, named him as his coadjutor. The young Vicar-General pleaded his age, he was only twenty-nine, as a reason for escaping the burden of the Episcopacy, but the order was confirmed, and M. Theurel consecrated Bishop of Acanthus. He

thus writes to a friend: "When the bishop saw the peace of religion passing away from us like a shadow, he judged it expedient to have a coadjutor. When I was lodging in a buffalo-stable I received an order to make the Exercises, and then go at once to the bishop. After I had made them, I travelled in two nights to the place appointed. The election took place the next day, and on the third the consecration. In place of our European confrères, who durst not leave their hiding-places, two Annamite priests supplied for the assistant bishops. My crozier was a bamboo cane, cut from the wood close by, and covered with gold paper. I had no stockings or gloves; not a word was said. The ceremony was ended two hours before sunrise. Thus is made in Tongkin a Bishop of Acanthus! You will doubtless think me somewhat bold to submit to the imposition of hands over me. Indeed, I think so, and I had ample reasons to deter me from it, but in the present terrible state of things a longer delay on my part would only have created greater confusion, and I was obliged to allow myself to be consecrated. Pray, however, to GOD, none the less for forgiveness for the facility with which I yielded to the views of others, and ask for me greater wisdom and courage, that I may not sink in this sea of troubles, but may sooner or later enter the haven of that peace which the world cannot give."

At the same time he wrote to his sister, "What gives me courage in taking upon myself this burden is that at the same time I espouse poverty and suffering." As in his consecration he received Mgr. Retord's pectoral cross and ring, he also took his title of Bishop of Acanthus, and his motto, *Fac me cruce inebriari*, and indeed his exercise of the Episcopal office was only a sharper and more severe continuance of the trials and sufferings endured by his predecessors.

The taking of the fortress of Turanne and the occupation of Saigon by the French had more than ever infuriated the Emperor Tu Duc and his adherents, and the cruising

along the coast of the European fleet had no effect but to excite greater vigilance, and thus cut off from the missionaries every means of escape. Besides the mountain forests, where death and fever stared them in the face, nothing remained for them but to hide by day in holes and caves underground, and at night to seek out the Christians, to console and strengthen them with the sacraments, and then return to these unhealthy abodes, or seek other hiding-places. In his first flight Mgr. Jeantet had narrowly escaped drowning, and on account of his age and dignity the missionaries held it as a sacred duty to give him the safest place of concealment, and go themselves from place to place. At their head, the bravest of all, Mgr. Theurel directed the whole mission, kept the priests united, and with Mgr. Jeantet, gave the necessary orders, watched over the isolated congregations, provided for their wants, looked after the prisoners and confessors of the Faith, and lastly, wrote himself the *Acts of the Martyrs*. Everywhere and always, like St. Athanasius in former times, with the visible protection of Providence, he put to shame the power and cunning of the heathen, and preserved in the unity of faith, charity, and heroic steadfastness the severely persecuted Church of Tongkin.

Some Passages in the Life of a Carlist General.

NO braver soldier or humbler Christian ever gave his soul to GOD than the Carlist General Lizarraga, who died on the 7th of last December, after a life which reads more like a page of the annals of chivalry than a record of the nineteenth century. Such a combination of ardent piety and dashing, almost reckless gallantry ; of childlike faith and manly fortitude, would have been more at home, one thinks, in the ranks of St. Louis or Du Guesclin than in a modern civil war ; but "the souls of the just are in the hand of GOD," and He gives them their work in that time and place where their life is most for His glory and its lesson most full of teaching to their fellow-men.

Don Antonio Lizarraga y Esquiroz was born at Pampeluna in 1816, of good Christian parents, who were careful, above all things, of his faith and morals. From his childhood he had a strong devotion to the great Saint of whose conversion his birthplace was the scene ; and, like him, he embraced with passionate enthusiasm, when a mere boy, the profession of arms. He entered the Carlist army, and fought with signal bravery under Zumalacarregrui. When the cause was betrayed and all hope seemed lost, he retired into France, his rank being that of lieutenant in the Guides of Navarre. After much thought, and taking counsel with his friends, Antonio resolved on entering the army of the Government, which willingly accepted the brilliant young soldier and acknowledged his rank. He went through a martyrdom of persecution at the hands of his commanding officer and his comrades on account of his piety, but his men were devoted to *el santo*, as they called him. Even

those who laughed at his prayers were forced to own that he was a "very slave of discipline," and that his soldiers were as remarkable for attention to their military duties as for good morals and piety. He was especially successful in curing them of swearing, a good work in which he was helped and encouraged by Mgr. Caixal, the present Bishop of Urgel, who supplied the young officer with tracts for the men. When the Revolution broke out in 1868 Lizarraga saved the life of the Captain-General of Catalonia at the risk of his own; in spite of which he was the subject of a series of misrepresentations and calumnies, which induced him at last to demand his *congé*; and convinced by experience that the only hope for Spain lay in a return to the legitimate monarchy, and, it may be added, to the faith of her fathers, he offered his services to Don Carlos. From that day he was first in every Carlist movement, and distinguished in all the principal battles of the civil war; and his life henceforth was a succession of events and actions so striking that his enemies were among his admirers. One who knew him well said: "Lizarraga was the very man meant by those words of our Lord, '*Whosoever shall say to this mountain, Be thou removed, and be cast into the sea, and shall not stagger in his heart, but believe that whatsoever he saith shall be done, it shall be done.*'" In 1872, when once more the Carlist cause seemed crushed, he again made his way into France in a state of literal destitution. Perfectly calm, and full of confidence in the Providence of GOD, he went into the Cathedral of Bayonne, and, kneeling down before our Lady's altar, told his story in all simplicity, like a child to his mother. "She is better than all the banks in the world," he used to say, and indeed, he had no sooner left the Cathedral than he met the Count M——, who, without knowing what a pass the General's affairs had reached, offered him, out of friendship, a sum of money, of which he accepted only as much as he thought absolutely needful.

Early in 1873 another rising seemed possible, and

Lizarraga returned to Spain. He had a narrow escape from the hands of the police, whom he eluded for the second time. Disguised as a bent and infirm old man, wearing green spectacles, and leaning on the arm of a friend, he went to the railway station, passed through gendarmes and custom-house officers who were on the watch for him, and arrived safely at the place of rendezvous where three hundred partisans were to meet him. He found seven ! One cannot help thinking of "Teresa and a son are not much ; but Teresa, a son, and GOD are everything." So it was with the General and His seven friends. They had but one hundred and twenty-five francs among them, but "*the mountain was cast into the sea,*" and four months later the hero had joined General Ollo, fought a great battle, seized the Liberal column of Navarre, and thereby won the day. It seemed a hopeless struggle : the Carlist soldiers were few and badly mounted, and surrounded by the enemy's cavalry ; but Lizarraga inspired them by crying in the strong, thrilling voice which one of his men said "he always had in his ears : " "Now, my lads, our lives for GOD !" and the victory was theirs. Another three months, and he had carried Mondragon by storm, and reduced the province to submission ; soldiers crowded into his ranks ; he had two immense arsenals, a cannon foundry, and several powder-mills at his disposal ; and levied the necessary impost in a way which the Liberals acknowledged to be wise and just. The Liberal General, Loma, who was master of thirty-seven fortified towns at the beginning of the campaign, had lost all but seven. It was said by St. Jerome : "Not Peter, but Peter's faith walked on the waters." Such a faith was Lizarraga's, the *quid divinum* which makes heroes of simple men.

It was at the beginning of this brilliant campaign that Lizarraga had forced an entrance into the city of Elgoibar, and levied contributions in the name of Don Carlos the Seventh. The papers were full of the exploits of the famous Carlist general, who had only been four-and-twenty

days back in Spain, who had penetrated into Guipuzcoa, at what point no one knew, raised the country and found arms no one could guess where, and appeared—how was a mystery—at the head of a battalion in the town of Elgoibar, at the distance of but two kilometres from Eibar, which was garrisoned by a thousand men. And a week later he had joined General Ollo with his Navarrese, attacked the town of Azpeitia, and carried off arms and ammunition in plenty. And now the feast of the Purification was come, and the hero was lying struck down by fever in the hospital of Elgoibar; the Carlists were in consternation, the Liberals triumphant; their plan was arranged, and after High Mass Lizarraga was to be arrested. He had fallen sick directly after the affair of Azpeitia, and Ollo was obliged to leave him, in the hands too of a Liberal doctor. It was not always easy to find one of reactionary principles. Many were the prayers at Mass that day for the gallant soldier, whose life was doubly threatened, and every Carlist heart sank when it became known that the police had found out his hiding-place. The national guards entered the hospital, searched it from garret to basement, opened all the doors, examined all the beds, but without success. Yet the general was there all the time. The good Sisters of Charity had hit upon a plan for saving the life of the Christian hero in their charge. They hastily moved the general into a small room opening out of one of the wards, lighted candles, put a crucifix into his hand and a book of devotion into those of his aides-de-camp Najera and Ponce de Leon, who occupied two other beds in the same room, and waited the event. "Whom have you got here?" said the head of the detachment of police. "You can come in and see if you like," was the quiet answer; "the poor man is in his agony." "Let him die in peace then;" and they passed on. Perhaps the Sisters were not far wrong in thinking that there was something more than natural in the affair, for it certainly seems wonderful that their simple *ruse* was so entirely

successful. As the police left the room, one of the party, thinking a little looting by the way allowable, was carrying off some of the general's linen, which would have told everything, but one of the persons present, a servant of the hospital, had the presence of mind to claim it as his own. Means were found to transport the general to a fresh hiding-place, and a month later he was in the field, and the national guards were listening with the best grace they could assume to the story of the *coup manqué* which the Carlists of Elgoibar were willing enough to tell. At the end of this *annus mirabilis* Lizarraga was at the head of eight battalions, with their due quota of cavalry and artillery, all well trained and perfectly equipped. His soldiers said their rosary every day, and afterwards sang the popular hymn of St. Ignatius in the Basque language. He himself heard Mass daily. Of course his enemies sneer at this "exaggerated piety," but they are forced to own that he was a worthy officer of the famous Zumalacarregrui, and that there was no greater enthusiast in his profession than the *dévol* they laughed at—behind his back.

His activity was prodigious ; in everything he was first, and everything in turn claimed his attention. It was he who organized the party which received the King at Zugaramundi ; it was he who literally made the artillery corps, who cast the cannon with the royal cipher, who set on foot the ambulance service, the telegraph service, the system of military signals, the postal service, the factories of arms and ammunition, and a hundred other things, either rendered necessary by the state of affairs in Spain, or desirable for the moral and material good of the people. And all this foresight, prudence, and administrative talent were in the man who was so in love with danger and adventure that his bravery might have been recklessness had he been a less perfect Christian.

His humility was as great as his courage and his faith. The necessities of the times did not allow Carlos to leave him long in the province of Guipuzcoa, which he had won

at so much cost. The tried hero was needed at the post of danger; and without a word of complaint Lizarraga took leave of the gallant army which he had created, and set out to form fresh troops to conquer the provinces of Arragon. Indeed he was very proud of the confidence the King placed in him by giving him so difficult a mission, in which he never doubted of success, because, as he simply said, he had trusted in all to Our Lady of the Pillar, so venerated in Spain. He did not remain in command long enough to justify his filial reliance on MARY: for after beginning in the centre the work he had completed in Guipuzcoa, he was sent to superintend operations in Catalonia; but we have the testimony of his enemies that had Lizarraga remained in the centre he would infallibly have stopped railway communication; and Sagasta declared in the Cabinet that the moment the Carlists succeeded in doing this, the Government of Madrid was doomed. It seems as if GOD meant to crown the virtues of the Christian hero by the *je ne sais quoi d'achevé que donne la souffrance*: for from the moment of his recall from Guipuzcoa one sacrifice followed another; he never took possession of the post for which he had left his unfinished work; but had to act under the orders of General Savalla, who was nominated Captain-General of the "Principado." It is well known that none are fit to command but those who have graduated in the school of obedience; but it is a rare instance of perfection when one who has so proved his fitness steps down from his high place, to work, as Lizarraga did, without a thought of self, in a subordinate position: When the army of the centre was forced to cross the Ebro, he nobly volunteered to throw himself into Seo d'Urgel, and defend it against the troops of Martinez. It was, it must be confessed, a service after his own heart, full enough of glory and of danger to satisfy even him—*cette défense légendaire*, as a French admirer called it—and which is certainly the most brilliant of his exploits. With a handful of men,

worthy of their leader, he held the place for forty days against a numerous army : held it behind half-ruined walls, with but a few old battered cannons to oppose to a formidable battery of artillery, and without stores, provisions or water, and he passed out of it, when the hopeless, heroic struggle was over, with the honours of war and amidst the acclamations of the assailants. He was sent prisoner to Madrid on his parole, and when after an exchange, he returned to the north, his first act was to volunteer for the defence of Estella : it was another gallant unavailing effort ; and then, when the cause was utterly lost, the King sent for him, and asked him, the personification of courage, loyalty and self-devotion, to take the command-in-chief of his army. Had the charge been his earlier, the issue might have been different ; but Lizarraga was the very man to accept a hopeless mission proudly and reverently as though it led to honour and glory. And so, in truth, it did ; only not as the world counts it. He had been the first to cross the frontier when the war began : he was the last to do it when all was over ; and to his loyal heart the gratitude and affection of his King were recompense enough on earth for his services.

Il a fini tristement une triste vie, was the commentary of a "liberal" French *feuilleton* on this noble story ; to us his death seems a blessed close to a holy life. This true Christian cavalier and devout servant of MARY never gained a step in the service without making a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to our Lady's shrine at Saragossa, and he was the first general who placed his soldiers under the protection of the Sacred Heart Whose scapular they all wore. He died as the First Vespers of the Immaculate Conception were being sung, on the first Friday of the month, the day consecrated to that Sacred Heart. "JESUS, mercy : MARY, help !"

**The Miracles of our Lord, as illustrating the
Doctrine of Purgatory.**

XIII.—THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

(St. Luke vii. 11—16).

I. NOT long after the miracle on the centurion's servant, of which we spoke in the last chapter, our Lord exercised, for the first time of which we have any record, His power over life and death, by raising the dead to life. Although we have but three instances recorded for us in the Gospels in which He raised the dead, we cannot doubt that He used this power much more frequently. In the same way, although this is the earliest of these instances given by the Evangelists, we cannot be certain that no other instance, unrelated by them, had preceded it. But St. Luke had, probably, a particular reason for inserting it here, and we may fairly consider it, for purposes of meditation, as the first. The story is so familiar to us that it hardly needs repetition. Our Lord, with His disciples and a considerable multitude of followers, was on the road near a city called Naim. Just as He came near the gates of the town, a funeral procession met Him. The corpse was that of a young man, the only son of a widow, and a great number of her fellow-citizens were accompanying it and her to the grave. Our Lord was touched with pity at her bereavement, and bade her not to weep. Then He went up to the bier, touched it, and while the bearers stood still, He bade the young man rise up, and "*he that was dead sat up, and began to speak,*" and our Lord "*gave him to his mother.*"

2. The manner in which we are applying these considerations to the state of the Souls in Purgatory, and the methods which may be used for their relief and release, allow us frequently to leave aside the more obvious and direct teaching of a miracle, in order to dwell upon some truth which may be represented rather than directly conveyed by the circumstances of the case. In this anecdote of the raising of the widow's son, it appears that the motive which acted on our Lord's Sacred Heart was that of compassion for the widowed mother of the young man. Our Lord may have had other motives besides this—but this it is which is specially mentioned by St. Luke. We are told nothing of any intercession, as in the case of the centurion's servant, nor indeed is it certain that the throng who came forth from the gates of the city to follow the young man to his grave had the faith which was requisite in order to make them entreat our Lord to work so great a miracle. The bearers of the bier "*stood still*," but even this does not show more than a certain amount of deference and reverence to our Lord. The miracle, like so many others, was a most wonderful manifestation of power, and as such, was an act which suited well the purposes of GOD in showing to this world the dignity of His Incarnate Son and the power with which His Sacred Humanity was endowed. Many other miracles were wrought by our Lord for the purpose of such manifestations. But in this case we have the one motive assigned—the compassion of our Lord's Heart at the sight of the widowed mother following to the grave the body of her only son.

3. If we turn our thoughts from the scene set before us by St. Luke, to the subject which has become so familiar to us in these chapters, that of the condition of the suffering souls in Purgatory, we naturally ask ourselves whether there is in their case any call on the compassionate Heart of our Blessed Lord which may be compared to the claim made on His mercy by the sorrowing widow at Naim.

And we see at once that every Christian soul, and in a special way every soul in Purgatory, on account of its helplessness and of the lot of suffering to which it has been sentenced, may be considered as the child, in a different sense, of two mothers—the Catholic Church and our Blessed Lady. It is a serious truth, and not merely a poetical or fanciful image, that our Lord takes note of this claim on His compassion, and that each poor Christian soul, whether on earth or in Purgatory, receives from Him love and compassion and help for the sake of its filial relation to the Church and to His most beloved Mother. In the present chapter we shall take occasion to dwell for a few moments on the last of these two relationships. Our Blessed Lady has a special interest in and power over the Holy Souls in Purgatory, and we can never treat adequately the subject of the means by which we may ourselves help them without taking this power into consideration, and reviving our own devotion to her as their Mother and Queen.

4. It would take many chapters to draw out at full length what can be gathered from Christian writers as to the particular interest with which our Blessed Lady regards the Holy Souls. It is probable that, as the saints, in Heaven or on earth, are higher and higher in their intelligence and love of GOD, in the same proportion do they “understand,” as the Psalmist says, “concerning the needy and the poor,” and so, in an especial manner concerning the neediest and poorest, in a certain sense, of GOD’s children, the sufferers in Purgatory, who can do nothing for themselves. If this be so, then, as the knowledge of GOD and of our Lord, and of all that belongs to His glory, which our Blessed Lady possesses, is greater than that of all the saints and angels together, as her charity is, in the same way, alone more intense than that of all the rest of the dwellers in Heaven, so her desire to aid the Holy Souls would be in proportion greater than that of all others. They may be considered, in one respect,

as the choicest and dearest of her children, except the saints themselves, who need nothing and are deprived of nothing. She has been made in a particular manner their Mother by our Lord on the Cross, for in them the fruits of His Precious Blood are secured. Holy writers tell us also that she has received a special power and commission to move the mercy of GOD in their favour, according to the arrangements of His kingdom, in which she fills a throne, only less lofty than that of her Son. This is altogether in accordance with the laws, if we may so speak, of the Kingdom of the Incarnation. Our Blessed Lady has a special compassion for the sufferings of the Holy Souls, on account of her own great sufferings on earth, in some respects very like those which are endured in Purgatory. She was conceived without original sin, and filled with all graces from the first, her virtues and merits were ever increasing, she was confirmed in grace, she never committed sin, venial or any other. And yet she suffered most intensely, on account of the sins of the world which her Son had to bear, on account of the treatment with which He met, the very intensity of her knowledge and of her charity caused the intensity of her pain, while yet she was ever in perfect peace and union with the will of GOD, and she felt more than any other soul could feel the desire to be with GOD and with her Son, and so the pain of detention from Heaven. On all these accounts there is ground for saying that she feels, more tenderly than all the saints, compassion for the Holy Souls. These and other considerations form the basis of the doctrine which attributes to our Blessed Lady a peculiar prerogative as well as a special care in regard of Purgatory and its prisoners.

5. In accordance with this doctrine, we find the lives of the saints, the chronicles of religious orders, and other such records, full of anecdotes and revelations which all tend to the same conclusion, that our Lady is constantly exercising her power in favour of these Holy Souls, and that, on

the other hand, devotions that are practised in her especial honour are among the most efficacious means which the children of the Church on earth possess of helping those blessed sufferers. It will be enough here to speak of the universal devotion of the holy Rosary, with which all Catholics are familiar. Some writers tell us that this, after the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, is the most powerful weapon that can be used to obtain their deliverance. The holy Rosary stands, to the great mass of Christians, much in the same place as the Divine Office of the Church to those who are bound to recite it, or who have the custom of so doing. The Divine Office is the great public prayer of the Catholic Church, and it remains such even in the case of those who do not recite it in choir, but privately and singly. And it has great efficacy on that account, for in the Catholic Church there is a special power and blessing on united, universal, and, as it were, official prayer and praise, which cannot be altogether impaired even by the unworthiness of some who are the ministers of the Church for this purpose. The holy Rosary is sometimes called the Psalter of the Blessed Virgin, and the universality of its use renders it, in a sense, the prayer of the whole Church, though not in the same degree as the Divine Office. Intrinsically, moreover, it has an immense impetratory power with GOD, because it is in fact the pleading before Him of the merits of our Lord and of our Blessed Lady in all the mysteries which it commemorates, and which embrace the whole range of the scheme of our Redemption as accomplished by Him. Then, again, it pleads all these merits, as it were, through the heart and through the lips of Mary herself, and so it adds to the power of the mysteries in themselves that of her perfect prayer and intercession, and the affections and intensity of charity which glow in her bosom. Again, it uses with all this marvellous power the words of our Blessed Lord in the *Pater noster*, and of the Archangel, St. Elisabeth, and the Church in the *Ave Maria*; being also, at the same time, a chain of most

excellent acts of faith, hope, charity, and other supernatural virtues, which are exercised in the consideration of the mysteries.

6. It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the importance which holy writers attach to the practice of this devotion, whether as a means of intercession for the Holy Souls, or for our own benefit, and, as a matter of history, it is of our Lady, as honoured by this devotion, that the words of the Church seem so particularly true, *cunctas hæreses sola intercemisti in universo mundo*. The devotion of the holy Rosary was first propagated by St. Dominic with the express intention of freeing large Catholic populations from the contagion of a frightful heresy, and down to the present day it seems to have this effect. We are speaking of it, in this chapter, as a most powerful means of impetration of mercy for the souls in Purgatory. But in this, as in many other cases, the charity which we practise towards them flows back in abundant streams to the benefit of ourselves in this world and in the next.

H. J. C.

Two Dying Prayers.

A SAINT lay on his dying bed,
 And angels hovering near,
 Brought strong sweet graces to his soul
 And love that banished fear.

Ev'n as he lay a wondrous dream
 Upon his spirit fell ;
 He saw how little he had done
 For the GOD he loved so well.

He thought not of his nights of prayer,
 His fasts and penance sore ;
 He thought of JESUS and His love,
 And pined to love Him more.

And from his heart broke forth the cry,
 " My JESUS, let me stay ;
 I long to live and work for Thee,
 Call me not yet away.

" I long to bring more souls to know
 The sweetness of Thy grace ;
 Let me do something great for Thee
 Before I see Thy face."

His prayer was heard, his life prolonged
 For many a weary day ;
 And great and glorious deeds he did
 Before he passed away.

Then once again he came to die,
 And once again he prayed.
 " Take me, my JESUS, home to Thee"—
 This was the prayer he made.

“Take me to live with Thee above,
I fear to sin again ;
Take me lest I should do more harm
If I on earth remain.

“I long to be away from here,
Safe in Thine arms to lie ;
Away from every fear of sin,
My JESUS ! let me die.”

Both prayers were good, for both were framed,
In love of GOD Most High ;
That was the better which had more
Of deep humility.

The closer that he drew to GOD,
The more did Philip find,
That earth's good deeds are sadly still
With weakness intertwined.

Then let us yearn to work for GOD,
Yet still in holy fear,
Cling close to Him and His dear Cross,
Lest we do evil here.

Intention for the Apostolate of Prayer for September.

THE INTERESTS OF THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

IN the important Catholic assembly held in Paris last June it was resolved that the interests of the Church and of France should be earnestly commended to the united prayers of religious communities, Christian families, and the faithful generally throughout the country.

This pious desire of the most eminent representatives of the Catholic body in France was communicated without delay to the Director General of the Apostleship of Prayer, who rightly thought that the gravity of the crisis justified a larger demand. He therefore appeals with confidence not only to the patriotism of the two millions of French Associates, but also to the fraternal love and Christian zeal for souls of all the members of the Holy League in every land. Mindful of the generous sympathy which was so recently extended to the interests of the Catholic Church in Great Britain and Ireland when these were made the object of a like universal prayer, our Associates of the United Kingdom will, we are sure, respond with good will to the invitation.

At such a time, and in such a cause, there should be no room for national exclusiveness, and we gladly acknowledge the great services rendered by France to the whole Church by the prowess of her arms in days of old, and now by the indomitable zeal of her fearless missionaries. Her claims upon our gratitude are not of yesterday, and if they are sometimes urged by ardent patriots with a vehemence of language which defeats its own object, they

are also expressed in the clearest terms by Sovereign Pontiffs, who cannot be accused of preferring the glory of France to the interests of truth.

From their words we may learn both the providential mission of France and the severity of the chastisement which she has drawn down upon her guilty head for being so unfaithful to her high vocation.*

Anastasius the Third wrote to Clovis, "We praise GOD that He has drawn from the power of darkness so great a prince to provide the Church with a defender."

Three centuries later Stephen the Third, speaking in the name of St. Peter, writes to *Pepin, Charlemagne, the Bishops, all the armies, and all the people of the Franks* :

"I, Peter, appointed by GOD to enlighten the world, have chosen you for my adopted sons to defend against their enemies the City of Rome, the people intrusted to my care, and the place where my body reposes. . . . According to the promise received from our Lord and Redeemer, I select the people of the Franks among all nations. Give the strength of your support to the Romans, to your brethren, that I, Peter, may grant you my patronage in this world and the other."

Gregory the Ninth, writing to St. Louis, is, if possible, even more emphatic :

"It is manifest," he says, "that the kingdom, under the blessing of GOD, has been chosen by our Redeemer to be specially charged with the accomplishment of His Divine decrees. JESUS CHRIST has taken it into His hand like a quiver, from which He draws again and again His chosen arrows, that he may hurl them with resistless strength against the enemies of the liberty and the faith of His Church, chastising impious men and upholding justice. Therefore the Bishops of Rome, our predecessors, calling to mind from generation to generation the praiseworthy deeds of your ancestors, have continually sought their aid in times of danger. Nay, more, it has happened many

*. What follows is abridged from the *Messenger*.

times that the help of their strong arm has been offered, unsolicited, for the defence of the Church."

France has a vocation from GOD, and in the light of that vocation her history must be read. Nations, as such, are rewarded or punished in this world. This general law assumes in the case of France something of the definiteness of a contract. St. Remigius declared in the name of GOD, and left a written attestation, signed at his desire by other holy bishops standing round his dying bed, that great blessings would attend that new nation if it remained faithful, and terrible woes would come upon it if it forsook the way of righteousness.

Deeper study shows each day more clearly that France was greatest under its holiest king. His unworthy grandson, Philip the Fair, changed the Christian policy which he found into a system of pagan Cæsarism, and from him a long series of disasters came. It was only the beginning of the national apostasy, and our Lord had not altogether withdrawn the light of His countenance. When the kingdom was in its deepest misery He sent Joan of Arc to restore the crown to Charles the Seventh with a message that He Himself meant to rule in France. Again, he charged Blessed Margaret Mary to deliver a similar message to the King, "the eldest son of His Sacred Heart," Louis the Fourteenth. But Charles the Seventh and Louis the Fourteenth, and the French Kings generally, were not the men to appreciate their high vocation. The evil work of Philip the Fair was continued with interruptions, and the "Hundred Years' War," the still more dreadful religious wars, the calamities which attended the close of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, and the horrors of the Great Revolution, were the Heaven-sent chastisements. Recent history corroborates the lesson. When France gives some little sign of a repentant spirit corresponding signs are seen at once of reviving prosperity and influence.

The progress is now from bad to worse. United action

is impossible amid the fury of political factions and the ever widening gulf which divides class from class. The loss of influence abroad, so visible in the settlement of the Eastern Question, is the natural result of discord at home.

But there is a darker side of the unlovely picture. There is a danger which far more urgently demands our prayers. Men who, in the vileness of their selfishness, hope to procure their own advancement by working out the degradation of their country are straining every nerve to accomplish the unholy purpose. They know well that if France raised her head to reassert the glorious past, and returned again to the spirit of her old vocation, their place would be in the dust from which they came.

With all the fiery energy which the instinct of self-preservation rouses in men whose every thought is self, they carry on their melancholy mission. Hitherto it has been chiefly in great towns that they have pushed their scheme of infamy, but now there is no village safe from their invasion. The daily press pours out its pestilential stream of falsehood, vice, and blasphemy, and the poor people swallow down the sickening draught, and learn to despise religion and distrust its ministers. The writers and their patrons alike are fully conscious of the mischief they are doing. They know that to destroy faith and reverence is to break down the embankment and let loose the flood. But what of that? They are to find their own advantage in the general desolation, and the more widespread the ruin and the swifter the destruction the better from their point of view. Therefore they labour hard to accelerate the downward movement, dreading nothing so much as a religious reaction, which would lay low their hopes of self-aggrandisement.

Only the right hand of GOD lifted in its might can frustrate their depraved intentions. Until the present day they have never had all the power of the State at their disposal, and they have not quite dared to make open

profession of hating JESUS CHRIST and His Church. They have always spoken with a certain circumspection. Not against the Church, they said, but clericalism, they made their declaration of war. It was but a thin disguise. To all who have any glimmering of light these two things are simply one and the same. A "clerical," as these men understand the term, is a sincere Catholic, who believes that JESUS CHRIST is GOD the Son, and cares more for his soul than for the good things of this world. But there are so many men who are perfectly willing to be deceived, that these transparent frauds are of very great assistance in the attack upon Catholic institutions.

But the work of demolition will proceed apace if, as there is ample reason to fear, the forthcoming elections give a majority in the Senate to the anti-Christian party. There is no depth of crime to which men will not descend when they have made the poor silly populace the docile agents of their wicked will. Their poor victims will most certainly very soon find out in the bitterness of their soul how they have let themselves be duped; but the conspirators can do much harm before they are unmasked. They can uproot useful institutions, they can crush sacred liberties, they can give a dreadful impetus to licentiousness, discord, insubordination, and they can do terribly much to un-Christianize France.

What would in that event become of the succour still so bravely rendered to the Church by Catholic France? How would the foreign missions fare when the ranks of the clergy might no longer be recruited at home? How could Christian education be carried on if the religious orders were no longer permitted to lend to the secular clergy their absolutely necessary aid? The Propagation of the Faith, the Holy Infancy, Peter-pence, all would suffer grievously.

It is not then, assuredly, only France whose interests are imperilled. It is not for France alone that prayers are asked. Things have come to such a pass that we

must by sheer force of prayer prevail upon the King of Heaven, Who has more than once claimed for Himself the sovereign power in France, to reassert that claim, and to establish it once more by miraculous intervention.

In this month the glorious St. Michael, the special protector of France, should be very earnestly invoked. It is, indeed, the time for him to unfurl once more his banner, whereon is written: *Who is like God?* for against GOD Himself war is declared by the men who trample upon France in the wantonness of falsehood. Already they have erased the Name of GOD from the creed of the Freemasons. Give them the power, and they will do no less for our laws and institutions. It shall not be! We have seen too much already of crime and madness and misery. The SACRED HEART OF JESUS will be touched with pity for the greatness of our sufferings, and our Blessed Master, instead of withdrawing from France His gifts and her vocation, will make Divine grace prevail over human wickedness.

PRAYER.

O Sacred Heart of JESUS! through the Immaculate Heart of MARY, I offer Thee all the prayers, labours, and crosses of this day, in union with those intentions for which Thou dost unceasingly offer Thyself a Victim of love on our altars. I offer them to Thee in particular for the eldest daughter of Thy Church, whom Thy enemies are striving to lead into apostasy. Do not forget, dear Lord, that Thou hast made France Thy chosen instrument for revealing to the world the saving mercies of Thy Sacred Heart. Fulfil by a miracle of grace the hopes which Thou hast Thyself inspired. Amen.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.
The Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
*For the triumph of the Church and Holy See, and the Catholic
 regeneration of nations.*

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

I. GENERAL INTENTION: *The Interests of the Church in France.*

II. PARTICULAR INTENTIONS.

1. Sun. *Twelfth after Pentecost.*—*S. Raymond Nonnatus, C.*—(S. J., THE GUARDIAN ANGELS.)—Contempt of the world; 7,797 religious.
2. Mon. *S. Stephen, King, C.*—Detachment; 5,493 temporal affairs.
3. Tues. *S. Henry, C. July 21.*—(S. J., BB. *Antonius S. J. and Comp., M.M.*)—Conformity to the will of God; 3,760 persons in affliction.
4. Wed. *SS. Nazarius, &c., M.M. July 28.*—(S. J., *S. Norbert, B.C. June 6.*)—Perfect purity; 11,118 nuns.
5. Thurs. *S. Laurence Justinian, B.C.*—Constancy; the grace of perseverance for 15,825 persons.
6. Fri. *S. Lewis, King, C. Aug. 25.*—(S. J., *S. William, B.C. June 8.*)—COMMUNION OF REPARATION, &c.—FRIDAY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.—Gratitude; 6,426 acts of thanksgiving.
7. Sat. *Of the Immaculate Conception.*—(S. J., BB. *Thomas S. J. and Companions, M.M.*)—Love of innocence; 10,676 young persons.
8. Sun. *Thirteenth after Pentecost.*—NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.—Fervour of spirit; 83,868 intentions.
9. Mon. *Of the Oct. B.V.M.*—(S. J., *B. Peter Claver, S. J.*)—Love of our neighbour; 4,285 spiritual works.
10. Tues. *S. Nicolas of Tolentino, C.*—Remembrance of the Four Last Things; 5,487 missions and retreats.
11. Wed. *Of the Oct.*—(S. J., *B. Charles Spinola S. J. and Comp. M.M.*)—Zeal of souls; 233 foreign missions.
12. Thurs. *Of the Oct.*—(S. J., *S. John of S. Facundus, C. June 12.*)—Love of our Patron Saints; 3961 parishes.
13. Fri. *Of the Oct.*—(S. J., *S. Antony of Padua, C. June 13.*)—Charity to enemies; 15,298 dead.
14. Sat. *Exaltation of the Holy Cross.*—The reign of the Kingdom of Christ; 2,822 promoters.
15. SUN. *Fourteenth after Pentecost.*—THE HOLY NAME OF MARY.—7,810 vocations.
16. Mon. *S. Cornelius, B.M., and S. Cyprian, P.M.*—A firm faith; 54,136 heretics and schismatics.
17. Tues. *The Stigmata of S. Francis, C.*—Holy desires; 3,675 communities.
18. Wed. *Ember Day.*—*S. Joseph of Cupertino.*—Humility; 10,147 graces.
19. Thurs. *SS. Januarius and Comp., M.M.*—The grace to conquer oneself; 31,988 young men.
20. Fri. *Ember Day.*—*Vigil.*—*SS. Eustachius and Comp., M.M.*—Christian courage; 21,047 families.
21. Sat. *Ember Day.*—*S. Matthew, Ap.*—Confidence in the mercy of God; 60,129 sinners.
22. SUN. *Fifteenth after Pentecost.*—THE SEVEN DOLOURS B.V.M.—Devotion to MARY in sorrow; 7,464 fathers and mothers.
23. Mon. *S. Linus, P.M.*—Christian patience; 3,617 superiors.
24. Tues. *Our Lady of Mercy.*—Liberty of soul; 63,768 children.
25. Wed. *S. Thomas of Villanova, B.C. Sept. 22.*—(S. J., *S. Basil, B.C.D. June 14.*)—Zeal for the education of children; 2,970 houses of education.
26. Thurs. *Of the Blessed Sacrament.*—(S. J., BB. *Francis S. J. and Comp., M.M. June 20.*)—Love of peace; the grace of reconciliation for 4,363 persons.
27. Fri. *SS. Cosmas and Damian, M.M.*—Recourse to God; 10,083 sick persons.
28. Sat. *S. Wenceslaus, M.*—Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament; 8,408 First Communions.
29. SUN. *Sixteenth after Pentecost.*—*S. MICHAEL, Archangel.*—Zeal for God's glory; 2,183 seminaries and novitiates.
30. Mon. *S. Jerome, C.D.*—The study of the duties of our state; 7,066 ecclesiastics.

Intentions sent for publication must arrive in London not later than the morning of the first day of the month. It is recommended that they should be written on a page by themselves.

*An Indulgence of 100 days is attached to all the Prayers and Good Works
 offered up for these Intentions.*

The Intentions of the *Archconfraternity of St. Joseph of Angers*, and the *Children of St. Joseph at Brussels*, are recommended to the prayers of the Associates.

Application for Diplomas of Affiliation to the Apostleship of Prayer, Tickets of Admission, &c., for England, is to be made to the Rev. A. G. Knight, S.J., 111, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; for Ireland, to the Rev. M. Russell, S.J., 50, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin. Sheets of the Living Rosary, adapted to the requirements of the Association, may be had of Messrs. Burns and Oates. Price 2d. the Sheet.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

The Problem Solved.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE enforced inaction of the fourteen long hours between Brest and Paris was little in accordance with Lawrence's impatience. Yet it was a salutary check, and as the train steamed on, and the spring twilight deepened into night, he sat in his corner of the railway carriage looking out into the darkness and holding such communing with himself as few men can hold twice in their lives. By the supernatural light he had received at Courseilles he was reviewing his past life, and calling himself to a strict and an unflinching account for all his wasted opportunities, his pride, vanity and self-sufficiency. His mind travelled back again to his college days, to his utter inability to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, to his self-willed journey to the East, and his own confession against himself, when years afterwards he had owned to Edith Marsden, that had he gone to Rome then, he would have been "a wiser and a happier man."

How could he himself plead guiltless of resistance to grace, such as would have made a saint of another in his

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place? But with the almost overwhelming sense of his own meanness and unworthiness there came a feeling of intense thankfulness, and an intense longing in his turn now to spend himself for God. He had been too long on intimate terms with the Abbé Viennot not to have caught his spirit, and at that moment he understood him better than he had ever done whilst at Courseilles. The lesson the Curé's life taught seemed to be the incomprehensible value of each individual soul, and to show also that it is impossible for any one to correspond generously and unhesitatingly to God's grace himself, without, although he cannot tell how or when, helping to save others. Lawrence knew that if his own conversion were the solitary result of the Curé's long martyrdom at Courseilles, the Abbé Viennot would have felt himself more than repaid even in this world; and as he thought this, a new sense of each man's responsibility with respect to his fellow-men came over him. Man comes into the world alone, he leaves it alone, in one sense he is answerable for himself alone; but, on the other hand, God may have meant him to be the instrument of salvation to others, and he may forfeit this privilege by his own want of generosity. If the Abbé Viennot had never gone to Courseilles? If he had shrunk or faltered in his course, what might not the consequences have been to Lawrence? Who could measure the fruits of Bernard and Bertha Luscomb's conversion to the true faith? It is true God has no need of us, and His work goes on whether we cooperate in it or not; it is only we who are the losers, if we prefer our own sordid interest or pleasures to His will. No one can tell how far in the economy of the Divine mind, his or her individual correspondence to some particular grace may be destined to be the first of a long series of graces for others as well as for themselves.

So now his Nellie's conversion might depend on his own generosity with God. A long life of earthly happiness might still be his—was not his influence with Helen

sufficient to overrule all her scruples? But what was all this as compared with the priceless gift of faith? Through the long hours of the night Lawrence revolved the things in his own mind, and when the rising sun gilded the spires of the Cathedral of Chartres and his journey was almost over, he came forth from his self-retrospection a changed man; with the calm determination to face fearlessly all that might await him in England, and to undo as far as might be the evil he had done. What might not Helen be now suffering, and through his fault? He had made her care for him, he had been selfish in his enjoyment of her society, even more selfish in not considering how she must feel his sudden disappearance. He had tried to uproot her faith from a mere love of influence, without knowing what to give her in return. Hence, if now she could not plead invincible ignorance, it might be said to be his doing. Never in all his life had he loved Helen as he did at that moment, and yet it seemed as if all earthly passion had faded from his love, his affections had like himself become suddenly supernaturalized.

Past the woods of Versailles, where he had walked with her barely two short years ago, the train carried him, and into the same terminus from which he had last left Paris at the close of that pleasant summer holiday. The goal was reached at last, and unmindful of the mental and physical strain he had been under for the last sixteen hours, Mr. Bretherton merely waited to deposit his luggage at the nearest hotel, and hurried across Paris to the church where he had last been with Nellie. There he found as he had hoped an old friend, the same Superior who had secured him an interview with the missionary who had preached that never forgotten sermon. He left it a few hours later, having made his peace with God, and in possession of a peace of heart that nothing earthly could disturb or mar. Then it was that Edith's letter, which had been waiting for him over two months, was at last put into his hands and he realized the fact that he was free ;

cleared once and for ever from the unworthy suspicion under which he had so long lain. There was no need to live his trouble down, he could return freely to his country and his friends secure of being received with open arms. No taint or shadow of reproach with regard to the Ulcombe affairs could ever rest upon his name, and there was no cloud over him to narrow or fetter his power of doing good. The only earthly obstacle which lay between Nellie and himself had been removed. Did he repent his sacrifice? made when a marriage was practically impossible? Far from it, not even for one moment did there arise the shadow of a regret for "what might have been." Helen's conversion was before all else, and cost what it might he felt he must win for her that faith of which he at last realized the full value. God would never be outdone in generosity. He need not fear to trust his Nellie to Him. Courseilles and its Curé, and its many lessons rose before him, and Lawrence felt that if the choice were his again, he would freely sacrifice once more all that this world could give him. It was not worth while to write to Edith, he would be in England almost as soon as a letter. He spent his day, in taking the physical rest he so sorely needed, in writing to the Curé of Courseilles, and in quiet preparation for the greatest action of his life. At an early hour the following morning he made his first Communion, in the same church in which he had been received on the preceding day, and that same day he was in London. He went straight to Kensington, where it would have been hard to say which of the Lewises was most pleased to see him. They had all along believed implicitly in his innocence, even in the very teeth of appearances.

"But where were you all the time?" exclaimed Mr. Lewis, when the first welcome was over, and Lawrence had briefly explained how he had but just received Edith's last letter.

"At Courseilles," said Lawrence; and then as his eyes

met Mrs. Lewis's, he added : "I told you I would tell you when I, like you, had found the true solution of the problem—What is truth. Like Sir Galahad of old, I have found and seen the Holy Grail. In the words of St. Augustine : 'Rome has spoken and the controversy is at an end.'"

"Did I not tell you you could not go on as you were, and that sooner or later you must come to it?" exclaimed Mrs. Lewis.

"The wonder is," said Lawrence, "in my case that since it was not sooner it has been later. But I suspect all converts feel this. When one comes into the vineyard at the eleventh hour, one cannot but wonder how one has been content to stand idle all the day."

"I believe the reflection we all make is, 'What a blind fool I must have been not to see it sooner,'" said Mr. Lewis as he shook Lawrence's hand again and again.

"And how the fact that we can't see it, till God opens our eyes, is a standing contradiction of all the nonsense Ritualists talk about those 'who come into the Church being over-persuaded,' or their being 'restless and discontented,'" said Mrs. Lewis.

"You see, Rose is scarcely kinder to 'old Mother D—,' as I have heard the Anglican Establishment called, than Balaam was to his ass," said Mr. Lewis; at which speech Lawrence broke out into one of his old merry laughs as he said :

"You know the story *à propos* of the Gorham case? which by the way ought to have opened our eyes for us all."

"No," said Mr. Lewis. "Tell us, it is long since we had one of your good stories."

"I am indebted to Mr. Luscomb for this," said Lawrence.

"Ah, the Gorham decision did for Bernard," said Mrs. Lewis laughing.

"I was with him when he first learnt it," continued

Lawrence, "and I well remember asking him what he thought of it. 'Think of it,' he said; 'why that the poor old Church of England might truly say to the State: Am I not thine ass on which thou hast ridden all these years, why then hast thou smitten me these three times?'"

"The application is simply delicious," exclaimed Mr. Lewis. "But come and have some dinner, and tell us all about yourself."

"It has been a long and weary quest," said Lawrence, as they went downstairs to the familiar room where he had spent so many pleasant hours; "I very nearly stuck fast in the quagmire from following 'phantom-fires.'"

Mrs. Lewis thought of her husband's saying that Lawrence's conversion would be simply a miracle. As she looked at his face, from which the old half cynical, half contemptuous expression had disappeared, she said:

"At least, the vision has been worth it all?"

"The reality," said Lawrence, whilst a smile of overflowing happiness played about his face; "the modern quest of the San Grail is after no dreamy vision."

"How little we guessed that you had started on such a quest," said Mr. Lewis.

"Don't we all unconsciously start on it?" said Lawrence. "Side by side with the growing rationalism and atheism of the day, there is a strange longing to know and find the true Church in most men."

"Your quest began years ago," said Mrs. Lewis, and then stopped in the middle of her sentence, afraid of saying too much.

"And, like Sir Lancelot, I said, 'This quest is not for me,'" said Lawrence, in a tone which veiled deeper feelings, "till I met a Sir Galahad, to whom the vision was a real and living thing. Well, thank God, all roads lead to Rome," and then, after giving them a short description of Courseilles, he claimed the full history of the missing deed.

Perhaps Mrs. Lewis was a little disappointed at finding

him so reticent about all that concerned himself. Beyond that half-fanciful talk about the modern quest of the *San Grail*, the events of the last six months were condensed into a few words, and he dwelt more on the physical features of Courseilles than on his own feelings there, making both the Lewises laugh at his description of the Mallidor Farm, and the quaint, primitive sort of life he had led there. Even of the Curé he spoke but little. In truth, his own conduct in burying himself as he had at Courseilles, and his morbid avoidance of all his friends, which at the time had seemed so natural to himself, was difficult now to account for. He seemed, rather, anxious to hear them talk than to talk himself, and asked eagerly for all the St. Wereburgh's news.

"Mr. Clevedon is ill," said Mrs. Lewis, "but we hope not seriously. He has caught the fever. Typhus has been raging round St. Wereburgh's for weeks. Helen is at Ulcoombe, and so very far from well that we have not even told her of her father's illness."

"Then you are no longer 'excommunicated' from the church-house," said Lawrence.

"Well, Dr. Vernon comes and tells us all that goes on," replied Mr. Lewis; "indeed, he was sadly perplexed how to act when Mr. Clevedon was taken ill. Apparently, Helen is in no state to return and nurse him, yet it seems wrong to keep her in ignorance."

"I mean to write to Edith to-morrow," said Mrs. Lewis. "I was discussing the matter with Bernard to-day, and he says what I have all along felt, namely, that it would be wisest to tell her, and leave her to decide when and how to tell poor Helen, in case we have to summon her."

"Is Mr. Clevedon quite conscious?" said Lawrence.

"Oh, yes, quite so; indeed, it is scarcely possible to have the fever more lightly. It is more a prostration caused by over-work; he has been so devoted to his parish, and has overtaxed his strength."

"He is a man one cannot but respect," said Lawrence,

"and he deserves a better fate than to die in his heresy. I almost think I will go there now."

"I wish you would," exclaimed Mr. Lewis, "though I had rather, selfishly, that you stayed here. I fancy, from what Vernon says, that that curate is getting more intolerable every day. Mr. Clevedon still won't see either of us."

"An honour he may refuse me when he hears the truth," remarked Lawrence, as he rose and wished them both good-night.

"Why, Rose, you are in a brown study," exclaimed Mr. Lewis, when, on coming back to his drawing-room after going down himself to the hall-door with Lawrence, he found his wife standing looking thoughtfully into the fire, which a chilly English May made acceptable.

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Lewis, "about Mr. Bretherton, yet I cannot help wondering what the end is to be."

"You will not build another castle for his happiness?" said Mr. Lewis. "Well, he has proved himself to be a trump card. Bernard might well say that the Curé of Courseilles was not an ordinary man. Clearly his influence and God's grace combined were too much for Master Lawrence."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lewis, as if following out her own thoughts, "and I think that it has left Mr. Bretherton himself anything but an ordinary man, if he ever was one. He was never easy to fathom."

"He is altered in every way," remarked Mr. Lewis; "it would be hard to define exactly how and in what particular sense; but one feels that he has been very close to the supernatural world."

"That is just it," said Mrs. Lewis. "Poor Helen—well, I suppose he will not be thrown away on her; but I am afraid I think her very unworthy of him."

"She has not got him yet," observed Mr. Lewis, "and frankly, I fancy that marriage will never take place."

"O George, why not?"

"I thought you were speculating yourself on what the

end would be," replied Mr. Lewis, "which clearly proves you do not feel confident about it. I am no judge, and one cannot tell, yet I think both these two are meant for higher and greater things."

"George, don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Lewis.

"Don't what?"

"Say such things. As if——"

"A real marriage was not a very holy and happy thing," interrupted Mr. Lewis, laying his hand fondly on his wife's shoulder. "I don't know what you and I should do without each other, Rose, and I am quite certain we stand a much better chance of going to Heaven together than we ever should have done singly. But then that confession implies that God never meant us for anything else."

"Well, but what has this got to do with Lawrence and Nellie?" said Mrs. Lewis.

"Simply this, that those whom God calls very near to Himself, He calls to give up much for Him. I tell you candidly that to me there would be something almost incongruous in Lawrence's settling down 'to live happily ever afterwards' with Miss Clevedon; but after all, this is mere speculation on our part."

"Well, we shall see," said Mrs. Lewis, as she settled herself at her writing-table and began a long letter to Edith.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CURATE'S DISCOMFITURE.

IN his lonely hours at Courseilles Mr. Bretherton had often pictured to himself how and when he would again, if ever, revisit St. Wereburgh's; and, as almost always happens in such cases, the reality proved itself to be just the one combination of circumstances which he had never imagined.

The door of the church-house was opened by Dr. Vernon himself, who could scarcely believe his own eyes.

"God bless my soul—Lawrence Bretherton ! Well, I am glad to see you. I began to think you had gone as mad as the rest of the world. Come in, come in ; we want a sensible man in the house."

Before Lawrence could inquire for Mr. Clevedon, or explain his own sudden appearance, Mr. Russel, who had heard their voices, came out of the library.

It is to be feared that the curate did not love his neighbour as himself. Certainly his face, as he saw who the visitor was, was as good as a play, and the old doctor, who owed him a grudge on his nephew's account, said maliciously—

"I shall take our friend upstairs ; a little cheerful society is the best thing for Mr. Clevedon."

"I should think any unusual excitement the very worst thing for him," said the curate, stiffly, as he held out two fingers to Lawrence and muttered something about seeing him being a very unexpected pleasure.

Certainly there are times when good humour is positively aggravating, and the sight of Lawrence, who was too happy in himself not to be overflowing with a new found charity for all his fellow-men, had never been so annoying to the curate. He could scarcely be decently civil. Besides, Mr. Russel had many other trials of which of course Mr. Bretherton knew nothing. Since the fever had broken out a good deal of work which usually devolved itself upon the incumbent had naturally fallen upon the curate. He could no longer cut the services which were "too Anglican" to suit his advanced views. He was forced to go through the Communion Service at least substantially according to the Church of England rite, and the double daily "dearly beloved" was a bitter pill. Moreover, there was a storm impending over St. Wereburgh's. Episcopal attention had been attracted by some of the curate's vagaries, and although Mr. Russel said he had all his life opposed his heretical bishop, and would, please God, fight it out with him to the end, more

than one "brother priest," whom the curate had always supposed to be "perfectly Catholic minded," and "quite of our opinion," had on consultation broached the terrible heresy, "that it was possibly a nobler thing to submit to one's lawful ecclesiastical superior," and that "what was good enough for the Bishop in his cathedral ought to do for them." Under these circumstances, it is scarcely to be wondered at if the curate looked more miserable than ever, and if the sight of Lawrence's handsome face and happy expression was as irritative and galling as the sight of a person in robust health is sometimes to a sickly, fretful invalid. Then, also, whatever Mr. Russel might say about "the advantage of a celibate priesthood," Helen's absence did not tend to put him in a better temper. Poor Mr. Russel! he had fondly believed himself superior to such trifles as whether his coffee was hot, or his dinner punctual, but now Miss Clevedon was away, the domestic wheels did not run smoothly; and the curate made the humiliating discovery that he was keenly alive to such matters now that he had no longer Nellie's pretty face opposite to him at his meals. Then, too, Helen, who had never before been from home for two days without writing him voluminous epistles, had been at Ulcoombe six weeks without so much as sending him a line, although he had twice written to ask the reason of her unusual silence. What "Roman difficulties" might there not be in the background? He had always had a very poor opinion of the rector of Ulcoombe's orthodoxy; and he positively feared Edith Marsden. To crown all, since Mr. Clevedon had been ill, Dr. Vernon had reigned supreme in his sick room, and, indeed, more or less in the church-house. It was Dr. Vernon who would not have Nellie summoned back at present, and who persuaded Mr. Clevedon that he had better not send for his daughter; Dr. Vernon who banished the curate from the sick room, and would not have his patient worried.

"Over-physicking is as bad for one's soul as one's body,"

said the doctor, dryly, when Mr. Russel scowled at him; "a little low diet is a very good thing sometimes. When your incumbent asks for you, you shall go to him."

The good doctor was, in truth, far from easy about Mr. Clevedon, although, as he told Mrs. Lewis, he could not say that he had the fever seriously. He disliked also the responsibility of his position, and he could have shaken the curate for being in a great measure the cause that Helen was of so little use.

"Don't tell me," he had said to Mrs. Lewis, "that being honestly in love with Lawrence Bretherton would account for it all. That ape Russel has bullied and worried her till she does not know right from wrong."

So now, in spite of Mr. Russel, the doctor had his way, and Lawrence was taken upstairs to see Mr. Clevedon, who was evidently delighted with his visit. As they left his room, the doctor, who was rather a button-holder, kept Lawrence in the corridor, telling him how anxious he felt about his patient.

"I am sure he has something preying on his mind," he said. "You see he wants great care; there is no immediate danger, but he may take a turn for the worse any day. Poor Helen is really too weak to stand the fatigue of nursing him; but if he does not get better, she must be sent for. We cannot keep her in ignorance much longer."

"I question even now if it is fair to do so," said Lawrence.

"She may yet want all her health and strength," said the doctor. "No, no, the longer we can keep her out of this pestiferous air the better. But I wish he had a good nurse. The sisters are first rate, but they are already overdone."

Lawrence stood silent a moment; he was revolving many things in his own mind. Then as suddenly the doctor's meaning dawned upon him, he said—

"Do you think he would let me nurse him?"

"You're a brick!" said Dr. Vernon. "It would be the best thing possible; he always liked you."

"He might not now," said Lawrence, as he briefly told the doctor what had happened.

"Stuff, man!" said the doctor, literally patting him on the back. "What can it matter to any one but yourself what you think? I always respect you Papists. But let's have a look at you. Are you quite well?"

"I have lost a little superfluous flesh, perhaps," said Lawrence, as he turned his face to the light; "but I am none the worse for that. Besides, I am fever-proof; I never could catch anything, not even the measles!"

"All right," said the doctor; "I shall stay here myself to-night. But come in the morning."

So it was settled, and before another twelve hours were over, Lawrence was installed at the church-house, much to the curate's disgust. Mr. Russel was, however, powerless to say anything; for after all, Mr. Clevedon was still master of his own house. No woman could have nursed him with greater tenderness than did Lawrence; had he been his own son he could not have done more for him. But could the curate have listened to the conversations which were held between patient and nurse, his anger would have known no bounds. Mr. Clevedon was perfectly conscious and in full possession of all his faculties; indeed, his mind was peculiarly clear in proportion as his bodily strength grew weaker. He himself asked Lawrence what had made him return at last to England; and Mr. Bretherton told his story simply, and from that moment Mr. Clevedon was never weary of talking about religion. It seemed as if now, in the face of eternity, his faith in his own system was thoroughly shaken, and the fact of Lawrence's conversion staggered him. He could not get over it. Could anything but the truth have at last mastered the man they had all tried to convert, and whose arguments in favour of Rome had always made them all tremble? That terrible and incontrovertible fact about the uncertainty of valid baptism, which Lawrence had

started at the time of the mission, had often recurred to the incumbent of St. Wereburgh's, and it had tormented him of late with a dogged pertinacity. It was clear that Lawrence's new found faith was no passing delusion; he gave no hesitating or hazy answers to the questions he was asked, and he spoke out of the fulness of his heart when he answered Mr. Clevedon's questions as to whether he was perfectly satisfied?"

It rested, however, in talk, and Lawrence could never tell how far what he said influenced his patient one way or the other. A fortnight passed, and Mr. Clevedon took a decided turn for the worse. Dr. Vernon looked unusually grave when he saw the change, and calling Lawrence out of the room, said—

"He is in for the fever in good earnest now. But bless my soul, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said Lawrence; "I am only rather tired." But as he spoke, he put his hand on a chair to steady himself, reeled back, and would have fallen but for the doctor's timely aid.

"You don't sit up all night again just yet, my friend," remarked the doctor, when Mr. Bretherton recovered himself. "You will just drive to your own chambers, and take a day's rest, if you want to be any further good. I will see some one comes to Mr. Clevedon."

"I am all right," said Lawrence; "I only want some sleep to cure my headache. If I go and lie down in my room here for a couple of hours, that will do."

"You'll do no such thing," replied the doctor. "You want utter rest and change of air for a few hours at least. Come, don't be obstinate; I always gave you credit for being a sensible man. I'll send for Helen if he is not better to-morrow."

Perhaps the doctor had an instinct that to send for Helen would be the best way to ensure Mr. Bretherton's nursing himself. At all events, Lawrence yielded and went off to his chamber, whilst the doctor, after leaving Sister Isabel in charge, drove to the Lewises.

Life of Father Claude de la Colombiere.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT THE ENGLISH COURT.

A GUEST in St. James' Palace, he lived there in the quietest manner, a stranger to the excitements and tumults of the Court, knowing only those parts of the Palace through which he was obliged to pass to reach the apartments of the Duchess of York. Her rooms overlooked the wide space in front of the building, yet never once did he gaze from the windows on what is one of the most beautiful views in London. He never visited the monuments or curiosities of the town, nor did he frequent any of the public walks, for he went out only to visit the sick or those to whom he hoped to be of service. Devoting himself entirely to God and the good of his neighbour, he never conversed with any except on religious topics.

Every moment seemed to bring him fresh mortifications, but these he received joyfully. It was usual for foreigners, particularly for those newly arrived, to prefer their meat being served in the Continental fashion, for it frequently disagreed with them when dressed in the ordinary English way; but this was an indulgence Father de la Colombière would never permit himself. He always slept on a hard mattress, placed on rough planks, and would take no precautions against the bitter cold. In addition to these daily privations, he practised many bodily penances, which served to keep alive his spirit of mortification. The sum he received for his maintenance far exceeding his wants, he applied nearly the whole of it to

the relief of the indigent, making a vow to devote it entirely to good works.

On three or four occasions he had the honour of conversing with the Kings of England, and was admitted to the Duchess' presence once a week; but to neither of them whilst speaking did he ever raise his eyes, and never even once looked at the Princess during the eighteen months in which he preached before her. It must have required marvellous self-command to have resisted the gratification of such innocent curiosity. By another vow he forbade himself ever to allow a word to escape his lips which might redound to his own praise or advantage. We may be astonished that he was thus able by a simple effort of will to curb the ordinary weaknesses of nature, but this kind of yoke he said gave him increased liberty to follow the leadings of grace; it was a system, however, of which he recommended the use but to few. To him, however, rules were a consolation seeming to speak to him with a Divine voice, and he observed them as faithfully as if inhabiting one of the houses of his Order. Fully alive to the dangers of his position, he never omitted any precautionary measures which prudence might suggest. He adopted the ordinary garb of a layman, in accordance with the custom of the English Jesuits, and in one of his first letters from this country warns his French correspondents to avoid anything that might be compromising in the address of their letters. "Do not," he says, "direct to me as 'Reverend Father,' for the opening of your letters by the post office officials might cause me much annoyance; call me Father, if you please, in your letters. There is no danger in that, provided you are careful to avoid it in the address, for did some Protestant see the words, he would be likely to throw the letter into the river."

In taking these precautions, Father de la Colombière was acting more in obedience to his Superiors than from fear. He entirely abandoned himself to the protection of

Providence, never seeming to regret his country. "I feared not but that I should find God in England," he wrote to his sister, "since it was He Himself who sent me here." And in truth he had found Him Who sufficed and sustained His servant in the labours of his mission.

Our readers will be able to judge what was the extent of his work from his own description, written a month after his arrival in England, of the spiritual destitution for which he had to provide.

"I am already as much accustomed to English life as if I had been born in London. I find a great many Catholics here, but am assured the number of devout persons amongst them is small. At this I am not surprised, for had we as little spiritual help in France as they have here, I think our state would be worse than theirs. No English subject is allowed to enter the Ambassador's chapel to hear Mass, and since my arrival men have been placed at the doors of all the chapels, even at those of the Queen's entrance, to arrest any Englishman who might be seen entering. There are indeed many Frenchmen in the town, but it is now a year since they have received any instruction. We may well say that the Word of God is rarely heard in this country, and that he who comes to preach it is sure to be welcomed by many. The feast of All Saints is celebrated here ten days later than it is in France, and yesterday I therefore chose 'Paradise' as the subject of my discourse."*

This sermon, preached on the 11th of November, is the second for the feast of All Saints. In it he speaks of Heaven, the city of the blessed, where there shall be no more sin, nor any of the sorrow sin entails, neither shall there be any limit to the happiness of the saints. The exordium of this discourse, addressed to the Duchess of York, whilst simple and beautiful in style, breathes the deepest piety in every line.

* The English, in their hatred of Popery, had not then adopted the reformed Calendar. Since then they, with all the nations of Christendom, have done so, Russia excepted.

"Well, Madam, I am aware that in desiring me to ascend this pulpit, your Royal Highness had no other object in view than to procure for my hearers a means of sanctification ; and I assure you, in the name of the Lord Jesus, that in obeying your commands none other shall be my aim.

"But however praiseworthy may have been the intentions of your Royal Highness, however determined I may be to second them, I could hope but for little result from my labours did I not possess for them the support of your example. Indifferent Christians may indeed, under all circumstances, find excuses for the neglect of their duties, but can they be indifferent to the example of a Princess who in the very flower of her age, in a rank of life to which it is too often supposed everything is permissible, openly declares herself on the side of piety and daily observes its practices with zealous exactness.

"I will add, Madam, that before one who is herself irreproachable, I shall not be under the restraints which prudence so often dictates to those speaking in the presence of princes whose lives are not blameless. There is no vice which I shall not essay to combat, since there is none your own conduct does not condemn, and I shall be able to raise my voice, with whatever power God may inspire me, against the evils of our age, and no one will imagine my attacks directed against your Royal Highness. Thus, Madam, the Word of God will have free course in your presence, and there will be no occasion to gloss over before you the sinners' wounds which indeed will appear more hideous when contrasted with your purity."

The simple yet noble style of the preacher may be seen in this passage. His manner is grave, and, though simple, correct and dignified, the sentences well turned, and an apostolic eloquence animates the whole discourse. We are in the presence of one wholly given to God and the saving of souls for Him.

In the above address to the Duchess of York he had,

as it were, announced his programme, which he carried out with scrupulous fidelity. His eulogy of the Duchess was indeed strictly true. That she was sincerely devout, Father de la Colombière was in a position to judge, and he speaks of her as follows in a letter to one of the nuns of the Visitation.

"The Duchess of York is a Princess of the deepest piety. She communicates weekly, and sometimes oftener, spending every day half an hour in mental prayer. Her dream is to found a convent of your Order in Flanders for English girls."*

It was Father de la Colombière himself who had inspired her with this great admiration for the Daughters of the Visitation, springing from his own respect and devotion for St. Francis de Sales. From her pious director she also imbibed a special adoration for the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and we shall find her in 1677 soliciting the Holy See for the institution of the feast of the Sacred Heart. The sermon from which we have quoted above was the first of a series preached on all Sundays and festivals, as also during two Lenten missions by Father de la Colombière in the Chapel Royal at St. James', which proved too small to contain the number of his hearers. Even Protestants braved the dangers of discovery and imprisonment to listen to these admirable discourses, of whose fruits we shall presently speak.

Undisturbed by the eulogiums called forth by his eloquence and piety, the saintly Father never lost his humility. It was not in vain that in his long retreat he had adopted for himself this motto: *Absit mihi vel gloriari vel lætari nisi in Cruce Domini nostri Jesu Christi*—"Far

* The Duchess of York retained her affectionate esteem for the Order of the Visitation after she became Queen of England. In passing through France with her husband the King, in 1701, she paid four visits to the Convent of St. Mary at Moulins, when she held the Superior long in conversation. She gave a striking testimony of her attachment to this Order by choosing the Convent of Chaillot, near Paris, in which to make a religious retreat, "where in the practice of the severest virtue she gained for herself that crown which is the reward of holiness, and of which it was not in the power of man's injustice to deprive her."

be it from me either to glory, or to rejoice, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." He received compliments with such icy coldness that few after a time dared address such unpalatable matter to him.

Little did it affect him whether his hearers admired his eloquence or not: his object was the saving of their souls at any price. The deplorable spiritual desolation of the English Catholics, the sight of these sheep without a shepherd, perishing for want of help, wrung his heart, and often did he bemoan their state before his God.

"If the Catholics of this country," he wrote, "possessed but half the religious privileges which abound in France, there would be found amongst them many saints. But it is terrible to see the way they are persecuted, and the few helps to devotion they can obtain. Without spiritual instruction, and forbidden to hear Mass, can we wonder they are not more fervent. It is indeed a sadly desolate Church, and it seems to me that the prayers of the faithful could not be better employed than in supplicating the religious revival of this kingdom."

He entreats the prayers of the conventual establishments, and of the private persons to whom he writes, for the conversion of England, thus beginning that crusade of ceaseless supplication for this country of which we in our day reap the reward in the flourishing state of Catholicism in Great Britain.

Nor was the destitution of religious privileges the only cause of the low ebb to which piety had fallen, for the frightful corruption of manners contributed largely to this deplorable state of things. Public scandals and disorders were common, and after ten months' residence in London, he thus writes to his brother Humbert:

"In the midst of the general depravity which heresy has wrought in this town, I find amongst the inhabitants much fervour, nobility of character, and abundant harvest ripe for the sickle and ready to the hand which God shall appoint to gather it. I serve a Princess pious in every

sense of the word, gentle, amiable, and an example of all that is good. For myself, I am as little troubled by the excitements of the Court as if I were in a desert."

It required the greatest self-command to maintain a calm and peaceful heart in the midst of the religious and political struggles which were then so violently agitating the minds of men. He dwelt, however, in an atmosphere above the tumults of earth, and his energies found vent in a double field of action—his own heart and the exercise of his ministry. But he maintained this attitude at the expense of his strength, which was wearing rapidly, and after the Lent of 1677 he felt the first symptoms of that consuming malady of which he was to be the victim. This failure in his health he attributed to the effects of climate and severe work.

"It is true," he writes, "that my chest, which I had always looked on as my strong point, gives me some inconvenience, but it appears that many people in this country are troubled in the same way, from the pernicious use of stone coal, which is commonly burnt in the grates. I have, however, suffered from it but little as yet, and suspect that over-study is the more probable cause of my illness."

In these last words he hints at the true cause of the failure in his health, viz., his sedentary occupations, his life of prayer, his arduous studies, and constant mortification of the flesh.

As he was anxious there should be no interruption in his ministerial work, he determined to devote his time to the preparation of his sermons for the ensuing year. He thought he should do well in saving himself more by giving up the plan of writing them out in full. "I shall not have to work so hard," he said; "shall have more time to devote to the souls whom GOD has placed under my charge, and it may be that the Lord will vouchsafe a double blessing on discourses in which human eloquence plays a minor part."

This arrangement doubtless afforded him some relief, but there yet remained a permanent cause of weakness in his laborious duties of the study and the confessional, and fatigue in his struggle to establish the supremacy of grace in his heart and in his apostolic grief at witnessing the triumphs of error. How grievous was the trial to live in a country where God in the Blessed Sacrament was exposed to every outrage, and where, to the great detriment and sorrow of the faithful, it was necessary to seek other veils for the Sacrament of the Altar than those in which it has pleased God voluntarily and ordinarily to shroud Himself. Truly could he say with the Apostle, *Quoniam tristitia mihi magna est et continuus dolor cordi meo*—"I have great sorrow and continual sadness in my heart."* He strove to console himself by redoubling his own devotions, remaining as long as he possibly could at the foot of the altar. How would he have rejoiced to bring home to the Saviour that multitude of prodigal children and reveal to them the wonders and mercies of the adorable Heart? To such as confided to him the direction of their souls he failed not to inspire a love for this Devotion, nor could he restrain himself in the pulpit from speaking of the Heart of Jesus. On one occasion when preaching, he exclaimed, "What wilt Thou do, O Lord, to overcome this obstinate insensibility? The Fathers of the Church tell us that Thou hast exhausted Thyself in this mystery of love; if the sacred contact of Thy body cannot break the fatal spell which binds us to sin, what success can we hope for from any other remedy? I can see in such our evil plight but one resource. Give us, O my God, a new heart, pure and tender, neither of marble nor of bronze, a heart in all things like to Thine. Give us, in fine, O Jesus, Thine own Heart. Come, O sweet Heart of Jesus, to my breast, and there if it be possible illumine a fire of love which shall burn with the ardent devotion I would pay to my Saviour and my God.

* Romans ix. 2.

“Come, O Sacred Heart, and love the Blessed Saviour in me, even as Thou didst love me in Him. May I live in Him and for Him, so that at the last I may live with Him for ever and ever.”

Father de la Colombière lived indeed in intimate union with the Heart of Jesus. It was from that sanctuary of grace that he drew his power to touch the souls of men, and for himself the strength to attain unto perfection.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROGRESS OF FATHER DE LA COLOMBIERE IN THE PATH OF PERFECTION. HIS RELATIONS WITH BLESSED MARGARET MARY (1677-8).

MULTIFARIOUS as were the occupations of Father de la Colombière at this time, he never for a moment lost sight of the all important work of his personal sanctification. It was from two principal sources that he drew the strength to maintain his spiritual vigour in climbing the high hill of Christian perfection. The first of these was the scrupulous observance of his rule, to which he was as faithful in the Palace of St. James as in the house at Lyons. “The exact observance of rule,” he was accustomed to say, “is itself a source of benediction, in it consists my greatest treasure, and from it I derive such infinite good that did I find myself alone in a desert island, I should be content, deprived of all beside, were God to leave me a faithful obedience to my rule. O holy precepts and obligations, happy the soul who has learnt to observe and love you.” At another time he said, “How good God has been to give us rules for our daily conduct, and how blind are we when, departing from His law, we fancy we can find for ourselves a better. Believe me, our real happiness consists in the careful study and observance of His minutest precepts. Undisciplined hearts, thinking to be a law unto themselves, find the commandments of

God an unsupportable yoke, but to those who have tried it there is in the very act of obedience a hidden treasure, an abundance of peace, and when the law of God is kept in love, liberty a thousand times sweeter than the hollow treasures of the world."

Father de la Colombière speaks on these points with so much warmth and earnestness that we are persuaded he had practised what he so strongly commended, and had an experimental knowledge of the happiness which the faithful observance of rule and fulfilment of his vows brings to the mind of the religious.

We have seen with what ardour Father de la Colombière embraced the obligations of his Order. The sensitiveness of his conscience, and the purity of his soul, are our guarantee for the fidelity with which he kept them.

The second source whence he obtained strength for his apostolic mission, and for that warfare of which sanctification is the aim, was his devotion to the Heart of Jesus. Happy in his consecration to that source of every grace, his love for It was of daily growth, as was also his anxiety that others should know and worship It. He himself was full of spiritual gifts, and stood amazed at the abundance of grace vouchsafed him. He did not forget how wonderfully God had blessed his labours at Paray, and this remembrance was of infinite encouragement to him.

During the retreat of 1677 he made a thorough examination and exposition of the state of his soul, and from the papers he has left we can distinctly trace the workings of the Spirit within him at that time. He begins his diagnosis with the remark that his frame of mind is much altered from what it was in years past. Heretofore the prospect of being exposed to the temptations incident to an active life had filled him with alarm; but now, this fear dispelled, he felt himself called on to labour without reserve for the sanctification of souls.

He recognized with gratitude that his thirst for human applause had greatly decreased. Worldly success had lost

much of its attraction for him, and he finds himself far less affected than formerly by the praise and opinions of men. The fear of falling into such snares had hitherto opposed and silenced him, greatly interfering with his usefulness; but from these trials he now feels himself happily freed.

He relates a conversation which he had with a pious person on this subject. He gives no name, but it is easy to see to whom he refers. This person told him that whilst she was in prayer on his behalf, our Lord had assured her that the soul of Father de la Colombière was peculiarly dear to Him, and an object of His special solicitude. "Alas," replied he, "how can such be the case, when I am conscious of being so miserable a sinner, ever seeking the applause of men, and full of human respect!" "O my Father," she exclaimed, "be assured the feelings of which you complain have not their origin in your breast." This answer consoled him, and dwelling less on the temptations, they became feebler and weaker in their attacks.

One of his greatest helps in the arduous work around him lay in the remembrance of the words which Blessed Margaret Mary had written on his behalf at the moment of his quitting France. This is the document as it stands before us.

1. "Father de la Colombière's particular gift is that of leading souls to God; and seeing this, the devils will do their best to frustrate him. Some even in the cloister will be inimical to him, and misunderstand his teachings, but under these crosses the goodness of the Lord, which shall be in proportion to his faith, will be his sufficient stay.

2. "For all sinners Father de la Colombière must have an infinite compassion, only resorting to severe measures when specially advised thereto by God.

3. "Let him have a particular care not to accept of the good things of this world from any source. This

brief recommendation is pregnant with meaning which God will discover to him as he is fit to receive it."

Without being able fully to interpret this epistle, enigmatical as is all relating to the future, Father de la Colombière kept it with assiduous care, and little by little as his life unrolled itself the value of its intimations was developed. To this he alludes in the journal kept during his retreat, and even more clearly still in a letter to Mother Saumaise, as follows :

"London, February 7th, 1677.—You will be interested to learn that on looking at the note you put into my hands at parting, I found it contained a revelation in almost every word. It was, however, only after a retreat of ten days that its meaning was imparted to me. I can truly say that in it our Lord omitted nothing which I could require, indeed it contained a remedy for every ill. All which was predicted in it has been accomplished, save the persecution alluded to in the first paragraph as about to come upon me through a person dedicated to God. As to those spoken of in the same passage with which the devil is to vex me, there are few with which I have not already been assaulted by him. The second and third articles were of the greatest value for my repose of mind and the sanctification of my soul. At first, and indeed for three months, I believed the advice they contained was of general application to the whole course of my life, but by degrees I perceived its special application to present events and its immediate use in frustrating certain intentions and plans which troubled me much and were clearly opposed to the Divine will. The last injunction, which I had never been able to understand, revealed itself to me all in a moment, and nothing could be clearer than it now seemed."

On the fifth day of his retreat the words, which may be literally rendered, "Let him have a particular care not to take good from its source," were explained to mean that God asked of him the sacrifice of a pension he was

in receipt of from his family, and which would apparently be of much use to him in the circumstances under which he was placed. A special vow had already applied this money so strictly to a particular object that he had been obliged to refuse to buy an English watch for his brother, not being, as he said, at liberty to dispose of anything he possessed in a way to gratify himself. And yet, notwithstanding this obligation, the very act of receiving a pension seemed to him in some degree out of keeping with the complete poverty he had sworn to observe. It was now God's will that he should be stripped of all earthly goods, and the holy man, following the Divine inspiration, willingly abandoned his pension and thought himself happy to have been able to discern the teachings of the Spirit in this particular. "Time would fail me to tell all the treasures and riches I discovered in this memorandum," he writes. "All I can say is, that if this is the work of the Evil One, he must be very blind to his own interests, since it has afforded me such great assistance against his attacks, that I can compare its effects to nought but the operations of the Divine Spirit."

On the sixth day of the retreat, meditating on the vow he had made faithfully to observe his rule, he thanks God, Who had inspired him with this resolve, which he now renews with all the powers of his mind. On the last day a most holy confidence took possession of his soul, filling him with the most intense joy, and looking at Margaret Mary's words, and perceiving that the Lord therein promises to be his strength in proportion to his confidence, he exclaims, "Thou, O my God, wilt be my strength, my guide, my director; to me Thou wilt give counsel, patience, knowledge, peace, wisdom, and prudence. To Thee shall I fly in temptation, in weakness, in sorrow, in vexations, in alarms, or rather henceforth I shall no more fear either the assaults of the devil, my own weakness, or even my own self-confidence. Thou, my God, hast promised to be my strength in proportion to my trust in

Thee; how great then is Thy goodness, Who in view of this condition dost increase my faith. As the result of this retreat, he obtained greater zeal and power of self-sacrifice; his love for Jesus, his chief and model, was strengthened, he vows to adore the Blessed Eucharist with an ever-increasing devotion, and to promote with all his powers the veneration of the Sacred Heart.

He then gives in detail the memorable revelation Sister Margaret Mary communicated to him at Paray, which our readers will not have forgotten, and concludes the retreat by an unreserved surrender to the Heart of Jesus of his whole being and of all the acts of virtue and good works which may be his till the day of his death. "O holy Heart of Jesus," he cries, "give me complete forgetfulness of self, since without that I cannot attain to Thee, and as for the future I would have all my words and deeds to be Thine: prevent me from such as are unworthy of Thee. Teach me how to acquire that purity of heart for which Thou hast given me so great a longing. My heart burns with desire to serve Thee, but it is not possible for me to do so without such light and help as I can obtain from Thee alone. Fulfil Thy will, O Lord, in me. That my will is often in opposition to Thine, I know only too well; but at least this opposition is hateful to me. Thou, my beloved Lord, canst do all things. If I become a saint, to Thee be all the praise. It is as clear to me as the day that, my sanctification being Thy work, to Thee alone can be all the praise, and for that end alone do I desire it. Amen." And thus it came to pass that that entire devotion of himself to God which for so long had seemed to him beyond his powers, now appeared to be within his reach. He began to discern wherein consists the perfection of a soul dedicated to God, and a hope that, with the assistance of Divine grace, he might some day attain thereto dawned upon his heart. He began to feel the liberty which the weakening of the bands of sin confers on the devout soul, and to know how preferable is the

service of the King of kings to that of any of the princes of earth, and again we find him renewing his vow to labour in the service of the Sacred Heart.

Father de la Colombière had made at this period striking progress in the ways of holiness. The feelings and resolutions which accompanied this retreat were far in advance of those he had experienced on previous occasions. He had been haunted by fears lest his strength would not suffice for the long continued struggle of the spirit against the flesh, and harassed by the increasing vigilance necessary to resist the attacks of vainglory to which he was subject. To live in the midst of worldly surroundings a prey to many diverse influences had appeared to him incompatible with a recollected frame of mind, and oppressed by such thoughts, he had despairingly exclaimed, "O life, how can I endure thee!" But now this phase of depression is past. The Lord Jesus had made this heart, so freely given to Him, to overflow with Divine love, and at the same time had strengthened it against the seductions of self. Thanks to the teachings which God, through the mouth of His faithful servant, had given him, Father de la Colombière had sought in the Heart of Jesus strength which had raised him above the weaknesses of the flesh; and now, freed from former fears and casting aside pusillanimous doubts, he presses courageously forward in the path of duty.

May those followers of the Apostle who, like Father de la Colombière, labour for the salvation of souls, learn from him that if they would succeed in the great work before them, they must begin by enthroning the Lord Jesus without a rival in their own hearts: then will they have part in the glorious riches of the Divine Heart, and bring many others under Its sweet and holy influence.

From henceforth Father de la Colombière is ready to undertake and suffer all for the glory of God. To the most active zeal he unites the recollectedness of a soul to whom its Master is always present. Blessed Margaret

Mary ceases not to pray for him and to send him the inspired counsels wherein he found special guidance for his conduct at this time. For as we have seen, the prophetic note he received on leaving France, not only foretold his future, but instructed him how to meet it.

Father de la Colombière had been warned to expect persecution from a person dedicated to the service of God, and in truth certain criticisms which were propagated at this time hostile to his preaching, were a great trial to him. Had he given cause for this attack? We are sure he had not, for we are in possession of all the sermons he preached in England, and in matters of doctrine they are irreproachable.

Having so often profited by Blessed Margaret Mary's advice, Father de la Colombière failed not at this trying time to beg from her fresh instructions, through the medium of her Superior.

The 20th of November he writes from London: "The Enfants de Marie are not to be met with here, much less the disciples of Sister Alacoque; but God is amongst us in all places, and to those who seek Him He is not less accessible in London than at Paray. I render Him my humble thanks for keeping me in the remembrance of that holy nun, to whose prayers I doubt not my being indebted for much grace. I shall endeavour to make good use of the advice you send, above all of that which you tell me was communicated to you in your last retreat."

London, May 3rd, 1677: "I rejoice with Sister Alacoque in the sacrifice she has been able to make to our Lord, and at the signal blessings with which He has marked its acceptance. I think I completely understand her last note, with the exception of the final expression, 'without reserve,' words of such vast dimensions that I greatly fear my powers may not be equal to their demands."

London, November 25th, 1677: "Sister Alacoque's letter has much encouraged me, and set at rest a thousand

misgivings which have lately assaulted me. As to her request, I am greatly troubled about it, and know not what answer to make. I am not inspired of God as she is, and find it difficult to advise her. However, to content her humility, I will endeavour to write to her to-day. What refreshing news you give me of that dear Sister; how good is God in all His saints. I scarcely know how to sympathize with her in her sorrow, for indeed the corrections that come to us from God seem to me a thousand times sweeter than caresses received from man."

London, April 30th, 1678: "I very cordially thank you for Sister Alacoque's letter. I will write her an answer, which if you think well you can give her, or do otherwise as you shall judge best. I am greatly edified by what she writes me, and so convinced of the truth of the revelations she receives, both as to things past and present, that I can no longer call them matters of faith."

London, May 9th, 1678: "According to the advice of Sister Alacoque, I place the result of my labours in the hands of God, Who will give me such success as He pleases. She has sent me two or three instructions which are the rules and happiness of my life. Blessed be God, Who deigns to enlighten us poor benighted ones through the instrumentality of those to whom He is revealed."

London: "Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to reply to our holy Sister Alacoque's really valuable letter; but I feel myself most incapable of instructing her, and so greatly fear breaking in upon her meditations, that I dare not follow my inclinations in this matter. To me she seems so truly taught and enlightened from above, that I feel convinced God reveals Himself to her in some special manner. She speaks of the fresh sacrifice our Lord has asked in demanding of her a care of her bodily health. This is, I believe, a sacrifice more acceptable to God than many prayers, in that it entails a greater humility."

London, June 27th, 1678: "Sister Alacoque's letter

has filled me with confusion, but no words can express how opportune was its arrival. Had my heart been laid open before her, she could not have written more to the point. I know not well how to answer her, but pray the Lord to inspire me."

The above quotations, though perchance they may appear to our readers a little long, seem to us full of interest. They initiate us in the relations existing between these holy souls, and the mutual esteem in which each was held by the other. These letters give the truest picture of Father de la Colombière. In them are portrayed his humility, his self-distrust, his aptitude for attaining the highest good, and his devout appreciation of the virtues and inspirations of the Blessed Margaret Mary. She, on her part, ceased not to crave the guidance of him whom God had appointed her director, and from what we now know of his character we may form some idea of the wisdom, prudence, and supernatural discernment with which he watched over his spiritual daughter.

In the succeeding pages we shall see him earnestly devoting himself to yet more arduous labours, and endowed by the Sacred Heart of Jesus with the most wonderful success in his apostolate.

Conversion.

IN mist the valley shrouded lay,
 As in the days of youth
 I wandered onward crying still,
 O tell me, what is Truth ?

Worthless to me all outward rites,
 All human guides a snare :
 Each for himself should mould his creed
 By study and by prayer !

(And all the while, mid phantom lights,
 That led my soul astray,
 My Angel, walking at my side,
 Had taught my heart to pray.)

Years passed, dark pride and passion left
 On each their hateful stain,
 Until my soul for penance cried
 As parched earth cries for rain.

I saw a rocky narrow path
 Lead up a mountain height ;
 I climbed on high with weary feet—
 The Angel's smile was bright.

He gently raised me when I fell,
 And soothed my fears away ;
 Well did he know a fairer path
 Awaited me one day.

He scattered flowers here and there,
 To tempt my feet to climb
 To where shone bright and pure above
 Each snow-clad peak sublime.

At times I reached a grassy nook
 Or cave, where I could rest,
 And there in peaceful calm awhile
 My trembling soul was blest.

But soon a fearful avalanche
Would rend the rocks in twain,
Or sudden mountain-storm arise
And drive me forth again.

And then my Angel guard I saw
With pilgrim staff in hand,
And up the rocky mountain side
I pressed, at his command.

At length, one day I reached the peak
Where in the sun it rose ;
The mists of earth beneath me lay.
May I not yet repose ?

Was it my Angel's whisper ? or
The yearning of my breast ?
"Thou hast not found the Truth of God :
Pursue, pursue thy quest."

With trembling steps I started down
The mountain's frozen slope :
Beneath, a yawning precipice ;
Above, the star of Hope.

A night-mist from the valley hid
The pathway from my sight,
My Angel gently took my hand
And led me through the night.

And when the freshened morning breeze
Had cleared the mists away,
A sudden turn the pathway took,
And lo, a vision lay

Before me. In the dawning light
Fair shone eternal Rome.
My Angel spake with smiling eyes,
"Behold, at last, thy home !

"This is the answer to thy prayer,
The land where wanderings cease ;
The true Jerusalem of God—
The City of His peace,

The blest abode of Truth Divine,
Here may thy spirit rest.
Come, little wanderer, lay thy head
Upon thy Mother's breast."

S. A. W.

Three Bishops of Acanthus.

III.

As formerly the journey to Hong Kong and the peaceful apostolate of Hoang-Nguyen, so now the terrors of persecution again united the two friends Venard and Theurel. What they once admired and longed for in the Hall of Martyrs was soon to fall to their share. Immediately after the dissolution of the Hoang-Nguyen College they were received by a heathen who took them in, thinking them to be Annamite priests. Two days and nights they spent here, when they received a warning and fled, and directly after their place of shelter was entered by the heathen overseer.

"I write to you from Tongkin," says M. Venard to a friend, on the 10th of May, 1860, "from a little hiding-place which no ray of light has ever penetrated, in which the door, which leans slightly, serves as a window, and just gives enough light to read a letter or write a few lines with difficulty. When the dog barks or a stranger passes I close the door, and make ready to rush into a hole made in a corner of my hiding-place. Three months I have passed here, and before that I dwelt in similar places, either alone or with my friend Theurel, who has since been made coadjutor of our Vicar-Apostolic, or with another confrère. What an enviable lot! Three missionaries, one of them a bishop, buried day and night in a room a few metres above the ground; a little dim light reaches us through three holes about the size of a finger, which our old woman keeps half-covered from without with bundles of straw. (The hiding-place was in the hut of an old

Christian woman.) Should we be threatened with pursuit here, do not fancy our means of escape are at an end. Under our feet is a hole which one of our catechists made in two or three nights by torchlight. In this place are three bamboo canes, which reach to the edge of a neighbouring pond, and bring us air. This catechist has built two similar places in the village, besides several between walls."

As the missionaries constantly stole out at night to fulfil their priestly duties, their hiding-place could not long escape the sharp eyes of the enemy. It became the turn of the missionaries of West Tongkin to seal with their blood their apostolic zeal. The first to fall into the hands of the heathens was Père Néron, the first Superior of the Annamite College of Ki-Vinh. Twice already, in 1854 and 1858, he had been imprisoned and released, but now nothing could be done to save him. One who had formerly been a Christian acted towards him the part of Judas, and called him out of his house at night. Recognizing his voice, the missionary, fearing no evil, came out, and was struck to the ground by a blow. He was then taken away in a boat before the Christians could help him. As if he had been one of the worst of criminals, Père Néron was shut up in a cage, tried according to the Annamite forms, and ill-treated with blows. Not a word of complaint did his sufferings draw from him. During the three months he spent in the cage he astonished both the judge and the officers by the unmoved serenity of his soul, and his unconquerable firmness. Deeply absorbed in God, he was once twenty-one days without food, and the mandarin, who could not understand how the confessor could survive so prolonged a fast, explained it by saying he had become a living Buddha. Père Néron was beheaded on the 3rd of November, 1860, his head exposed three days on the scaffold, and then thrown into the river.

In the meantime M. Venard escaped to a heathen village, where, as well as he could, he preached the Christian

religion. He was heard willingly, but his hearers wished to put off conversion until the end of the persecution. Finding that the overseer of the village watched him as his prisoner, the missionary fled to Ké-Beo, a Christian village, where, however, there was a complete mixture of all kinds of superstition. Here he had enough to do. The missionary did not regret remaining here until the light of faith revived and morals were improved. The village soon changed its aspect, and it was to M. Venard a consolation all the greater, as in the actual troubles he could not elsewhere have found so fruitful a field for his labours. After a month had elapsed he went on to Kim-Bang, the most famous place for refuge during the thirty years' persecution. Scarcely, however, had he begun his work here than Mgr. Jeantel, the Vicar-General, came to But-Son, in the neighbourhood. M. Venard thought it right to give up to him the safer place of refuge, and went himself to But-Dong. He passed on his way through Ké-Beo to confirm the good his former visit had effected, but could not remain long, as his hiding-place was known.

On the 30th of November five or six boats, manned with about twenty sailors, surrounded his dwelling. As it was at the end of the village near the fields, and the country was all inundated, escape was impossible. At the head of this expedition was the overseer of the neighbouring district, Cai-Do. He left the boats at a little distance, and broke into the house with five or six men. "Bring out the European priest," he cried out. The missionary had hidden himself in a place contrived within two walls. Khang, the catechist, who had not time to fly, went boldly to meet the pursuers, hoping to deter them by a trick from any further search. "I live here," he said, "and only lately came; if you will spare me I shall be thankful, but if you want to take me I will give myself up." The overseer gave a sign that he was to be seized, and went himself straight to M. Venard's hiding-place, drove it in with his foot, dragged out M. Venard, and carried him off

to the boat. Before the inhabitants had an idea of what was occurring the boats had disappeared, and gone off with their booty to Do.

As usual, the motive for the seizure of the missionary was the hope of reward. The two prisoners were therefore at once conducted to the Sub-Prefecture, Venard in a cage, Khang with the kango on his neck. As he did not wish to come across the overseer of Ké-Beo, his son-in-law, nor to share with him the reward, he was careful not to say a word about Ké-Beo, but merely told the Sub-Prefect that he had fallen in with these men in the country, and was going to give them up to the mandarin.

He, however, did not at all rejoice over this capture. Like Pontius Pilate he loudly protested that he had nothing whatever to do with the hateful business, and only received the prisoners because he was obliged. Towards M. Venard he was especially friendly, and instead of the small bamboo cage in which he was confined, had one made for him of wood, in which he could stand and lie down comfortably, and changed his chain for one much lighter. The mandarin went so far as to invite his prisoner, as if he had been free, to his audience-hall, and entertain him as a guest. A detachment of soldiers with some officers had been sent from Ketscho, the capital of Tongkin, to strengthen the guard over the prisoners. The under-Prefect sent them to the head mandarin of the city, with a report confirming what had been stated by the overseer of Do. This last accompanied them to Ketscho, though the mandarins well knew the lies he had told, and had laid a fine on the village of Ké-Beo for concealing the missionaries.

The confessor of Christ wrote to his family the following account of his arrival at Ketscho, and his examination on the 2nd of January, 1861 :—

“Two days ago I arrived at Ketscho, the old city of the Kings of Tongkin, and sat quietly in my cage, borne by eight soldiers, amidst a great crowd. I heard remarks

made upon me: 'How pleasant this European looks;' 'he is as gay as if he was going to a feast;' 'he does not seem afraid;' 'he has done no harm;' 'he came to Annam only to do good, yet they will kill him, and others also.'

"We passed through the eastern gate into the citadel, and I was carried into the high court of justice. My catechist Khang walked behind my cage, the kango on his neck. I begged the Holy Ghost to strengthen him and me, and according to His promise to put words into our mouths. I also invoked the Queen of Martyrs, intreating her to help the lowliest of her servants.

"The judge first offered me a cup of tea, which I accepted; he then began the examination:

"'Where do you come from?'

"'From the West,' I answered, 'from the country called France.'

"'And what brought you to Annam?'

"'I came solely to teach the true religion to those who do not know it.'

"'How old are you?'

"'Thirty-one.'

"'He is very young still,' the judge said to himself, in a sympathizing tone, then continued:

"'Who sent you here?'

"'Neither the King nor the Governor of France sent me. Of my own free will I wished to preach to the heathens, and my Superiors chose Annam as the field of my labours.'

"Do you know the Bishop Lieu.' (This was the name given to Mgr. Rétord in the Annamite language.)

"'Yes, I know him.'

"'Why did the Bishop Lieu send letters to the rebels to enlist the Christians as soldiers?'

"'May I ask the mandarin where he got this information?'

"'The Prefect of Nam Digne wrote it to us.'

"'Well, I assure you it is not true. The Bishop is far

too wise to do so foolish a thing, and if such letters have been found they are forgeries. I have seen a circular from the Bishop to his priests, which forbade the following of the rebels, and declared that he would rather die than stain his Cross with blood.'

"'And who sent the soldiers who have taken Turanne and Saigon? Why do they bring war into this country?'

"'Mandarin, I have heard that there is war, but I have nothing to do with these European soldiers, so I cannot answer your question.'

"Then the Prefect arrived. Scarcely had he taken his seat than he cried out in a loud voice :—

"'Ah! head of the Christian religion! Thou hast a knowing face! Thou knowest well that the Annamite laws forbid the entrance of Europeans into the kingdom. Why dost thou come here to be killed? Thou hast brought the European ships to make war upon us. Is it not true? Thou must confess, or thou wilt be put to torture.'

"'Great Mandarin, you ask me two questions. To the first I answer, that I am an ambassador from Heaven, to teach the true religion to those who know it not, in any place or any kingdom. We respect the authority of kings on earth, but much more that of the King of Heaven. To the second question I reply that in no way whatever have I induced the Europeans to make war on the Annamite kingdom.'

"'Art thou not afraid of death?'

"'Great Mandarin, I fear it not. I came hither to preach the true religion. I am guilty of no crime that merits death; and if Annam should kill me, gladly would I shed my blood for it.'

"'Hast thou no ill-will against those who have taken thee?'

"'None. The Christian religion teaches us to love those that hate us.'

"'Head of the Christian religion! thou must name the places that have sheltered thee.'

“Great Mandarin! you are called the Father and Mother of the people. Were I to tell this, I should cause much sorrow and the people would suffer. Judge yourself whether this would be right.’

“‘Tread the Cross under foot, and thou shalt not be put to death.’

“‘What do you say? Up to this time I have preached the religion of the Cross, and would you have me now abjure it? I am not so much in love with life, that I would preserve it at the price of apostacy.’

“‘If death has such charms for thee, why didst thou hide thyself?’

“‘Great Mandarin! our religion forbids us to rely on our own strength and give ourselves up. But as God has permitted that I should be taken, I trust He will give me courage to bear all tortures and persevere until death.’

“These were the chief questions put to me, and my catechist also was examined and ordered to receive ten strokes of the bamboo. God gave him grace to be steadfast in his faith.

“Since that day I have been in my cage at the prefect’s door, guarded by a company of Cochin Chinese soldiers. Many people of all ranks visit and converse with me.”

Among his visitors there were not wanting those who abused and insulted him. Most however showed sympathy, and some whom he had reproofed for unbecoming conversation did not take it amiss and asked pardon for their fault. The Christians visited him also, and by their devotedness contrived to put him in communication with the Bishops Jeantel and Theurel and the other missionaries, to obtain for him the blessings of the Sacraments, and to forward letters for him to his family. Mgr. Theurel lived with the French missionaries, the nearest to Ketscho, and received the surest and earliest news of the confessors. He arranged a regular correspondence, and found a trustworthy medium in Huang Moï, a brave soldier, devoted to Christ, and his Bishop, whom he had already at his own risk kept hidden

in his house for two months. The better to help the missionaries, he had attached to himself the servants and officers of the Mandarin of Justice, among whom he was a Chief of Patrol. Through him the Bishop received a note dated December 28th, 1860 :

“Four days ago the mandarins announced my capture in the chief city, but added nothing about punishment. I am allowed to write my examination and I copy it with Khang, my catechist. It compromises no one. I have a presentiment that I shall go to the head city. I am well treated. The soldiers are good people. But I am at the entrance of the courts of justice, which makes it difficult to write. The great Mandarin gives six sous a day for my support. I am fairly well and my heart is calm, like an untroubled sea or a clear sky. I am not afraid. The Mandarin of Nam-Xang, who greatly persecuted the Christians, has been to visit me. I told him that Jesus was stronger than he, that he would fight against Him in vain, and that he, like so many others, would be conquered by Jesus Christ. The officer Tu, who, in 1859, took four priests, wanted to question me about them. I told him in full court that he was carrying on a miserable trade, and that his mandarin's diploma of the 9th class, the price of the blood of four murdered priests, would fade away like the flowers of spring, an expression which caused hearty laughter. They like me and are civil : the chief Mandarin has asked me to his table.”

But this kind feeling in the Mandarin did not last, and he withdrew the trifle he had paid for the prisoner, who would have suffered from hunger, had not a fellow captive shared some rice with him. The Mandarin thought no more about him, but fortunately the Bishop heard this, and was able to give help. A Christian woman named Nghien, sister of one of the Mandarin's cooks, undertook to provide for M. Venard food and all he wanted. Through her also the sending of letters was made much easier. An Annamite priest named Khoan was at this time languishing

in the prisons of Ketscho. The Bishop at first hoped that by his means M. Venard might be able to receive the sacraments ; but as this could not be managed, he sent to him Thinh, Vicar of the parish of Ketscho.

"Huang Moi," says Mgr. Theurel in a letter to M. Venard's sister, "undertook to take this priest to the prisoner's cage. The visit took place in presence of the guard and a great crowd. Your brother acted as if he did not know Father Thinh, and said to Huang Moi : 'Who is the gentleman you have brought with you?' 'He is the Thay-Ca,' answered the soldier, an expression which to Christians would signify priest ; to heathens, 'the head of the family.' At these words Thinh felt as if all strength and courage forsook him. The soldier, who was accustomed to danger, knew how to cover the priest's evident alarm, and diverted the attention of the people by jokes. Venard left the cage and went into the garden to make his examen of conscience, and no one followed him. When he came back, Huang Moi set his wits to work to amuse those present. The Annamite priest made a show of examining the cage, spoke a few words in a low voice to the prisoner of Christ, and then drew back. After your brother had received absolution, he treated the whole company to tea, and then Thinh took his leave. He gave the Blessed Sacrament into the widow's care : she gave It in the evening to M. Venard, who enjoyed our Blessed Lord's presence until midnight, when he communicated himself."

"The priest Thinh will tell you," wrote M. Venard to Bishop Jeantel, "how I treated him with tea before the crowd. He brought me the Holy Viaticum, my Jesus ! my Lord and my God ! in my cage !"

He wrote also a farewell to his family : "It is near midnight, and spears and long staffs surround my cage. The soldiers are playing at cards and dice. From time to time the guard sounds the tam-tam and the watch signal on the drum. At a little distance a lamp casts

a flickering light, and enables me to write these few lines. I am expecting my sentence daily. Perhaps to-morrow I shall be led to death. A happy death, is it not? A holy death which leads to life. Most likely they will cut off my head : a glorious disgrace of which Heaven will be the reward. This will make you weep, dear sister, but let the tears be tears of joy. Think of your brother, the martyr's crown on his head and the palm in his hand ! Yet a short time and my soul will see the end of her exile and of her combats ! I am on my way to Heaven ! I am going home : I am about to gain the victory. I shall soon enter the abode of the elect, behold its beauties which no earthly eye has seen, and taste its joys which no heart has yet tasted ! First, however, the seed of corn must perish, the grapes be crushed. Oh, may I become bread and wine suited to the taste of our Heavenly Father ! This I hope for, through the grace of our Blessed Redeemer and the protection of His Immaculate Mother, and therefore, though not yet on the field of battle, I venture to sing the song of triumph, as if already crowned with victory. Farewell, beloved sister ! farewell !”

The sentence was delayed for a few days, but on the night between the 1st and 2nd February it arrived, unknown to M. Venard. After breakfast the next morning he took a walk in the garden, and the widow following him said : “ Father, to-day you will be executed.” He did not believe it, as he thought he should have been taken to the head city. She repeated : “ It is quite certain, Father. The elephants are ready, the soldiers are standing in ranks, and very shortly you will be led to death.” The confessor then gave credit to her words, and going back to the cage, disposed of his little possessions. Father Thinh attempted to send him Holy Communion, but was not able, as he was summoned to hear his sentence. In a suit of clothes made expressly for this happy day he went before the mandarins, and when the sentence had been pronounced, briefly answered that he had come into the country to

teach the true religion, and for that he was about to die. "We shall meet before the tribunal of God," he added to the mandarins.

The party set out and marched as far as the river, and Venard sang Latin hymns as he went. The soldiers on reaching the place of execution formed a small circle to keep back the crowd, allowing no one but the widow to be within. Peacefully and serenely he cast his eyes on the crowd, looking no doubt for Father Thinh, that he might receive the last absolution. He could not however arrive in time, and the martyr was deprived of the blessing of priestly absolution and the last farewell of his friend. He took off his sandals and gave them to the widow, and his chains were removed. The widow was now ordered off.

The executioner, who had already put four priests to death and had undertaken the office to get possession of the prisoner's clothes, asked what he would give him to despatch him quickly, but received for answer: "The longer it lasts the better." He wished to get M. Venard's clothes before they were stained with blood, and desired him to take them off. As he refused, he tried cunning, saying: "Your limbs will be cut off and then you will be quartered." Whether the missionary believed this, or what is more probable, called to mind the example of His Blessed Lord Who endured this ignominy on the Cross, he took off his clothes to his under-garments. He was then bound and tied to a bamboo post, only lightly driven into the ground. At a given sign the first blow was given, which scarcely grazed the skin, the second completely severed the head from the body. The executioner cut off one ear, and took it to the mandarin who presided. He ordered the head to be set up for three days, during which watch was to be kept, and then led his troops back. The people crowded at once to soak up the martyr's blood with paper and linen, and so great was the pressure that scarcely a blade of grass remained.

The other Annamite priests were also put to death.

Three others pined in prison. Of the European missionaries, who were in the field at the beginning of the persecution, only three remained in 1860, Mgr. Jeantel, Mgr. Theurel, and Father Saiget. All had either fallen into the power of the persecutors or had succumbed to sufferings and privations. The two Bishops narrowly escaped.

"The 14th of September," writes Mgr. Theurel, "was the most terrible day of my life. Suddenly warned of danger we had scarcely time to creep into a hole, made that evening. Soon we felt very ill, and discovered that there was no channel for air to reach us. We were in danger of suffocation. One of the catechists was unconscious, and I was almost helpless when our grave was opened." Bamboo canes were afterwards fixed, and the Bishop found there a safe retreat for many days.

Day by day the situation grew worse. In the beginning of 1862, twenty-two priests had suffered death. Nine were in prison or in the cage, some expecting execution, others dying of hunger and misery. With all his courage, Mgr. Theurel found his difficulties almost unbearable, and closed his report of the mission, in March, 1862, with the words: "Nothing more remains to be desired than blows, fetters, and the death-stroke."

The persecution had however its consoling side. In 1862 Mgr. Theurel was able to give the following statistics of the years 1858—60:

Dying heathens baptized	8,939
Heathen children bought	103
Adults baptized	231
Solemn baptisms of Christian children	1,012
Confirmed	101
Children's confessions	4,653
Adults	117,520
Communions	89,942
First Communions	1,199
Holy Viaticum given to	1,514
Extreme Unction	3,005
Marriages blessed	909

Mgr. Theurel was not allowed to see the freedom of the Annamite Church. But he saw the cessation of warfare which led to it, and the beginning of the harvest which was to spring up from so much blood and suffering. In October, 1862, most of the Christians were set free and sent back to their homes. The missionaries Charbonnier and Mathevon were freed from their cages, in which they had spent ten months. In the Christian villages Christianity again came out from its concealment, the scattered sheep flocked round their shepherds. Christians that had fallen away came in crowds to do penance. In the course of 1863 the parochial system was again established, and Mgr. Theurel busied himself about the education of the native clergy. At Easter, 1864, his Seminary, which he himself conducted, numbered 40 students, 6 of them deacons, 9 subdeacons, 10 in minor orders, and 15 tonsured. He had a Latin school with 6 classes and 110 scholars. Bishop and parish priest, director and professor of the Seminary at the same time, this indefatigable apostle laboured to make himself all to all, and to gain the highest possible degree of ecclesiastical freedom and development of the Church, when a violent attack of dysentery so weakened him, that in 1865 he was obliged to return home for a time. He resumed his labours in West Tongkin in 1866, but his shattered health could not long bear the burden of the responsibilities and duties undertaken by him in his zeal for souls. At the early age of thirty-nine he was summoned in 1868 by the Lord of the vineyard once more to meet his friend, the blessed martyr Venard, and to receive the reward of his life of labour and suffering.

A Pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

ON THE JOURNEY.

FROM the earliest ages of Christianity, pious crowds have thronged to visit and reverence the places where our dear Lord was born, lived, and suffered ; to follow the Way of the Cross in the very place, and kiss the ground, watered and sanctified by our Saviour's Blood. Not only from France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Russia these pilgrims come, but also from different parts of Palestine and Syria. They do not belong solely to that class to whom the expense is no sacrifice, but many are so poor that they must greatly deny themselves to save the cost of the journey and visit once in their lives the Holy Sepulchre, the Mount of Olives, and the Cave of Bethlehem. A missionary of Beyrut, who annually heads a pilgrimage from thence to Jerusalem, told us of the poverty of these pilgrims, and gave us as an example :

“The eldest son of a poor widow of my congregation came to me last year, when I was organizing the pilgrimage, and asked me to put his name, with those of his mother and brother on my list. I told him I never took women, and then he begged that he and his brother might be of the party, and his mother would travel by herself. As I knew their poverty, I asked how much he and his brother earned daily ? ‘A franc and a half,’ he replied. ‘How can you live on so little ?’ I asked. ‘O Father,’ was his answer, ‘my mother does nothing but pray, she fasts constantly, and wants only a small piece of bread morning and night, so we have enough.’ I then told him they were too poor, that I could not take them, they must stay at

home and work, and that when they were older and could earn more, they should go with me. The good youth, grieved by this answer, assured me he had long laboured and saved to make this pilgrimage, and put the money before me saying: 'You see, Father, we have enough. My mother has made a vow to take us to Jerusalem when we should be old enough. Let us go with you, and do not fear for our mother, she will find company. One thing only I ask for her, that she may pay no more than the others, and may receive a pass.' The pashas are so friendly, that they give free passes to my pilgrims. So earnestly did he beg, that at last I gave way. The poor woman sailed with us, followed us in our land journey, and in the visits to the holy places. From Jerusalem to Bethlehem it is a two hours' journey, from thence to the scene of the Visitation three hours, yet this good creature walked there and back barefoot, constantly saying her Rosary, though the road was full of sharp stones. I was obliged to look after her, and make her eat, or she would have fasted the whole time into the bargain. I found out that she had carried four hundred pitchers of water on her shoulders a considerable distance to get the money for the journey. How great will she one day be, before the tribunal of God, and compared with her, how little will appear many of the fine ladies of this world!"

Our ship landed at the same city to which the poor mother and her sons had come. First, we saw in the distance a range of bluish hills, then a yellow strand, and lastly an ancient city, the houses of which, in irregular lines, mounted in steps up the hill. The towers and fortresses looked down grimly on the half-ruined houses, and north of the city palm trees and flower gardens rejoiced the eye. As the sea is often rough and many rocky islands lie about the harbour, it is difficult and sometimes impossible to approach the city until the sea is calm. Our steamboat waited outside a quarter of an hour and showed its flag. Then came a crowd of boats,

manned with Arabs and Turks, who fell upon us and our luggage, determined to convey us to the city and get something out of us. Such a confusion of cries ensued as was deafening, and the noise did not cease when we got on board. We were glad indeed to land, for these people think the Christians come to this dear country only to give them drink-money.

This is the city of Jaffa or Joppe, in which St. Peter once dwelt, and had that vision in which it was made known to him, that no difficulty lay in the way of the conversion of the Centurion Cornelius and the other heathens, but that they could be received into the Church like the converted Jews. But the city is yet more ancient, for it was built by the earliest navigators of the Mediterranean, the Phœnicians. Here were shipped the cedars of Lebanon sent by King Hiram to Solomon, for building the Temple. Here the Prophet Jonas sailed for Tarsus. No wonder that the city makes no great appearance, for the houses are all old and tumble-down, and in rainy weather one must jump from stone to stone in the narrow street that leads to it. It has seen great changes, and has been destroyed and rebuilt by Romans, Crusaders, and Turks, and lastly in 1799 by the French, under Kleber.

We make our way to the good Franciscan Fathers, whose monastery crowns the hill, and who have been here since 1654, as they show hospitality to the pilgrims. Each of us has a little room, not much larger than a Capuchin's cell. In front of the house, from the flat roof, is a magnificent view over the sea. Near the monastery is a school where sixty boys are educated. The girls went to the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who have a school and an orphanage with one hundred and seventy little children. These good Sisters also purchase slave children, whom they send to France, where they receive a Christian education. Bible history is not difficult to these children, as much of it has occurred in this neighbourhood. The house was shown us where the holy Apostle Peter had the

wonderful vision of the cloth and the clean and unclean animals, and that in which he raised from the dead the good and pious Tabitha, also the plain of Sharon, which lies by the sea, north of the city where Samson fought the Philistines. Here grows the lovely rose of Sharon, branches of which the children gather to ornament the picture of the Mother of God, who is here called, not Mary, but Maryam, as was the original name. Besides the Latin Catholics, of whom there are in Jaffa 500, there are also 50 Marionites, and 375 Greek Catholics, who all greatly honour our Blessed Mother. The other inhabitants are chiefly Mahometans.

Now for Jerusalem :

"A land flowing with milk and honey" used the country to be called, and when at first we reach it from Jaffa it seems still to deserve the name. Hedges of cactus divide a path between beautiful gardens, where flourish oranges, lemons, and pomegranates ; then we come to fields and meadows with olive trees, wild figs, and cypresses. Soon, however, this comes to an end, the country becomes monotonous and sandy, and only in the neighbourhood of villages and towns are we refreshed by the sight of groups of olive and other trees. The first of these places is the village of Ludd, formerly called Lydda. The ruins of a beautiful Gothic church remind us of the Crusaders, who, eight hundred years ago, recovered the holy sepulchre. Next we reach Ramle, the tower of which commands a view of the whole landscape, and can be seen from Ludd. Here in former times must have stood Arimathea and the castle of the brave Councillor Joseph, who took down the Body of Christ and placed it in the tomb which he had made for himself and his family. Already out of the 3,000 inhabitants there are 1,000 Christians, most of them Greeks. There are also 50 Latin Catholics, and a spacious convent, where the pilgrims and other travellers meet with a hospitable reception from two Franciscan Fathers and five lay-brothers. The Sisters of St. Joseph have a school

in which are already forty schismatic or Mahometan children. Here we meet with a most friendly welcome, and are lodged, the boys in the monastery, where twenty-five children are being educated by the good Fathers, the girls in the convent with the Sisters.

We are still seven hours' journey from Jerusalem, and as we set out early we need not hurry ourselves, but can rest by the way. The country about Ramle is very beautiful. Olives, cypresses, and palm-trees abound, but the temperature is not high enough to bring to perfection the fruit of the last. When Ramle is left behind the path mounts the hill, and winds along between valleys and ravines; it becomes rough and stony, and the country uninteresting. We rejoice when, from time to time, a green valley with a little village comes in sight, or a spring with a cluster of olive trees. The sun is scorching, and the country takes more and more the appearance of a stony waste. Courage, young pilgrims! the harder the march the nearer we are to our destination.

At last comes in view the holy city with its surrounding hills; first, the church with five cupolas and the hospice built by the Russians at the west side before the city walls, then the Mount of Olives with its churches and chapels, then the imposing cupola of the Omar Mosque, then the walls of Sion, and the tower of Hippicus, grey with age, and lastly, the sea of houses, over which towers the great dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is an extraordinary spectacle, awakening no emotions of joy with its magnificence, but striking and impressive. This is not the ancient Jerusalem of David and Solomon, which surpassed all other cities of the earth in the glory of its Temple. It is that Jerusalem which killed the Prophets and gave no heed to the warning voice of the Son of God. There on the hill He sat with His disciples, and predicted its fate to the unbelieving city: "*There shall not remain a stone upon a stone.*" And so has it come to pass. Fire and sword have made it their home, and have brought

to nothing all its former grandeur. On the ruins left by the first invaders, Roman Emperors built their heathen temples, and on their destruction Constantine and his mother St. Helen built Christian churches, which again were ruined and destroyed by Arabs and Turks. On these remains the Bedouins built their tents, the Turks their mosques, and the Crusaders their churches, and all again was levelled to the ground when the Turks gained the mastery, and this cherished land became a Turkish province. The most beautiful edifice which meets the pilgrims' eyes is not a Christian church, but the great Omar Mosque, built by the Mahometans after the Crusades, and on the very place where stood the Temple of the Old Law. Beautifully built and decorated, it stands a monument of Oriental pomp. Around it is a wide open space, and on the south side a second mosque, one of the most beautiful in the world, shows the pre-eminence of the Mahometan law. Formerly a beautiful church of the Mother of God stood here, which this mosque has replaced.

Of the 22,000 inhabitants, 7,000 are Christians and 1,500 Roman Catholics. In the midst of the Turkish city rises, around the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a Catholic city. The Christians are more free than in many so-called Catholic nations. As we had given notice of the time of our arrival we were met outside the city by several priests, amongst whom were the Vicar of the venerable Father Guardian, and the soldiers of the Austrian and French Consulate, so we range ourselves in order and enter in procession, two and two, the holy City of Jerusalem.

**The Miracles of our Lord, as illustrating the
Doctrine of Purgatory.**

XIV.—THE STILLING OF THE TEMPEST.

St. Matt. viii. 23—27 ; St. Mark iv. 36—40 ; St. Luke viii. 22—25.

I. THE most striking of our Lord's miracles to those who witnessed them must perhaps have been those in which He displayed His power over the forces of nature, which are usually so far above all human control. For diseases are to a certain extent, and in certain cases, within the reach of science and experience, at least as to some alleviation of their evils, and even when He gave sight to the blind or speech to the dumb, the organs of sight or speech were there in the first instance to make their miraculous use less startling when it was bestowed. In the case even of the demoniacs, there was obviously present a personal power at work, different from that of the possessed themselves, which power was quelled and reduced to obedience by the command of our Lord. In the case of which we are about to speak there was nothing of this kind. For the powers of nature, as we call them, seem to us so entirely subject to the unchangeable laws which govern them, as to admit of no interference—at least any interference with them seems to appal and even alarm us, as if the most stable and certain things in all the world in which we move were being shaken. Thus it seems to be predicted by our Lord that, in His good Providence, some most marvellous alterations in the aspect and condition of the physical universe will be given by God as the last sign to arouse the wicked world from its sleep before the Day of Judgment. Again, there is nothing

in all our experience before which we feel so utterly helpless and prostrate as some of the more violent demonstrations of physical power in the elements, which seem sometimes to unchain themselves, as if for the purpose of showing man how weak and insignificant he is, as in great storms, earthquakes, hurricanes, the eruption of volcanoes, and the like. What must be the power that can tame them? Thus it seems to have been like a new revelation of our Lord's Divine authority, when the disciples and others could say to themselves, "*Who is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?*"

2. The miracle is related by the three historical Evangelists, and the circumstances are placed by them all in the same order, except in one particular. Our Lord is asleep in the stern of the ship, when a violent storm falls on the lake, and there appears to be imminent danger for His boat and for the others which were in company with it. The disciples come in haste and alarm to wake Him up, and, as St. Mark tells us, with a kind of complaint, as if His sleeping at such a time was a sign of some carelessness as to their fate: "*Master, doth it not matter to Thee that we are perishing?*" Our Lord in the first place rises up and rebukes the waves and the winds, bidding them be still. Then a great calm comes on as suddenly as the storm which had preceded it, and our Lord turns to the disciples and asks them why they were afraid, calls them men of little faith, and the like. Then follows the exclamation of the whole company, "*Who is this, that even the winds and sea obey Him?*"

3. The circumstance in this miracle on which we may fasten in our meditations concerning Purgatory is that of the great calm which came over the lake after our Lord had spoken. This calm was more than natural, because after so great a commotion it is not usual for the sea to become smooth and tranquil all at once. The sudden change seems to have struck the witnesses, as it is specially recorded by the Evangelists. But we may certainly say,

without fear of exaggeration, that no sudden calm that ever fell on sea or lake, even when the storm had been most violent and the change most instantaneous, could compare with the wonderful change to peace and perfect tranquillity which takes place at the moment of death in the case of those who die in the grace of God. This calm and peace is not, in the case of the Holy Souls, a passing, but a permanent state, it lasts as long as they remain in the holy prison of Purgatory; in some respects it becomes more intense as their period of purification draws towards its close, and then it merges itself in the ineffable repose of the Beatific Vision. This peace of the holy state of Purgatory is as true and real an element in the condition of those souls of whom we are thinking in these chapters, as is the pain which they suffer and the length of time for which it may last. It should be our endeavour to gain a complete view, as far as may be, of their condition, and for this purpose it is necessary to dwell as much on one side of it, so to speak, as on the other. We may therefore devote this chapter to some considerations which may serve to illustrate the peace and calm of which the tranquillity of the lake of Galilee, after our Lord had stilled the tempest, may be taken as an image.

4. In the first place, then, it is certain that at the moment of death those who die in the grace of God are confirmed in that grace. Here at once is something stable and fixed, free from disturbance and fluctuation, as when the ever-restless waves of a lake are formed by the action of freezing into solid ice, over which the winds, which have before lashed them at will into perpetual sleepless motion and agitation, sweep without the least power to disturb their repose. Nothing on earth so nearly approaches the peace of Heaven as a soul which is practically and morally, if not literally and actually, confirmed in grace, as we believe the soul of our Blessed Lady and the souls of the Apostles after the Day of Pentecost to have been. Again, the Holy Souls are not simply confirmed in grace, but they love

God intensely, according to the degree of that love which He intends them to have throughout all eternity, and here again is another element in their state which enables us to understand how it is a state of the greatest peace. They love God according to their knowledge of Him and of His attributes and character, and among other things in Him which they know and love, is the infinite justice and holiness which places them where they are in His kingdom—that is, in a condition of suffering, which is due to His justice and to their deserts. The love of God is the true peace of the soul, and in proportion as the fire of Purgatory does away with the impediments which their imperfections have placed in the way of His perfect reign in their hearts, so does their love of God grow and become more intense, because it is no longer kept out of the soul by those impediments. We know how the love of God has preserved the saints in tranquillity and peace amid all the greatest troubles and anxieties and persecutions of this world, the most violent sufferings of mind and body, and thus we are able to understand that the same love of God may be the source of ineffable peace to the departed, even amid the severe sufferings which are inflicted in Purgatory.

5. Again, the Psalmist says, *Pax multa diligentibus legem tuam*—"There is great peace to those who love Thy law." And the Holy Souls are altogether in love with the law of God, and would not have it violated one atom in their own case, even if it were to lead to their own immediate deliverance from their punishments. And as to that special law of God which is His will in every particular matter, they are most perfectly and absolutely conformed to it, and would rather suffer for ever as they do according to His will than be raised at once to the highest glories and enjoyments in Heaven against or without His will. In this again we see how deep their peace must be. No one, moreover, can be said to be without peace, who is perfectly content with his lot and extremely thankful for it, but the holy sufferers.

in Purgatory know that their present condition is the very one condition which suits them best, and is most for their good. They know that God has used towards them infinite mercy in not exacting from them a far greater amount of suffering, that they have deserved far more, and even Hell itself, and on this account they are overflowing with gratitude that their case is not harder than it is.

6. Besides these elements of peace in the Holy Souls there are others which consist in or result from their condition in itself. We all know what are the dangers to peace in this life—dangers so many and so great that it seems almost impossible to be at perfect peace as long as we are as we are. What a blessing we should account it to be free from all external temptation, from all molestation of the evil one, from all provocations to sin from objects external to ourselves, whether they attack us on the side of the irascible part of our nature, or whether their seductions are addressed to our concupiscence! But in the case of the Holy Souls there are no disturbances to their peace from the things which cause us pain or pleasure, which appeal to ambition, or pride, or anger, or envy, or jealousy. All the beauty in the world cannot be a danger to them, all the riches or honours of the world cannot even seem to them desirable, much less be the occasion of serious temptation. But there is a more interior cause of unrest in us in our present condition, without which the external allurements to sin would not have any power to molest us. This is the interior division in ourselves, the struggle of the spirit against the flesh, of reason and conscience against passion and concupiscence, of the lower part of our nature, as we call it, against the higher, the struggle which makes us feel that we have traitors in our own camp, and produces a sense of insecurity which is destructive of all perfect peace. It is in this internal conflict and division that our great danger to sin consists, and so our great cause for perpetual anxiety and watchfulness. But all this is at an end for the Holy Souls. They have no

external temptation and no interior conflict, and their state may well be compared to that of the calm lake, which was, as it were, charmed into preternatural repose and absolute tranquillity by the words of our Lord when He commanded the winds and the waves, and they obeyed Him.

7. And again, once more, even if we are tranquil and without fear for our present condition, still, as long as we are in the flesh, we have a very uncertain future before us, and yet a future on which our whole happiness depends. We cannot tell whether we are in the favour of God or not, we cannot know whether our sins have been forgiven or not, we cannot be certain as to our perseverance, as to the circumstances under which death will find us, or how it will find us disposed towards God. And as long as this is uncertain, our look to the future must be one of anxiety, not, indeed, untempered by hope and confidence, and even by a kind of moral certainty that if we have been trying all our life to serve God, or if we have turned to Him in good earnest, and if He has allowed us to work for Him, to become familiar guests at His table, and well acquainted with His means of grace and the practice of the virtues by which He delights to be honoured, He will not let our hope fail at the last. But still, as long as the future is uncertain, we cannot be free from trembling anticipations as to what we have deserved and what God may do to us. But after death all this also is changed ; for those who are in God's displeasure then, there can be no more hope, and for those who are in His favour then, there can be no more fear. Even those who have the heaviest and the longest debt to pay in Purgatory are absolutely certain of their salvation, and they know that the time is fixed in the decrees of Him Who is all powerful, when they shall become fellow-citizens of the saints and angels in Heaven ; or rather, that they are already their fellow-citizens, and shall infallibly, at God's appointed time, enter on the full possession of their inheritance. Thus their state may be,

as it is, a state of intense pain ; it may be a state the sufferings of which surpass all that can be suffered in this world ; it may be a state in which every moment seems a long course of years, and which may thus seem to them to pass away with incredible slowness. But still it must be a state of peace, because doubt and uncertainty and anxiety as to the future can have no place there, any more than they can have place in Heaven itself, the very abode and home of that peace which surpasseth all thought, and excludes even the slightest ruffle of disturbance or disquiet.

Intention for the Apostolate of Prayer for October.

RELIGIOUS MEN AND WOMEN PERSECUTED BY THE FRIENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

MORE and more definitely the rival camps of Christ and Lucifer are being marked out and circumvallated. "*He that is not with Me is against Me.*"* Soon, very soon, every man and woman in this worn-out European world will be invited to make election between "Ultramontanism," that is to say, the Catholic principle of obedience to Divinely constituted authority, whether in Church or State, and "Liberalism," that is to say, servile submission tendered with grateful promptitude to self-appointed leaders, on condition of their talking very loud about human freedom. The choice, as the angels from their eyrie see the world of men, lies between the liberty of the sons of God and the slavery of Satan, but self-indulgence and vanity shut out the light of Heaven from the deluded victims of a false philanthropy and a downward development.

Now across the path of the progressionists barring their way, and full in front of the open eyes of the dreamers, spoiling the texture of their dreams, stands

* St. Matt. xii. 30.

forth to view a varied group of men and women, whose every thought is contrary to theirs. If the Catholic Church is an institution which cannot co-exist with the realization of the "Liberal" scheme for the improvement of mankind, what shall be said of the Religious Orders, which are founded for the soul purpose of reducing into practice and disseminating all that is most hateful in the Christian law, poverty, chastity, obedience? The Church, it is said, must be totally suppressed: but that is a work of infinite patience and diplomacy. Meantime the Religious Orders are more vulnerable, and to kill them off is to inflict a deep and dangerous wound upon the Church. It is a work worth doing. So argue, and they argue well, the enemies of Christ. The Church could not exist in any sense at all without the Sovereign Pontiff and the Bishops and Priests. To declare war upon them is to declare war upon her. She cannot be as Christ wishes her to be without the Religious Orders, but these can be attacked under many specious pretexts short of the announcement of general hostilities. In some cases it is even possible for a persecuting government to support its measures by an appeal to the example of orthodox princes.

As a fact, it may be noticed that all recent persecutions have begun by an attack on religious houses, but in no case have they ended there. Monks and nuns must be destroyed to clear the field for a larger fight. Behind them stands the army of the faithful, which can only be reached across their prostrate bodies.

God has inspired in different ages holy men and women to undertake some especial good work of those which "fall within the activity of the Holy Mother the Church Hierarchical," and has commissioned them to perpetuate the inspired idea in brotherhoods and sisterhoods, living by rule and bound by vow. No Catholic needs to be told that the better part is that which Mary chose. There is a higher vocation than domestic duty. But to carnal minded positivists the life of the counsels is not

so much a sealed letter, or an inscription in an unknown tongue, as it is a challenge and a defiance. "*He boasteth that He hath the knowledge of God, and calleth Himself the Son of God. He is become a censurer of our thoughts. He is grievous unto us even to behold: for His life is not like other men's and His ways are very different.*"*

Monastic observance is an eyesore to the "Revolution." "*Wonder not if the world hate you.*"† But monastic observance is more than an eyesore, it is a grievance; for monks and nuns, whether by zealous exercise of Christian charity or the silent activity of prayer possess a great influence, and that influence is entirely hostile to the purposes of modern atheism. While the teaching of young hearts is under the control of those whose first and last lesson is "*Love not the world nor the things which are in the world,*"‡ how can that banned world work its wicked will with the rising generation? Accordingly "the State" decrees the dissolution of religious communities, and is urgent that the teaching orders be made to disappear the first. If it can appropriate their worldly goods it is the better pleased at their departure; but spoliation, which in the English Reformation was the primary motive in the suppression of religious houses, holds now a secondary place.

It is for the religious men and women, victims of that Anti-Christian persecution which we have just traced to its causes, that we solicit the prayers of the Apostolate. Men in the vigour of life may find work to be done for God in any part of the earth, and when they are banished from Germany and Switzerland may give to America and India the useful service which their own country will not accept at their hands. Yet even to them forced exile is almost always full of deep suffering. But for women and for older men the case is one of greater hardship. Blessed indeed are they who suffer persecution for Christ's sake, but our Lord never meant that persecution would be pleasant to flesh and blood.

* Wisdom ii. 13—15. † 1 St. John iii. 13. ‡ 1 St. John ii. 15.

The prayers of the associates are asked that the love of the Sacred Heart may pursue in all their wanderings these consecrated men and women, thus by the law of Cæsar in contradiction to the law of God denied the free exercise of the inalienable rights of conscience, forbidden to carry out a Divine vocation, and punished for doing good, first, that in temporary secularization among their friends or amid the distractions of an unsettled life in a strange land they may not "*degenerate from the high thoughts of the children of God*;" secondly, that our Blessed Lord may draw good out of evil, and give such fervour to the prayers of His confessors and virgins, and such increase of sanctity, as the reward of patient suffering, that they may save more souls by their painfully restricted efforts in these dark days than even by all the energy which freedom and success had given in brighter times; lastly, that the restoration may not be long delayed.

PRAYER.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus! through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, labours, and crosses of this day, in union with those intentions for which Thou dost unceasingly offer Thyself a Victim of love on our altars. I offer them to Thee in particular for the Religious Orders, which for Thy Name's sake are objects of hatred to Thy enemies. Guard them, dear Lord, and give them grace still to reproduce the varied excellence of Thy Sacrifice and Thy Apostleship. *Amen.*

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

For the triumph of the Church and Holy See, and the Catholic regeneration of nations.

OCTOBER, 1878.

I. GENERAL INTENTION: *The Religious Orders.*

II. PARTICULAR INTENTIONS.

1. Tues. *S. Regimius, B.C.*—(*S. J.*, *S. Raymond, C.* Sept. 1.)—Christian activity; 3,923 spiritual works.
2. Wed. *The Guardian Angels.*—(*S. J.*, *S. Thomas of Villanova, B.C.* Sept. 22.)—Zeal for the education of youth; 44,560 children.
3. Thurs. *S. Thomas of Hereford, B.C.*—Love of the House of God; 4,271 parishes.
4. Fri. *S. Francis of Assisi, C.*—COMMUNION OF REPARATION, &c.—FRIDAY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.—Liberty of heart; 7,569 religious.
5. Sat. *Of the Immaculate Conception.*—(*S. J.*, *S.S. Soter and Caius, PP.*, *MM.* April 22.)—Perseverance; the grace of perseverance for 12,649 persons.
6. SUN. *Seventeenth after Pentecost.*—THE HOLY ROSARY OF B.V.M.—Fidelity in reciting the Decades; 45,464 sinners.
7. Mon. *S. Bruno, C., yesterday.*—Gratitude; 5,837 acts of thanksgiving.
8. Tues. *S. Bridget, W.*—A Christian ardour; 15,160 families.
9. Wed. *S. Denis and Comp., MM.*—Zeal in the work of education; 2,070 houses of education.
10. Thurs. *S. Paulinus, B.C.*—(*S. J.*, *S. Francis Borgia, S.J., C.*)—Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament; 7,322 First Communions.
11. Fri. *S. Francis Borgia, C.*—(*S. J.*, *S. Paulinus, C.*)—A holy ambition of doing good; 1,877 promoters.
12. Sat. *S. Wilfrid, B.C.*—(*S. J.*, *BB. Camillus, S. J., and Comp., M.M.*)—Confidence in God; 4,084 persons in affliction.
13. SUN. *Eighteenth after Pentecost.*—*S. Edward, C.*—Abandonment to Divine Providence; 7,332 fathers and mothers.
14. Mon. *S. Callistus, P.M.*—Detachment; 3,769 temporal affairs.
15. Tues. *S. Teresa, V.*—A lively faith; 2,017 seminaries and novitiates.
16. Wed. *The Maternity of B.V.M.* 2nd Sunday October.—(*S. J.*, *S. Wilfrid, B.C.* Oct. 12.)—Discretion; 2,827 superiors.
17. Thurs. *S. Hedwige, W.*—(*S. J.*, *Octave of S. Francis Borgia.*)—Christian fortitude; 29,135 various intentions.
18. Fri. *S. Luke, Evang.*—Zeal for the works of God; 6,887 ecclesiastics.
19. Sat. *S. Peter of Alcantara, C.*—The virtue of docility; 6,245 vocations.
20. SUN. *Nineteenth after Pentecost.*—*Octave of S. Edward, C.*—Love of virtue; 8,824 young persons.
21. Mon. *S.S. Ursula and Comp., VV., MM.*—Love of peace; 3,074 communities.
22. Tues. *S. John Cantius, C.*—Love of a life of sacrifice; 8,114 religious.
23. Wed. *THE MOST HOLY REDEEMER.*—A fear of the abuse of grace; 6,628 missions and retreats.
24. Thurs. *S. Raphael, Arch.*—A horror of the spirit of independence; 29,698 young men.
25. Fri. *S. John of Beverley, B.C.*—Love of concord; the grace of reconciliation for 5,537 persons.
26. Sat. *Vigil.*—*The Purity of B.V.M.* 3rd Sunday October.—(*S. J.*, *The Holy Relics.*)—Zeal for sound doctrine; 6,930 heretics and schismatics.
27. SUN. *Twentieth after Pentecost.*—THE PATRONAGE OF B.V.M.—Submission to the Will of God; 7,531 sick persons.
28. Mon. *S.S. Simon and Jude, App.*—Zeal for the salvation of souls; 1,373 foreign missions.
29. Tues. *Venerable Bede, C.*—Compassion for the Holy Souls; 13,521 dead.
30. Wed. *Feria.*—(*S. J.*, *B. Alphonsus Rodriguez, S. J., C.*)—A constant recourse to God in all things; the Pagans in Central Africa.
31. Thurs. *Vigil. Fast.*—(*S. J.*, *B. MARGARET MARY, V.*)—Devotion to the Sacred Heart; 7,223 graces of interior union with God.

Intentions sent for publication must arrive in London not later than the morning of the first day of the month. It is recommended that they should be written on a page by themselves.

An Indulgence of 100 days is attached to all the Prayers and Good Works offered up for these Intentions.

The Intentions of the *Archconfraternity of St. Joseph of Angers*, and the *Children of St. Joseph at Brussels*, are recommended to the prayers of the Associates.

Application for Diplomas of Affiliation to the Apostleship of Prayer, Tickets of Admission, &c., for England, is to be made to the Rev. A. G. Knight, S.J., 111, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; for Ireland, to the Rev. M. Russell, S.J., 50, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin. Sheets of the Living Rosary, adapted to the requirements of the Association, may be had of Messrs. Burns and Oates. Price 2d. the Sheet.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

The Problem Solved.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME."

COULD the curate have followed the workings of Miss Clevedon's mind, he would probably have been even more miserable during the weeks in which Dr. Vernon and Mr. Bretherton had things all their own way at the church-house.

Helen and Edith were alone at Ulcoombe. Rapid as Edgar's recovery had appeared to be during the first few weeks he spent at the Hall, any attempt to return to business and to go into the affairs of the estate, which had got into sad confusion, brought on a relapse. Mr. Leonard was far from showing a disposition "not to bother" about the extraordinary recovery of the long-lost deed. "Such a thing had never come to his knowledge in all his legal experience," he said; and Edgar's dry "Perhaps not: Whitford is a small place," did not tend to conciliate the lawyer's offended dignity. A long sea-voyage was recommended to Edgar, as the best means of re-establishing his health, and about the time of the shipwreck at Courseilles he started, leaving the settling of his affairs to Edith, who was far better able to baffle Mr.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

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Leonard's curiosity, besides knowing far more about all the business matters connected with the estate than Edgar did.

Her time was fully engrossed, and Helen was left a good deal to herself. Not merely were Edith's mornings taken up with sorting papers, going into accounts, and writing letters; but the county families, and the villagers, now that they no longer feared the Squire's anger, forgot that she "had gone over to Rome," and only remembered how much they had always liked and respected her. She was beset on all sides, and Nellie had neither energy nor strength to accompany her in her long walks and drives, and in default of any other occupation took to reading the Anglican Divines.

Edith often feared that the associations of the Hall were too much for her; she saw her shun the garden and the drawing-room, where her happiest hours in past times had been spent with Lawrence Bretherton, and the first Sunday after Edgar left, Helen, who had all along avoided the week-day services at the church, walked into Edith's room at a very early hour, and announced her intention of accompanying her into Whitford, whither Edith now always drove the pony-carriage on Sundays and often during the week.

"Anything is better than Ulcoombe Church," said Nellie wearily, when Edith remarked that she would probably find Whitford very Protestant, besides the having to wait there some hours.

"I suppose I may wait in your chapel if I choose?" said Helen, half defiantly. "Your Mass is at nine?"

"Of course, if you wish it," replied Edith, "only ——"

"You are afraid of being blamed for taking me?" exclaimed Helen. "However it is my own doing, and I take the responsibility."

Edith said no more, and they started. Now it so happened that the Catholic Bishop of the diocese was to administer Confirmation in Whitford on that particular

Sunday, and that his lordship said the nine o'clock Mass. Helen had thus an opportunity of seeing how a real Bishop's presence is the occasion for greater solemnity and ceremonial, and not for a judicious and ingenious *smuggling* of certain little forms and ceremonies. The force of contrast was brought home all the more to her, since on the same Sunday his Protestant lordship (the same whose visit to Ulcoombe had been such a sad trial to Mr. Fielding) was holding a visitation in Whitford.

Whitford Church had changed hands. Its former rector, a staunch Protestant, had been promoted to a fat college living, and to the joy of a curate who for months had made a point of always preaching the very opposite doctrine to what his Rector did, the new Rector was an advanced Ritualist, and as willing as his curate to say: "From our Bishop's visitation, good Lord deliver us." Now the Prelate had an unkind habit of always electing to take the celebration service himself when he knew his clergy were decidedly "Roman in their views." He preferred the mild kind of torture to the decided step of prosecuting. His lordship was not very well, and an accident, somewhat similar to that which had sent Helen back from Warbledon, occurred. Some of the contents of cup and paten were spilt. Whatever might have been the feelings of the officiating clergy, no notice was taken until after the service, when having hustled their Prelate off as quickly as possible to the Rectory, where the Rector's wife, who lamented her husband's "views," was quite glad to entertain him, clergy and acolytes returned, and in company with the initiated faithful who remained, proceeded to go through what they called "a solemn reparation for their Bishop's sacrilegious conduct."

It was more than Helen could bear: all the doubts and conflicting thoughts which had tormented her all the winter returned, and the next Sunday she refused to go to church at all. The Rector of Ulcoombe called and remonstrated with her, and accused her of "a secret hankering after

Rome," upon which Helen retorted that "his Anglicanism was enough to make any one go there," and Mr. Fielding found it expedient to hold his peace. In former times Nellie would have written to Mr. Russel, and probably have been partially satisfied, or at least cowed into submission by his answer ; but an utter weariness and disgust for all her old surroundings had taken hold of her, and Mr. Russel's ill-concealed dislike to Lawrence, and all the galling insinuations he had made *à propos* of his absence and silence, had estranged Helen from the curate. Mr. Russel had defeated his own end. He had shown his cards too plainly, and Helen had suddenly awakened to the knowledge that the curate's interest in, and affection for her, which she had believed to be so pure and disinterested, were of a very earthly nature. It was a sin for her to love Lawrence, simply because he was Mr. Russel's rival ! How or when this became clear to her she never quite knew, but the effect of the knowledge was to make her positively revolt from Anglican direction, and to prefer anything to returning to the church-house. At least Edith let her alone, and was ever ready to find an excuse for Lawrence's silence. Helen herself had ceased to hope ; she had schooled herself to patience, and day after day when the letters were brought in, Edith saw her look the other way, as if determined to show her indifference. Possibly Edith's own hope was slight, and chiefly maintained on Helen's account, for when one morning, the long-expected letter was put into her hands, she could not repress an exclamation of surprise, and Helen, who was intent on a note of her father's, looked up and asked what was the matter ? Edith handed her Lawrence's letter, written the night of his arrival in London, and then turned from the room, glad that Helen was too pre-occupied to ask the contents of a long letter from Mrs. Lewis, on the top of which the word "private" was written. It had come at last, then ! and yet it was with more pain than pleasure, and a sickening feeling of undefined fear that Nellie read :

London, May 28th, 18—.

My dear Edith,—The fact that your letter dated the 3rd of March only reached me two days ago is, I trust, in itself an apology for my long neglect of it. As I was then on my way to England, I waited for the chance of finding you in town. With regard to your brother, believe me, I esteem him far more than I did. To me his fault is fully expiated by his free confession of it, and as the deed itself fortunately exists, I trust that the mystery of its loss and recovery need never go beyond ourselves. You owe me no apology, it is rather I who owe you one for my rude neglect of your other letters, and my own conduct which has caused my friends so much pain. However, least said soonest mended, with respect to the game of cross purposes we all seem to have been playing. I trust we shall meet soon; in the meantime, I claim your congratulations on my escape from worse than Egyptian darkness. I was received into the Church in Paris. Mrs. Lewis will tell you all the other news. Remember me very kindly to Miss Clevedon. I trust she is better, and with every best wish for yourself I remain always,

Yours most sincerely,

LAWRENCE BRETHERTON.

Helen read and re-read. Lawrence a Romanist! Her own rash words recurred to her, and she remembered how he had told her that no one knew how they might be called upon to act. How often she had vowed, not only that she would never marry a Roman, but that she would never "desert the Church of her baptism?" What if, after all, her Catholic friends were right? What if she was preferring a foolish loyalty to her own rash vow to obedience to God's grace? How often in former days Mr. Russel had exacted as a condition of his so-called "absolution" that she would not "think about Rome;" and she had stifled her doubts and obeyed; but how could she be certain she had been right? Then another fear took possession of her: ought she to keep all her new doubts to herself? but to whom could she go? Mr. Fielding she considered as but half a proper Ritualist, decidedly heretical in many things, amongst others on the

very point which most tormented her—the Anglican treatment of the Eucharist. Mr. Monkton had a habit of always begging the question, and overwhelming his “penitents” with a war of words; perhaps he hoped that might would prove to be right; he silenced, but he could not satisfy; and her own father? He was ill, and Nellie never had, and felt she never could, discuss what concerned her own soul with him; besides, she had an uncomfortable suspicion from many little things he had said, that his own mind was in no state to satisfy others’ difficulties.

Edith coming back after reading Mrs. Lewis’s letter was surprised to find Nellie sitting with her face buried in her hands, looking the very picture of misery, and almost repented having shown her Lawrence’s note, which Helen returned in silence, and tried to account for her wretchedness by saying that her father was ill.

“Do you want to go back?” asked Edith, who had received discretionary power from Mrs. Lewis to tell Nellie just as much or as little of the true state of things at the church-house as she thought best.

“No,” said Helen. “Papa says he will send for me when he wants me. I should only be a burthen now,” she added, half sadly.

“You must try and get really strong,” said Edith, marvelling that Helen could be content to stay away, and little guessing that at that moment she would do anything sooner than face Mr. Russel and the necessity of attending St. Wereburgh’s.

It was fortunate that she was content to stay away, for certainly she was in no state to nurse her father. But the knowledge that she might be wanted, added to the hope of at least meeting Lawrence again, acted as a stimulant, and she submitted to being thoroughly looked after by Edith, and at the end of ten days she was nearer being her old self than she had been for the last eighteen months. The long rest and the fresh air of the Hall began to tell upon her, and Edith was able to write hopefully to

Mrs. Lewis, who sent her a daily account of how matters stood. They wisely kept from Nellie who her father's nurse was. Rose told Edith to be prepared to bring Helen to town at a moment's notice, and when one evening she received a telegram bidding her start at once, Helen was really well enough to return. The next morning's post, which reached them just as they were starting, brought a long account, and Edith learnt with dismay that Lawrence himself was ill, though she said nothing to her companion.

Mrs. Lewis met them at the station, and Nellie was taken straight to the church-house, whilst Edith went on to Kensington. The moment they were alone Mrs. Lewis began talking about Lawrence, giving Edith all the details she had been able to collect about his conversion, and asking eagerly how Helen had received the news.

"But what is the matter with him?" said Edith when she had answered Mrs. Lewis's question. "Is it the fever?"

"No," said Rose, "I don't quite know what it is. I have never seen Dr. Vernon look so grave. He speaks of some internal mischief. I am longing to hear George's report. He has gone to see him."

But when at dinner-time Mr. Lewis came in, his report was very far from satisfactory. Two nights' rest had by no means restored Lawrence, and Mr. Lewis made no secret of the fact that he thought him far more ill than he himself was aware of.

"And is he all alone?" exclaimed Mrs. Lewis.

"Yes, but he is very cheerful. He was anxious for the St. Wereburgh's news, and wants to see Edith."

"We must have him here," said Rose, "before he gets too ill to be moved; he shan't die like a dog all alone in his chambers," and the tears stood in Mrs. Lewis's eyes as she spoke.

"It would at least be a very Christian dog," said Mr. Lewis, half smiling; "but I hope," he continued gravely, "that it is no question of dying. With regard to having

him here, much as I should like to do so, we must not run foolish risks. You are not fever proof if he is, Rose, and we must consider Bertha and her husband."

However, when Dr. Vernon came in late in the evening, and the case was put to him, he declared that there was no risk as far as infection went, and seemed so relieved at the proposal that Mrs. Lewis had her way, and the doctor promised to transport Lawrence himself next day, and took his leave after congratulating Edith on Helen's improved health.

"She has grown quite sensible," he continued. "Well, well, poor child, there always was good stuff in her," and muttering something about "asses and curates," he departed.

The next day saw Lawrence installed in the rooms Mrs. Lewis had prepared for him. He professed to feel himself a humbug, for he said there was really nothing much the matter with him, and for the first few days he came down to dinner, and even went out a little; but gradually he grew weaker, and one day when Edith was alone with him he said suddenly, "Tell me truly what Dr. Vernon thinks of Mr. Clevedon."

"That he is in great danger," replied Edith, meeting Lawrence's look steadily.

"My poor Nellie," said Lawrence, as if thinking out loud. Then after a moment's silence he said, looking fixedly at Edith, "It is no use disguising the fact, I am dying."

"You should not indulge in such fancies," said Edith, trying to conceal the shock his words conveyed.

"It is no fancy," replied Lawrence, whilst a strange smile played about his lips. "Edith," he continued, "you have all along been like a sister to me. Tell me frankly, has Helen ever made any remark about my conversion?"

"None," said Edith. Then as Lawrence was silent again, she added, "Forgive my volunteering an opinion, but I am sure it would be much better if you were to see Nellie."

"I must see her," said Lawrence quietly, laying his hand upon some papers, "there is much here I must explain to her."

"But," said Edith, "I meant——" and then she stopped.

"You mean tell her how dearly I have loved her? No, why should I add another drop to a cup which will soon be overflowing? She will get over my loss better if left in ignorance of what might have been had God so willed it. She will only grieve the more."

"No," exclaimed Edith, "there you are wrong. Half her misery has been the fancying that you did not really care for her. Of course, I only go by what I should feel myself under similar circumstances. I am certain that the kindest thing is to give her the right to care and to mourn for you; as it is, she will fancy she ought not to care, and be infinitely more wretched."

Mrs. Lewis's entrance checked the conversation, but later in the day Mr. Luscomb spoke to Edith.

"Mr. Bretherton has told me what you have been urging," he said, "and I think you are right. Either he had better not see Miss Clevedon at all, or else tell her the whole truth.

"He is bent on seeing her about his money matters," said Edith.

"Yes, I see he is. Poor girl! from what he tells me, I fear there is a greater trial in store for her than her father's death would be. You know, of course, that Mr. Clevedon has said nothing shall prevent his seeing a Catholic priest. I fancy Lawrence wants to speak to her about her father. It is evidently mainly his doing. Mr. Clevedon seems to have talked a good deal to him, and then the force of example; and such an example must have done more than any argument. Poor Nellie!" exclaimed Edith; "but will Mr. Russel ever let a priest inside the room?"

"I am afraid to venture an opinion," replied Bernard.

"As a rule, death-bed conversions are sad things. All we can do is to pray for him."

Two days afterwards, Lawrence was so decidedly worse that he could not leave his room. There was some internal disease which had long lain dormant, but which the worry of the past winter, added to his utter recklessness about his health during the first months at Courseilles, had developed, so said the doctor; and he added that the case was hopeless. He might linger for months, but recovery was out of the question; and Dr. Vernon, who never minced matters, told him so.

"I knew it," said Lawrence quickly; "but thank you for telling me the truth." When the doctor left, he sent for Mrs. Lewis, and told her he must see Helen, and it was settled that Edith should go at once and fetch her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I WENT, I SAW, AND I WAS CONQUERED."

THE three weeks which Helen had spent in her father's sick room, since her return from Ulcoombe, had been a time of unmingled pain. She had found him almost delirious on her arrival, and although he just recognized her, he became entirely unconscious a few hours afterwards. The fever ran high, all the more so that he had so long resisted and fought against it, and it was from his delirious talk that Helen first learnt during her long night-watches what was the one subject uppermost in his mind. It was piteous to hear him; but Nellie would not yield her post at night. By day he was quieter, and at times half-conscious, and she could let a nurse take her place. She knew now who it was that had nursed her father so tenderly, and yet the thought that Lawrence had supplied her place did not comfort her, for the bitter knowledge that he was ill overpowered every other feeling when she could think. Mrs. Lewis felt she could do no good and

that she might carry infection, so it was Dr. Vernon who carried the bulletin between the two sick houses. In the old doctor Helen had a kind friend and an unconscious ally, for his rigorous exclusion of Mr. Russel from her father's room enabled her to avoid many an awkward meeting. More than once the doctor arrived most opportunely, just as the curate had succeeded in waylaying her in the hall or on the staircase with an ominous "Helen, I wish to speak to you."

But if Mr. Clevedon's unconscious ravings were painful to listen to, there was at least method in his madness. His one theme was that he was no priest, and what was most piteous was to hear him beg God to forgive him for having usurped the office and authority of one. Then he would call on his daughter not to be angry with him, all unconscious that she was listening to him with streaming eyes. At length the fever abated, and the incumbent of St. Werburgh's opened his eyes early one morning and said in his natural tone, although he spoke very feebly, "Nellie."

"Here papa!" and Helen, who had been watching him intently, came close to him and laid a cool hand upon his hot head as she answered his questions as to the day and hour and how long he had been ill.

"Sit down," said Mr. Clevedon, "I have something to tell you. Have I said strange things, Nellie?"

"You did not know or mean what you said," she answered, trying to speak soothingly.

"But I do mean it, if I said I am no priest," said Mr. Clevedon almost fiercely. "Listen, Nellie, I will not have Russel or any of them coming here to bother me. Keep them all away."

"You must not talk at all now," said Helen, scarcely knowing what to say. You shall see no one you wish not to see.

"But I must see a priest," said Mr. Clevedon as he sank back exhausted. "Nellie, promise me a priest—a real priest."

"When you are better," said Nellie, feeling even then that her wilful misunderstanding and ambiguous answer were cruel.

"No, no ; I may never get better. I have waited too long—too late, perhaps ;" and muttering "too late," he fell into a doze, whilst Helen sat motionless till Dr. Vernon came in.

"He is better?" she asked.

"There is no more fever," said the Doctor ; "but he must have incessant attention ; he is very weak."

Throughout that day Nellie never left the sick room : she even took her own necessary rest in a chair, she could not bear to leave her father, and it was from his bedside, when he had in an interval between his dozing again asked for a priest, that she was summoned to speak to Edith.

All the way from Kensington poor Edith, who by no means relished her task, had been thinking of what she had better say, and of course, when she found herself with Helen, said just the opposite to what she had intended. As often happens, her impulse was right. She put her arm round Nellie and said gently, and as if it was the most natural request in the world, "If your father can spare you for a little, Mr. Bretherton wishes to see you."

The look of utter misery which Helen gave was one Edith never forgot. She was torn two ways at once. She moved towards the door and caught hold of Sister Isabel, who was just then crossing the hall. "If you could stay with papa till I come back?" she said, and Sister Isabel said she would, and then Nellie turned to the outer door as if anxious to start at once, and it was Edith who ran upstairs and fetched her bonnet. All the way to Kensington she never spoke, not even to ask how Lawrence was, or what he wanted with her ; only as Mrs. Lewis, who herself opened the door, drew her into the dining-room, she took off the bonnet which had always been Lawrence's aversion. Very tenderly Rose broke to her the fact that Mr. Bretherton was dying, begging her also

to control herself, as he must not be excited, and then she took her upstairs, and Nellie found herself in his presence. She had not seen him for nine months and more, and she would scarcely have known him now as he sat propped up by pillows in an easy chair, his whole face and frame was so wasted and worn.

"I have brought you a new temporary nurse," said Mrs. Lewis, pitying them both and feeling some one must speak, as Lawrence held out his hand to Nellie and grasped hers in a clasp which seemed as if it never would unloose. "I shall leave you in charge for the next hour," she continued; "see, he must take this in ten minutes;" and then, after giving a few nursery directions, she left the room.

Mr. Bretherton was the first to speak as the door closed. "I sent for you," he said, taking up a bundle of papers, "to ask you if you would mind the charge of my money on certain conditions. Mr. Lewis is your joint executor. With regard to what I have left to you personally we will speak presently."

"Yes," said Helen, feeling she must say something as he paused for breath, but all power of speech seemed gone from her; one hour was all that was left to her on earth of Lawrence Bretherton's society, and yet though her heart was full of things she wanted to say, she could only look helplessly at the watch which lay near her, and mark how quickly those precious moments were passing. She rose from her seat and handed him some drink, the necessity of waiting upon him was a relief.

In a few minutes he went on, "I have left the bulk of my property to build a church in Whitford, to replace that poor little chapel. You will find here the plans and estimate, and Adolf von Wertheim and Mr. Luscomb know all about it. I want you to make it your care to see that it is all as I should wish. In my desk you will find many papers and notes where my ideas have been jotted down. I trust it all to you. Then there are several small legacies

for a list of people who have learnt to depend a little on me. A little sympathy and interest, a kind word sometimes, will help them ; you know how to give all that far better than I do. Then I wish Our Lady of Courseilles to be remembered. The Curé will help you. You must go to Courseilles some day, will you? I should like you to see it." Again he leant back exhausted, and as Nellie once more arranged his pillows and moistened his lips, he took possession of her hand. "You will go to Courseilles," he continued. "Tell the Abbé Viennot how often I have thought of him. Oh, for one breath of those sea-breezes, but it is best so. I should like to think that you will make a friend of that good Curé. Helen, I know I have caused you a great deal of pain. I never meant to do so. You have much to forgive."

"No, no," exclaimed Helen, sinking on her knees beside him, and turning her face away ; "it was my own fault. I was a fool."

"God's first lesson to most of us, my Nellie, has to be to convince us we are fools, before we will become wise for His service," said Lawrence, as he laid his hand upon her head, and stroked her hair much as he might have done had she been a tired child. "I was a fool too, and a wilful one, besotted with my own self-conceit."

"And you are happy now?" asked Nellie, suddenly raising her face.

"I have but one earthly regret," said Lawrence, "that I cannot see you believe as I do, but it will come in God's good time. Listen, Nellie," he continued, as she made an effort to speak, "I lay no restrictions on that portion of my money which I have left unconditionally to you. I trust you implicitly not to spend it on Anglican churches or schools, not in one word to use it to propagate schism, or worse. God knows I have no wish to bribe you, or to make you go against your conscience for my sake. Only promise me one thing."

"Anything you wish," faltered Helen, "except ——"

"Nay, I will not extort what you might repent having promised," said Lawrence. "What I should wish would be to see you a Catholic at once. But it will come, if you will only be generous. Promise me to look well into the matter, not to stifle your own doubts, from a false conscience, not to be led by blind guides."

"I promise," said Helen, whilst two scalding tears fell on Lawrence's hand, as she thought of her father.

"My poor Nellie," he said, "I have given you nothing but pain. If God had willed it otherwise! but it is best so; we might have loved each other too well. I shall not take you from your work, or be an obstacle in your way. About your father, I feel you must think I have been treacherous to you. Some day you will see it differently."

"You think he means it?" asked Nellie. "Is it not a sick fancy?"

"I know it to be his firm conviction that he cannot save his soul where he is," said Lawrence. "His agony has been your pain; he talked to me about you when I was with him. He would take no decided step till you came; but now, Nellie, you will not put any obstacle in his way?" You will make it easy for him, you will send for Mr. Luscomb?"

She made no answer. For the first time she turned her face fully towards him, and looked at him intently. "If it is right," she said at last, speaking slowly, as if the words were wrung from her.

"And it is right," said Lawrence. "There is but one Church. *Ubi est Petrus; ibi est Ecclesia*. You remember what Bishop Fisher said. Do not be like those who, 'by casting themselves out of Peter's bark, make shipwreck of themselves in a sea of heresies.' Do not grieve, my poor Nellie; life is very short, and eternity is worth so much. *Tout passe, Dieu seul reste*. I should like to feel that come what may, your time will still be given to all your poor about St. Wereburgh's. You have so much

influence; when you see the truth, Nellie, you must use that influence."

"I cannot change," said Helen, sadly. "I have taught the parish. What would they say if I gave the lie to my own teaching?"

"They would see that you had given them the best you had to give, and that it was not your fault that the best was after all stones, not bread. No, Nellie, remember the motto—*Fait ce que doit, advienne que pourra*. Do what is right, and trust the consequences to God. He will never be outdone in generosity."

Then, after a moment's silence, he went on to talk to her of Courseilles, and its Curé, and all the influences which had acted upon him there; he traced the workings of his own mind, and withdrew for her the veil which he had thrown so carefully over all the details of his conversion, and Nellie listened in silence, controlling herself by a strong effort. Edith had been right. It was kindest to give her the full right to care, and Lawrence's confidence was her best comfort. When at last he paused, and the striking of the clock warned them that the time was up, she said, humbly, "I will try to do all you wish. Pray for me when——"

"I shall be more use to you in the next world, I trust, by God's mercy," said Lawrence. "Take my desk with you, there are papers in it I should not like any one but yourself to see."

"But," faltered Nellie, catching at a last hope——

"Do not deceive yourself," he answered gently. "No, it is all done now."

Then, as Mrs. Lewis's step was heard outside, and Nellie rose, Lawrence drew her towards him, and imprinted one long, fervent kiss upon her brow. "God bless and have you in His holy keeping for ever, my darling," he murmured. And Nellie, feeling that in another minute she should break down utterly, let Rose lead her away.

The first thing she did when she got downstairs was

to walk straight up to Mr. Luscomb, who was standing by the drawing-room window, and with a trembling voice ask him to come and see her father. Mr. Luscomb's heart was very full of sympathy for her at that moment. He knew well all she must be suffering, and the terrible effort this request cost her; but he knew also that there are some natures to whom sympathy is positively enervating, and that Helen must drain her chalice to the dregs before comfort and light would come, and he merely said kindly, holding out his hand, "I am at your service and his at any time."

"The carriage is waiting, if you like, Bernard, to go at once," said Mrs. Lewis.

Helen looked half relieved; but said something about taking him out of his way and to-morrow.

"Nay," said Bernard, "your father is one of my parishioners, and has a right to my services. I will most gladly come at once, if I shall not be in your way."

Helen scarcely thanked him. She was trying hard not to give way before him, though once in the carriage she lent back and burst into tears. Bernard let her alone, and they drove to St. Wereburgh's in silence, and in silence she motioned to him to follow her upstairs to her father's room.

"Papa, I have brought Mr. Luscomb to see you," was all she said, whilst Sister Isabel, who had marvelled at her long absence, looked up in blank astonishment, which was not lessened by Mr. Clevedon's fervent "Thank God." But the Sister was not wanting in tact, and discreetly withdrew, whilst Helen, after seeing that her father wanted for nothing, and telling him she would wait in the adjoining room till he called her, left him alone with Mr. Luscomb.

But she did not stay in the next room. Her misery made her restless, and believing the curate safely out of the house, she wandered down to the church, only to turn from it in utter disgust. What help or comfort was there

to be found there? It was at best but an empty sepulchre. Poor Nellie, she had leaned upon a broken reed, and in the hour of her bitterest need it had failed her. She went into the library, and found herself face to face with the curate.

Mr. Russel had just met Sister Isabel, and his wrath may be imagined, for she had told him how Miss Marsden had come in Mrs. Lewis's carriage, and he guessed that Helen had seen Lawrence. He poured forth a torrent of angry words, asking Helen "What she meant by bringing a schismatical Roman into the house."

"I suppose papa can see whom he pleases," she answered, rousing herself to defend her father.

The curate looked at her in astonishment. "Do you know whom you are answering?" he said. "Do you realize the exceeding sinfulness of your conduct? What, have they been talking to you too? Nellie, my poor child, if you would let me, I would shield you from these false friends. I could supply father and all else to you," and the curate laid his hand on hers as he spoke.

"How dare you!" exclaimed Helen, as she shook her hand loose, much as if a viper had stung her. "How dare you insult my misery! The next time we meet, if we have to meet again, it will be as perfect strangers;" and she left him to realize as best he might that his influence and authority over her were gone for ever.

It was well for Nellie that she was forced to exert herself, and that she could not dwell upon all Lawrence had said, or indulge her grief. Her father claimed her incessant attention. Mr. Luscomb had promised to come at a very early hour the following morning, and with a strange feeling she arranged the room for her father's first and last Communion; for he was so much weaker that she knew it was no use to hope. In vain she administered stimulants and nourishment. His strength failed visibly, and all through the night as she watched beside him, his one great fear seemed to be that he should not live till the

morning. Sometimes he spoke to her, bidding her shield his memory. "Do not let people say I was forced or influenced," he said. "Of my own free will I have been at last received into the Catholic Church. Too late have I known thee, O holy Roman Mother! My Nellie, you must see that the truth is known." Towards morning he rallied, and lingered on all through the next day. His last coherent words were an act of faith, and he sank so gradually and peacefully that Nellie did not know herself the exact moment when he ceased to breathe, or how long afterwards it was that Dr. Vernon came into the room. There was that in the good old doctor's face which frightened her. He signed to her to follow him, and as she hesitated, he drew her out of the room by main force.

"Mrs. Lewis is downstairs," he said, as Helen looked at him inquiringly, "and ——" but he could not finish his sentence; he was sobbing like a child, whilst Helen, who dared not guess the truth, went downstairs. There was no need for Rose to speak, her presence there and her sad face told their own tale, even without the rosary which Nellie had last seen in Lawrence's hand, and which she held out to her. Helen's grief was too deep for words, she was too stunned to give way even when Mrs. Lewis took her into her arms and told her gently that Lawrence had died very happy early that morning. She scarcely spoke, except that when Mrs. Lewis asked if Edith or herself could be of any use, she said she should be glad if Rose would sleep at the church-house for the next few nights. All through the ensuing days she moved and spoke like one in a dream; outwardly calm, coming down to meals, and sitting in her father's place, although she left the food untasted on her plate, and grew daily thinner and more like a ghost than a human being. The rest of the day and all the night she spent in her father's room. Twice only she left her post, once to see Mr. Luscomb and to settle with him the funeral, which she wished to be on the same day as Lawrence's, and once to go to Kensington to see

him as he lay in his coffin. She was the calmest of all the mourners at that sad funeral ; with an unfaltering step she walked to the edge of the common grave, in which she had wished both to be buried, only when all was over, and she heard the earth fall on the coffins of those who had been her nearest and dearest on earth, she staggered back and fainted in Mrs. Lewis's arms.

My God, for Thee.

“Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts shall not rest until they rest in Thee” (St. Augustine).

For whom? For whom? My beating breast,
My busy tongue—my toiling hand?
For whom? For whom? From East to West
My weary feet in every land.

The bread of toil I daily break,
The sleep of weary men is mine.
They marvel only for whose sake—
Why marvel, Lord? It is for Thine !

For Thou didst fashion from the soil
In manner wondrous all of me,
And loving so Thy Father-toil
Didst say that I was made for Thee.

Then, while I have a mortal breast,
Thine, Father, may the throbbing be
Of its fond heart that may not rest
Until at last it rest in Thee !

J. G.

Life of Father Claude de la Colombière.

CHAPTER XV.

APOSTOLIC LABOURS OF FATHER DE LA COLOMBIERE IN LONDON (1677-78). "WELL DONE, GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT."

THE sight of the afflictions endured by the Church in England, and of those who, deprived of religious privileges, firmly adhered to their faith and grew in piety and holiness, excited the compassion and redoubled the zeal of Father de la Colombière.

"He found in London," says a contemporary writer, "abundant opportunity for the practice of those virtues to whose exercise he had devoted his life, and the yearning which possessed him to have his part in the trials of the English Catholics, was but a fresh incentive to labour on their behalf. He who in time to come shall write the life of Father de la Colombière will find no lack of stirring incidents with which to furnish his narrative, should he but enumerate the wonders effected by his piety and courage, whether in the restoration of apostates to the fold, in the making of converts amongst the highest ranks of English society, or in the rescue of sinners from the hold of the Evil One. His extraordinary labours, the success of his mission, and the whole history of his apostolic career, will indeed supply his future biographer with ample materials."

Unhappily this memoir was not undertaken at the time when recent documents and yet living witnesses might easily have been consulted, but the words of the contemporary writer above quoted will show how multifarious were the labours of the great Father Claude de la Colombière.

We will, however, endeavour to give our readers some

slight insight into his life during the two years of his residence in England. With this object we shall consult his private correspondence, in which, notwithstanding his modest reticence, we shall find some interesting details of his work.

"I have many undertakings in hand," he writes, "all of which have for their object the conversion or sanctification of souls. I feel within me a growing zeal to labour for those aspiring towards perfection, and to inspire others with a like ambition.

"There is at this Court a young widow of from seven to eight and twenty years of age, who in the midst of the almost universal corruption of manners has preserved her reputation unblemished, though exposed by her wit and beauty to many temptations. This lady, who is of the highest rank, never fails to attend my sermons, nor is ashamed to allow the emotions they awaken in her to be seen. She often feels drawn to give herself to God—indeed, at times, to leave all and follow Him. But she is the centre of a brilliant circle, and cannot yet determine absolutely to renounce the world and its allurements. She is of a most amiable disposition. I speak to her very urgently on these matters, and she always listens with the utmost deference to my exhortations, but as yet I have been unable to induce her to take any decided step. She admires the religious life extremely in the abstract, but fears to encounter the sacrifices which embracing it entails. My visits to her are great acts of self-denial on my part, but I shall continue them, since under similar circumstances God has blessed my perseverance to the benefit of souls.

"My only fear is that I may be giving time to this case which might be better employed elsewhere. Could this lady be persuaded to give herself to God, her example would be of great weight. She is the most highly gifted woman, both in mind and person, at the Court, I beg you to remember this subject in your prayers."

"I have good hope," he says, in a letter, "that after Easter I may see the lady, on whose behalf I have been so anxious, treading the narrow way. During my last conversation with her at her house, she wept bitterly at the resistance of her will to the will of God, assuring me that the vanity and vexation of the world, and the value of religion had never, she believed, been more clearly revealed to any one than herself. Hers is indeed a finely tempered soul united to a person of great external advantages ; her example would make a forcible impression on many."

This lady, whose indecision and lack of courage failed to exhaust the charity of Father de la Colombière, at length responded to his pious appeals, and after being for so long the object of Divine solicitude, at length submitted herself to its guidance.

"Yesterday evening I was again with the lady of whom I spoke to you. Strangely enough, the devil employs to her hurt a certain false respect to the Body of our Lord, which so deters her from Holy Communion that it is the one thing she dreads in the religious life. On my requiring of her to receive the Blessed Sacrament at least once a fortnight for three months, her distress was so great that I quite felt for her. She implored me to believe that nothing I could ask would be as painful to her as this request. However, I held my ground, and she eventually promised obedience. Most earnestly do I recommend her to your prayers.

"I know not how it is that she has not already given herself to God. It must be that she is the prey of delusions, for I find in her no attachment to the world. The devils dread her complete surrender to Heaven. It is the Evil Spirit alone within her who resists the influence of grace. I can trace no opposition springing from herself.

"I have the happiness of seeing the Duchess of —,

* After some little research we have arrived at the conclusion that this lady was the Duchess of Hamilton, or perhaps Mary Stuart, Duchess of Richmond.

of whom I have spoken to you so often in my letters, completely converted. The Lord visited her lately in a short but severe illness of four and twenty hours, during which she was seized with so poignant a regret at not having already given herself to Him that it nearly killed her.

“Since then she begged me to call at her house that I may speak to her in private, and I hope this very day to see her begin a new life to the glory of God. She has in her the making of a saint, and my poor advice fell in this instance on rich soil.”

There was yet another lady of rank who owed her conversion to the zeal of Father de la Colombière, one whom a providential circumstance had placed under his spiritual guidance. If he had reason to complain of the backwardness of the former lady in Divine things, he had no cause to do so on the present occasion. The work was effected in a single conversation. She entered on the Christian course without hesitation, and her progress was in proportion to her ardour. At its outset her path was bestrewn by God with many consolations, and inspired by Him, she renounced the things of the world, debarring herself from the possibility of return to them. Later she was bitterly assaulted, the devil did his utmost to shake her courage, but the God in Whom she trusted sent His servant to sustain and comfort her.

Like St. Francis de Sales, Father de la Colombière had a particular gift for arousing a love of piety in those of the upper classes and amongst people of the highest rank, his ambition being to lead souls to whatever height of sanctification it might please God to call them. With admirable tact he effectively seconded the operations of grace, and strongly urged the adoption of the religious life on such as aspired to perfection. Thus were laid the foundations of many vocations.

There resided in London at that time a young widow aged about thirty, of a courageous and devoted heart,

but weak in health and devoid of means. For more than a year she had felt a strong inclination to retire from the world and lead a life of solitude and penitence. This lady, when Father de la Colombière repeatedly refused his consent to her wishes, urged on him the constancy and ardour of her desire, and entreated him to beware lest in denying her request he might be opposing the workings of the Holy Spirit.

Father de la Colombière endeavoured to convince her that her wishes were impracticable, but finding her resolution unshaken by his arguments, determined to prove her, and thus discover whether her sole desire was to dedicate herself to God. He therefore suggested that she should make application to some French convent to receive her as a servant, and employ her to look after the sheep, or in any other menial occupation, and this as some of the saints had done before her, without making herself known.

This proposal, which he made with a view of testing her sincerity, she accepted with the greatest joy, and begged his assistance in carrying out the plan. We may read in one of his private letters Father de la Colombière's description of this person :

"She is by birth a Frenchwoman, and during the year and a half that I have known her has always implicitly followed my advice, seeking to mortify her passions, to moderate the too great vivacity of her character, and showing a perseverance in well-doing which many difficulties have not been able to subdue."

He begs the Superioress to whom he is writing to advise him on this occasion, adding : "Think you it may be possible that the Lord is going to raise up among us in these days some great virtues such as edified the world in the first ages of the Church ?" This lady's case was indeed full of promise. She left London in July, 1678, crossed France, reached Paray, and was there received, as it had been arranged, by the Ursuline nuns in a menial capacity.

In the letter to Mère de Saumaise, then at Moulins, of which she was the bearer, Father de la Colombière says: "Should it seem well to you to detain her on the road, I have told her to put herself entirely under your direction. You may be perhaps surprised at the seeming haste with which I have conducted this affair, but after the precautions which, following your advice, I have taken in the matter, I have no fears as to its results."

He goes on to speak in praise of this devoted Christian woman, who had resolved to suffer all things rather than be unfaithful to her vocation, seeing in her acceptance of past trials the surest augury of her future perseverance. She had gone through very severe domestic afflictions, had made without shrinking all the sacrifices Father de la Colombière demanded of her, and had carried out the arduous task of self-mortification with wondrous resolution. We shall see later in this history how unmis-takeably her call was of God.

Another remarkable vocation was that of a young London tradesman, twenty-four years of age, who one day called on Father de la Colombière to ask his advice as to carrying out a longing he had for some time felt to leave his native land, and being young and strong, to lead a life of austerity on some foreign shore, begging his bread. Father de la Colombière, wishing to know somewhat of him before giving a definite opinion on such a proposal, recommended his doing nothing hastily in the matter. In the meantime, to prove his docility, he gave him some rules of life, in following which the young man conceived so great a love for obedience, that henceforth he submitted himself entirely to the guide of his spiritual Father. He abandoned his original design, and under the advice of his director, devoted himself at home to advancing his progress in holiness. God, Who is always generous to the generous, bestowed on him a wonderful gift of prayer, in which he daily received such deep and remarkable teaching in the ways of holiness that Father Claude de

la Colombière was filled thereat with the profoundest joy and admiration. In after years that young man became a monk of distinguished piety. The good priest had also his work by the bedside of the dying, and we may well say, happy were they who passed from earth supported by the words which fell from his lips. Even his very presence seemed to inspire them with the happiest dispositions. He himself relates the following incident, of which he was an eye-witness :

A man at the point of death hearing around him the sobs of those who could not restrain their tears, looked at them sadly and reproachfully for their want of courage and of faith, and gravely said : "Are there then here none who love me well enough to rejoice in my joy? Why should we weep," he added, pointing to the sky, "since it is thither we are going?"

Others amongst his dying penitents entreated their friends not to pray to God for the restoration of their health, or the prolongation of their lives, so anxious were they to depart and to be with Him.

Some who came back as it were by a miracle from the gates of death could not refrain from weeping that the day of their release was yet delayed. They had learnt from Father de la Colombière to place all their treasure where already were fixed the desires and affections of their hearts.

The servant of God had the consolation of seeing his labours crowned with that success which is the desire of all saints, viz., the conversion of men. To him it was given to turn sinners from the error of their ways, to discover those chosen souls who had nothing to refuse their Lord, with whom, as he expressed it, he could do what and all he would, and who without looking to the right hand or the left followed his counsels, and soon rose with ever increasing powers to the very heights of Christian perfection.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK. . MORE CONVERSIONS.

IN enumerating the spiritual children of Father de la Colombière we must not omit to mention the Duchess of York. Mary Beatrice had accepted him as the director of her conscience, and came every eight days to receive his counsels and exhortations.

To her his support and guidance were of the greatest necessity. Her elevated and brilliant position was beset with troubles and difficulties. She was no stranger to the tortures of jealousy ; her first-born children had been taken from her by death, and in this calamity she could not but see the chastisement of Heaven for a concession made to public expediency by which they had been baptized in the religion of the State. Great pressure was brought to bear on her to enforce her reception of certain persons agreeable to the King.* The petty persecutions of which the Catholics were the object added to her discomforts, and the young princess was early initiated in the practice of that self-sacrifice, patience and gentleness, of which she was hereafter to be so admirable a model.

From her wise director she learnt to gather strength and consolation in the practices of her holy faith, and the courage and prudence of conduct which excited the admiration even of her enemies. Burnet, the most prejudiced of the writers attached to the party of the Prince of Orange, says, in describing the character of Mary Beatrice : " Her discretion was remarkable, she was affable in her comportment, and her life was so virtuous and innocent that it won for her the esteem and affection of the public."†

* As the Duchess of Portsmouth.

† It is true that far from speaking of her purity of demeanour as the effect of religious principles, he attributed it to hypocrisy and knowledge of the world, an impossible combination in so young and demonstrative a princess. Burnet takes no pains to prove his base surmises, being only anxious to calumniate his victim.

A gentle purity, or as this writer calls it innocence, appeared in every line of her noble and beautiful countenance, her soul was continually in the attitude of resignation with which she met her great misfortunes. The justness of her judgment, the strength of her courage, and the invariable sweetness and dignity of her demeanour were unshaken during the sad years of her long exile. Louis the Fourteenth, after a visit to her little court at St. Germain, remarked to his courtiers: "She has the true bearing of a queen," he might well have added, of a Christian.*

In her thirty years of banishment many were the trials of Mary Beatrice, but even in those which affected her most nearly she never faltered, and such was her attachment to the faith that she would have seen her son dead at her feet rather than that he should wear a crown at the price of apostasy. History can but honour the memory of such a princess.

Father de la Colombière was truly justified in the praise with which he speaks of her in his correspondence, and in the attachment and affection which he showed for this pure and courageous woman.

He had often remarked that the most satisfactory characters with which he had to deal were those which united a sound judgment to an energetic nature, in such the grace of God finds the most abundant hope of action. There are many such loyal natures amongst the English hard-working people, who receive the Divine seed into a rich and fruitful soil. Abjurations multiplied at the preaching of the zealous missionary. No one could hear him speak or converse without being struck by his sanctity; sight and truth entered the darkened heart, and the sinner owned himself vanquished.

One day he writes: I have actually five persons coming to see me with the intention of abjuring Protestantism, two

* See Miss Strickland's *Life of Mary Beatrice*. The authoress, though a Protestant, estimates her character with considerable fairness.

were formerly monks, two are young French ladies, the other is an Englishman. In another letter he writes: I have just received the submission of a young lady who has for long resisted the Divine call: pray God for her. Only eight days since I received another heretic.

London at that time contained a really numerous body of apostates, whom ambition, the love of wealth, and yet oftener, the allurements of the world had separated from the Catholic Church. Father de la Colombière doubtlessly observed all those precautions which prudence would suggest to acquaint himself with the state of mind of these deserters from the faith. Many were persons without stability or any strength of mind, a prey to the feelings of the moment, of whom it was to be feared that the very inconstancy which prevented their remaining in the ranks of heresy might at some other time and under other influences incline them again to forsake the standard of the Church. It was easy to predict that he would suffer, as all engaged in the work of conversion suffer. Father de la Colombière had the sorrow of seeing three or four unhappy apostates, whom grossly deceived he had re-admitted to the fold of the Church, fall back into heresy. When warned to beware of these kind of people, so ready to take advantage of his compassion and charity he replied: "If they deceive me I lose my money, that is all, if they are sincere I shall have gained souls for Christ;" and in the goodness of his heart he never even after these disappointments was less ready to extend a helping hand to these unfortunates.

So many indeed were the conversions made by him to the Catholic faith, that later they formed a source of complaint against him, and with regret we add that his accuser and betrayer was one of those apostates whom his charity had befriended.

Amongst the sermons of Father de la Colombière are two which were preached on the occasion of a double abjuration. The first is thus headed in all editions:

Preached on the occasion of the reception of a Calvinist gentleman of quality. Who was that convert? History has as yet furnished us with no clue to his name.*

The second sermon was delivered on the occasion of the abjuration of Calvinism by a person of rank with all his family. Here again we deplore the absence of contemporary documents, and know not to whom allusion is here made.

It was on one of these occasions that Father de la Colombière in a moment of oratorical fervour exclaimed : "O England ! unhappy England ! thou art an example of the truth of the saying 'The abuse of grace leadeth to gracelessness.' For upon what country in days of yore did Heaven more abundantly shower its benedictions, to what people was ever given greater zeal for the faith, deeper reverence for the Church ? Amongst the great kings who have governed thee, many abandoned their crowns for the love of Jesus. Canst thou tell the number of thy princes and princesses who have set thee an example of evangelical poverty and chastity. Some amongst them I find who have carried these virtues even into the marriage state. Thy cities have brought forth martyrs, thy churches Pontiffs of extraordinary piety. The numbers of thy religious nearly equalled that of thy population, thou wert, so to say, one large monastery, so eager were thy inhabitants, some to give their goods to religious foundations, others to pass their days within the cloister ! I will not dwell on the honours received by the Mother of God at the hands of Englishmen in other days, nor speak of their devotion to the Queen of Angels, so great that England in those days was called the portion or dowry of Mary."

* If we may hazard a conjecture this nobleman was Lord Castlemaine, whom Titus Oates accused of being a Jesuit priest, and who was sent to the Tower. The other person of quality may have been Lady Clifford or Lady Abington, whose husbands had been converted a short time previously.

Month of the Souls in Purgatory.

THE pious custom of dedicating the month of November to the relief of the faithful departed is one which may safely be reckoned amongst those which have met with universal acceptance by the Church. Is there a single Catholic who, if really desirous of carrying out in all things the spirit of the Church, will allow this month to pass without imposing upon himself some sacrifices, without endeavouring with redoubled fervour to gain a greater number of indulgences, in view of delivering from the expiatory flames the souls detained there by Divine justice? In order to incite to these pious practices, we may perhaps be permitted to give a brief historical notice of the devotion of which we speak, and to point out the inestimable advantages attached to it.

In all ages the Church, our loving Mother, has by a daily-increasing liberality stimulated the zeal of her children with regard to the souls in Purgatory. To the generous charity of her children she opens her treasury of indulgences, inviting each one to draw thence the ransom of his brethren, of whom so large a number are still detained in painful exile from Heaven on account of debts which they are themselves incapable of discharging. In the Old Testament we frequently find a period of thirty days set apart for mourning for the dead, and invoking the mercy of Heaven on their behalf. The sons of the Patriarch Jacob mourned for their father during thirty days; on the death of the High Priest Aaron and his brother Moses the Hebrew people wept and prayed for the space of thirty days; and the period prescribed for the duration of mourning amongst the children of Israel was a whole month.

The Church, the Spouse of Jesus Christ, has in this respect perpetuated the tradition of the Synagogue. From the very first we find her encouraging the practice of devoting a month to mourning for the dead. Hence the solemn rites of what is called the Month of the Holy Souls, to which St. Gregory attached the celebration of thirty Masses, whilst other Sovereign Pontiffs enriched it with indulgences. The observance of this month was moreover warmly commended to the faithful by Benedict the Fourteenth. Christian piety responded to Pontifical munificence; and the children of the Church sought, in their various ways, to devote a month to the memory of the departed. In the present century, in order to give a fresh impetus to their charitable zeal, Pius the Seventh published a Brief granting a plenary indulgence to all who should, during thirty consecutive days, perform certain devotions proposed by the Bishop of Arezzo. This gave rise to the idea of setting apart a special month in which more efficacious help might be rendered to the souls in Purgatory by a continuous course of religious exercises. The month of November was selected, and the choice thus made is fully accounted for by the fact that the Church has fixed the commemoration of the faithful departed for the second day of that month.

To enumerate the powerful motives which urge to the practice of this devotion, and give in detail the advantages accruing from it, would fill many pages.

First Motive. *It is the will of God.*—No devotion has been more deeply imprinted upon the heart of man than that which has the dead for its object. It may almost be said that there is no nation, however barbarous, but has instituted some funeral rites intended to appease the Deity or satisfy the claims of His justice in regard to the dead. The voice of nature, or of primitive tradition, has in the case of us Christians been supplemented by the voice of the Church; it is an article of faith that we can assuage the sufferings of the souls in Purgatory, and consequently

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there can be no doubt that we are bound to do so to the utmost of our power.

Second Motive. *Charity demands it.*—Even if God did not call on us to render assistance to these suffering souls, would not the consciousness that they are a prey to indescribable torments, and at the same time unable themselves to alleviate in the least degree the poignancy of their distress, be a sufficient inducement to prevail on us to help them? Shall our brethren stretch out their hands to us in supplication, imploring us to have pity on them, and we meanwhile turn a deaf ear to their cry for help, and look unmoved on their sufferings, when it is within our power to snatch them from the midst of the flames and introduce them into the bliss of Paradise? Such conduct on our part would be cruel indeed.

Third Motive. *Our own interest is concerned in it.*—So long as we dwell in this land of exile, we are continually exposed to the danger of losing our souls for eternity, and therefore we shall do well to interest as many friends and patrons as possible in the work of our salvation. Now in exerting ourselves to obtain the release of the souls in Purgatory, we people Heaven with souls who, destined to enjoy a never-ending felicity, will have nothing so much at heart as to procure the same for us, through whose efforts they have entered into the possession of that happiness several years sooner, perhaps, than they would otherwise have done.

Fourth Motive. *Our love for Jesus and the Blessed Virgin Mary.*—How shall we presume to call ourselves children of Mary, if we have no pity for the souls in Purgatory? They are children of Mary like ourselves; Mary employs her influence for their relief, but she expects, she earnestly desires, that her other children on earth should cooperate with her in this work of mercy. Jesus on His part thus speaks to us: You who are, or who wish to become My friends, prove the reality of your love for Me by procuring the deliverance, or at least the relief

of those souls who are most dear to Me, but whom the claims of Divine justice prevent Me from welcoming to My arms. It is in your power to hasten the conclusion of their sufferings; draw therefore the price of their ransom from the treasure of infinite merits which I have left as a legacy to the Church.

These motives ought to be enough to induce us to adopt the pious practices in use amongst the faithful, and approved by the Church for the relief of our departed brethren, especially the daily devotions of the month of November. Let us during this month offer to the justice of God, in union with Jesus Christ, our prayers, our privations, our sufferings, corporal or spiritual, our good works of whatever kind they be, in order that the merit of them, relinquished by us on behalf of the departed, may help these latter in their need, and serve to discharge, or at any rate to diminish, the amount of their debts.

Let us be merciful, and in the same measure as we show mercy will the mercy of God be one day poured out upon us. Our Lord says: "*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.*" Let us be generous in our mercy; let us give to the souls in Purgatory a good measure, a measure running over of compassionate assistance; and we have the promise of Jesus Himself that in the same measure the mercy of God will be one day meted out to us. *Mensura qua mensi fueritis remetietur vobis*—"With the same measure that you shall mete withal, it shall be measured to you again."

The Jesuit Mission to the Upper Zambesi.

THE efforts which at the present moment are in various quarters being made towards the evangelization of Africa cannot but suggest to Catholics many thoughts as to both the past and the future.

The mysterious land, this "dark Continent," which in our own day seems at last on the point of being opened up to the communion of the civilized world, is not for all its isolation and its darkness altogether a stranger to the Church of Christ, and while it has something of a Christian history already to record, it is no less true that we look hopefully for the true tale of its Christianity in the time to come.

In looking back we need not only dwell on the fact that some of the most glorious of the earlier foundations of Christianity were upon African soil. Not only was Alexandria one of the three great Sees of the ancient Church, one of the three "Petrine" Sees which through Rome and Antioch and itself cast on the three then discovered portions of the globe the shadow of the Prince of the Apostles. But besides and beyond that, the churches of North Africa were as noteworthy as any provincial churches in the part which they played and the figure they made in the great drama of the earlier centuries. Clement and Denis of Alexandria, Origen and Tertullian, St. Cyprian of Carthage, and St. Augustine of Hippo, to mention no others, are by themselves names that suffice to consecrate the Continent. Neither can we forget the ancient and curious history of Abyssinian and Ethiopian Christianity.

But this, as we have said, is not all, and it is not upon their earlier days that we wish to dwell. In times far more recent, but still tolerably long gone by, Christianity has made its mark less deeply but more widely upon Africa. The great explorers of the Continent in the past, the Portuguese, here, as elsewhere, brought in their train the ministers of the Church, and in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and well on in the eighteenth, they have left their traces in African story—to an extent that is too often ignored.

The fact is evinced in the first place by African Geography. It has lately been argued in the *American Catholic Quarterly*,* and argued with abundance of learning and of proof, that geography is essentially a Catholic science. The Church that has had committed to her the world as a heritage cannot but press on till she shall have occupied its entirety, and cannot therefore fail to enlarge our knowledge of the earth. And so we find in Africa that she has done much that has been forgotten, and forgotten precisely because worldly interests and intrigues have stepped in to hinder the continuance of her work. In brief, we find that the maps of two and three centuries ago, maps which rest upon the authority of missionaries and of those connected with missionaries, anticipate in a degree truly marvellous what are supposed to be the new discoveries of our own day. In them interior Africa is not the arid, waterless waste of the maps and geographical books of our boyhood. The celebrated Lyons globe (constructed by two Franciscans in 1702), the map of Pigafetta, constructed from the information of Edward Lopez† in 1591, and the many maps of the seventeenth century, which were based upon it, are sufficient to quote in proof of what we say. So also is the erroneous geography of

* By Mr. John Gilmary Shea.

† Lopez was not a missionary but a merchant. The occasion, however, of his coming to Rome, where his relation was published, was precisely to obtain from the Pope missionaries for Congo, at the instance of the Christian King of that country.

Abyssinia, which so long was accepted by Europe because the map-makers of Holland and Flanders, who then gave the law to their profession, would not listen to the corrections which Jesuit missionaries furnished, and which modern researches confirm. So again is the fact that a century and a half before Bruce, Father Paez, a Jesuit,* stood by the fountains of the Blue Nile, and that more than two centuries before Livingstone, Father Mariano, another Jesuit, wrote home particulars about Lake Nyassa.†

We are far from wishing to maintain that the results of ancient discovery were as precise and accurate as those of discoveries more recent. It would be very hard to expect them to have been so. We by no means deny that modern observations have corrected much that seems to have been mere generalization upon observation or information, any more than we can deny that observations to come will in their turn limit and correct the maps which are now produced as the result of recent travel. Still the fact remains that as attested by the maps the explorers and evangelists of Africa were aware of that fact which at the present day seems to have all the charm of novelty—the existence in mid-Africa of a system of vast lakes from which spring the various great rivers which run to the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the Indian Ocean: that with regard to those said rivers, they placed the head of the Nile and the Zambesi not very far from the positions which we are now able to assign, and that, most astonishing of all, they lay down for the Congo a course very similar within narrower limits to that which has been disclosed by the most remarkable and successful of all recent voyages—that of Mr. Stanley.

But we need not be at the pains of arguing this point in words of our own. It is done for us by one who must be heard with respect, for he has himself done more than most men in the matter of African discovery. Commander Cameron writes : ‡

* A.D. 1616. † A.D. 1624. ‡ *Across Africa*, vol. ii. chap. xvi. p. 302.

"The existence in Central Africa of a wonderful system of lakes seems to have been known to the ancients, and if not verified on the spot to have been at least conjectured by the first European explorers of Africa. But in later times this system of lakes was replaced in the imagination of geographers by desert spaces. The surmises of the old Portuguese travellers and missionaries are *astonishingly near the truth*, and the maps of two centuries ago give a more exact idea of the interior of the Continent than do those of our own before our eyes were opened—by the discoveries of Burton and Livingstone."

This being so, we shall not be surprised to find that Catholic missions were widely spread on the African Continent. In Abyssinia from their earliest days the Jesuits had a mission for many years. The same Fathers and the Capuchins laboured on the West Coast in the Kingdom of Congo, more than one of whose sovereigns received baptism. At San Salvador, in Congo, we are informed, on the high authority of Mr. Keith Johnston, that "the Jesuit missionaries worked far and wide, spreading all kinds of cultivation and industry. . . . Their memory is revered to this day." While as to the Capuchins it will be sufficient to name Father Jerome de Montesarchio, who, after traversing the whole country (of Congo) from south-east to north-west, passed the Zaire (the Congo) and penetrated even to the cannibal country, and to the gates of Micocco, King of the N'teka and of the Anzikis; and Father Bonaventure d' Alessano who had projected at his death a journey "across the dark Continent" in a direction opposite to Mr. Stanley's, intending to pass through the lands of this same Micocco to Abyssinia.* The labours of these Capuchin Fathers have obtained the tribute of record on the maps of Mr. Petermann, no partial witness, but are in no need of any record beyond that which they themselves found time to leave.

Nor was the Kingdom of Congo alone on the West

* See *Etudes Theologiques* for June, 1878, p. 793.

Coast the theatre of Catholic zeal. Jesuits and Capuchins alike evangelized Angola and Matamba, while to the north they penetrated to Sierra Leone and Senegambia.

Nor were these bodies alone in the field, for they shared it with both Dominicans and Franciscans.

As on the West Coast so was it on the East. The great island of Madagascar was evangelized by Dominicans. So also was the coast opposite to it, and the lands on the banks of the Limpopo. Near Lake Nyassa Dr. Livingstone records how he found the ruins of a Jesuit church where he had fancied that he was the first European visitor, and Jesuits worked with Dominicans in the region of the celebrated Kingdom of Monomotapa. Nor was the soil only watered by the sweat of the apostles. It was fertilized by the blood of martyrdom. To cite one whose history will illustrate what we shall have to say presently, Father Gonsalves de Sylveira, S.J., was put to death at Simbaové through the influence of Arab traders, who saw in him an obstacle to their iniquities in 1561. While thirty years later on the banks of the Zambesi the Dominican Father de Rosario fell (in 1592) by the arrows of the Kaffirs. But sixty years after his death one of his religious brethren, another Father de Rosario, baptized a King of the country, whose son is said to have died a Dominican priest at Goa.

The land is not therefore new to Catholicity. Truly may the Church exclaim here as elsewhere :

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?

It remains to see what manner of a land it is, and what are the prospects that open before its new apostles.

As to the land of interior Africa modern discovery in revolutionizing the ideas of our boyhood regarding its aridity has reversed them also in regard to its products. We find a region of untold wealth in place of what has hitherto been represented by a blank space in the centre of our maps. Sugar and coffee, tobacco and sesamum, nutmegs and pepper, grain of many kinds, rice, wheat,

"Kaffir corn" yielding "enormously,"* and Indian corn yielding from one hundred and fifty to two hundred fold; India-rubber and cotton, the oil-palm in marvellous profusion, the castor-oil tree, hemp, copal, and timber trees of every variety, both hard and soft, are among the catalogue of the products of the soil; while beneath the surface of the same are, in the province of Katunga, north-west of Lake Bangweolo, copper in great abundance, and gold as well, while silver is sometimes found and cinnabar in large quantities.

Such is the land, but what of the most essential of its features, the inhabitants? Here too our ideas have at least in part to be reversed. Old Peter Heylin, in his cosmography two centuries ago, sums up the general belief as to the character of the Africans thus pithily: "Each village is under a several king and each in continual quarrel with its next neighbours, whom if they overcome they eat." But this description requires to be largely toned down. There are blood-thirsty tribes and there are cannibals in Africa, but by no means the whole of its population are to be classed in either category. To understand the true state of the case it is necessary to remind ourselves of the distribution of races over the Continent. Along the northern coast and down the eastern as far as Zanzibar—excepting Abyssinia and the Galla lands—are found Semitic Arabs, and their rule may be roughly described as extending southwards to the line and westwards from the shores of the Indian Ocean to Lake Tanganyika. Their rule thus extends where they themselves do not contribute the staple of the population.† That staple is supplied variously by Fulahs, Nubas, and Negroes proper. South of the line, or better within the fold of the River Congo and the lake region of Central Africa the Bantus prevail, and up to the present have been left to their own heathen rule.

* Cameron.

† The distribution here followed is that of Dr. Peterman in his *Mittheilungen*, vol. xxiii. November, 1877.

Dr. Schweinfurth suggests a classification of the peoples of Africa as follows: (1) Those who have firearms: these are in more or less constant communication with Europe. (2) Those who know the use of cotton-cloth, which they obtain through native traders. (3) Those amongst whom glass beads take the place of a currency; and (4) those who are utterly cut off from the world and its commerce, and who clothe themselves in skins prepared by themselves.

In this classification, it is the third or glass bead region that is the chief theatre of that curse of Africa the slave trade. Worse than the cannibals in their bad influence upon the hopes of its people are those who make this trade in human flesh the employment of their life.

The mischief worked by this horrible traffic cannot be exaggerated. "Africa," says Cameron, "is bleeding out her life-blood. Her population already too small for her requirements is daily reduced by the slave-trade and by war." Villages which earlier travellers but a few years ago had found thriving and populous are now to be seen in ruins utterly deserted or peopled by a few starving wretches whose substance and families have been taken from them; while in the jungles patches of corn here and there mark where fugitives from the slave-hunters are compelled to live the life of wild beasts.

It is hard to realize the utter lawlessness and iniquity with which this trade is carried on. The slave-hunters are the Arabs and, with shame be it said, the degenerate descendants of the Portuguese. Still the primeval curse is strong, still are the sons of Cham servants of servants to the children of Sem and of Japhet. Without any pretence then of right except the right of the stronger, without even the simulation of a cause of war, do the slave-seekers march upon the defenceless people. By force in many cases, by fraud in others, they secure what they want. Sometimes they burn a village and carry off its inhabitants; sometimes they tempt a headman or chief

with the offer of objects which they know that his simplicity will be unable to resist. Dr. Livingstone tells of some Arabs coming to a new tribe and offering to them eight old guns—the most powerful bribe which could possibly be offered to men situated as are the savages. In exchange they were offered ivory, goats, fruit: they would have nothing but boys—boys of fourteen; and in the end they prevailed with their victims to give one in exchange for each gun, stealing the children from their neighbours, and thus becoming participators in the crime.

In one way and another slaves then are procured. Slaves and ivory are the only commodities for which the hunters care. Sometimes they procure both at once, and force the slaves to carry the ivory to the coast where they sell them both together. At other times they convey the slaves along secured in "slave-forks." These are simply large and heavy sticks cut with a fork at one end, two of them being bound by the shanks together so as to have a fork at each end. Into each of these forks the neck of a slave is put and there tied, and their hands being also tied behind their backs they are rendered perfectly incapable of either flight or resistance. Cameron speaks of seeing a boy of eleven in one of these forks and in a condition such as to prove that he had been "brutally used."

The number of the victims is very large. Ten thousand yearly used to pass the south end of Lake Nyassa. It is to be hoped that the Sultan of Zanzibar's cooperation with the English Government has caused the number recently to diminish. Still the latest accounts which we have describe the area of the trade as spreading.

The horrors of the journey we can hardly conceive. Loaded with the forks and gagged with wooden bits like snaffles, the poor wretches are forced along by their inhuman captors who seem to think far less even of their own real commercial interest in the matter than we should do in driving a flock of sheep. In the Wahiao

country, east of Nyassa, we are told of skeletons of slaves thick along the route. The Arabs and Portuguese sometimes leaving to perish and sometimes actually killing those whom from faintness they found themselves unable to drag along. Here and there a carcass bound to a tree showed the determination of these human monsters that the victim whom they found themselves forced to let slip from their grasp should not benefit by the necessity. One woman Dr. Livingstone speaks of as found by him shot through the heart, and a witness informed him that this was the work of an Arab trader enraged at losing the money he had invested in her, when he found her grow too weak to walk. On another occasion the same traveller found a whole group of gaunt starving wretches left to die, with their hands still bound and the forks still about their necks, two hyenas, as the sun went down, having taken up their station close by to wait for the end.

What wonder that all travellers should unanimously cry out that some means must be found to check the ravages of this scourge before we can look with any hope to the future of Africa? What wonder that those tribes which know strangers only in the persons of those who come upon this diabolical errand should be fierce and unapproachable. Wherever this curse of Africa has spread, it has left its hideous mark, not only in what it has taken, but in what it has left. But in themselves, and when left alone, the people are not the savage monsters whom Heylin describes. They are, to be sure, cruel, as all savages are when their blood is up. They are sunk in the lowest and grossest fetish-worship and idolatry. Strips of goat-skin, leopards baked out of clay, and horns, with countless other objects, receive from them divine worship. But though their souls be, in regard of the supernatural, as dark as their skins, they are not wanting in fine qualities. "One of the discoveries which I have made," writes Livingstone, travelling in the Zambesi region, "is that there are a great many good people in the world." The name of

Livingstone at once recalls the wonderful fidelity of his followers, who, through so many difficulties, bore his remains and his records well-nigh a thousand miles, till they could give them over to white men. Neither can we forget the experience of Commander Young, R.N., who in his office connected with the foundation of the Presbyterian settlement of Livingstonia, on Lake Nyassa, had to transport a small steamer, in pieces, as well as sundry stores. He writes: "Let this ever stand to the African's credit, that eight hundred of these men worked, and worked desperately for us, free as air to come and go as they pleased, over a road which furnished at almost every yard an excuse for an accident, or a hiding-place for thief or deserter, but yet at the end of the sixty miles we had everything delivered up to us unmolested, untampered with, and unhurt, every man merry and content with his well-earned wages." The same writer tells of a poor woman from whom he purchased a hen for a piece of calico, but when he had paid her the price, he bade her keep the fowl, and send him a chicken when she had one from it. Months after he was surprised by a visit from the woman's husband, who had walked several miles to bring the chicken, which he himself had forgotten all about.

Traits like these cannot fail to awaken our interest in such a people. But more worthy still of remark is what Young tells us of their capacity for moral rectitude. "I wish," he says, "to point out a common but most unjust assumption with respect to the tribes living in the *interior* of Africa; for I draw a broad line between those who have been contaminated by the atrocious immoralities of the Portuguese and Arabs and the people who wander on still in their own wilds, ignorant of evils which civilization, so called, tolerates unblushingly. It would be impossible to take one of these men through many parts of London after dark without a feeling of shame and humiliation, which the native need never feel when

the stranger, be he who he may, comes to his village or his hut."*

Here then is a people worthy in their barbarian simplicity of the light of the Gospel. To it alone can they look with hope for a remedy of those evils which oppress them without bringing them worse evils in exchange. There are those who speak as if commerce, the opening up of trade and traffic were to be the panacea for both Africa and the Africans. Alas, can we think so? Can we forget the oft-repeated history of the contact of civilization with barbarism? Does the progress of trade benefit the red-skins of America, the Australians, the Maories, the Kaffirs themselves? What sort of pioneers of elevation and enlightenment are they that move before the van of European settlement? Will trade and its envoys be able to impart to the dwellers in African plains and forests what they cannot impart to the denizens of our back slums? Will they not too surely introduce the curse of intoxication, carelessness of human life, recklessness as to decency, flagrant violation of all morality among a people easy to contaminate as it would easily be led to what is right. We know too well from the past what is, humanly speaking, in store for the future :

History, with all her volumes vast, hath but one page.

As Las Casas in America, so did his fellow missionaries in Africa find the great obstacle to their apostolate in the evil example and influence of Europeans. "All the industry of the Portuguese," complained Father de Sousa, "is expended in purchasing gold and seeking for silver mines." And surely we see no very hopeful signs of human nature having changed in the time that has elapsed from then to now.

Now as then there is no hope for the true civilization or amelioration of the tribes whom enterprize has disclosed but in the Church. Here, as everywhere, she must be the

* *Nyassa*, p. 48.

salt of the earth if it is to be preserved from corruption. Her voice alone, who has the Divine commission to teach all nations, can effectually make itself heard clear and distinct above all the discord of heathenism and of error; the heavenly gifts which she is given to bear will make these nations, whatever else may befall them, rich indeed.

Catholics cannot therefore hold back when others are pressing forward. Where the world pushes on to seek for wealth, the Church to be true to her mission, must push beside it in quest of souls. "Shame were it to me," said St. Francis Xavier, "if where merchants venture in hope of gold I were to fear to go to save souls that have been bought with the Blood of Christ."

And therefore is it that from more points than one Catholic zeal is preparing to assault the darkest of the strongholds of superstition. One of these projected enterprises has suggested the remarks we here make. This is the Mission of the Upper Zambesi, the leadership of which has been intrusted to Father H. Depelchin, S.J. The intended scene of his labours may be most compendiously described by saying that it embraces the region of Dr. Livingstone's chief researches. It also includes the spot of that great traveller's death. Running inwards along the left or northern bank of the Lower Zambesi, crossing that river higher up, so as to take in the celebrated Victoria Falls, in volume second to Niagara alone, which they far exceed in weird grandeur, following northwards pretty nearly the 20th meridian of east longitude and running eastwards again pretty nearly along the 10th parallel of south latitude, so as to include Lakes Bangweolo and Nyassa, this region, about four times the size of France, is pretty much what was formerly known as Monomotapa. It is the nation and the slave trade of this district that we have heard described by Livingstone and Young. It was here that Dominicans and Jesuits wrought, it was here that Arab slave traders procured for Sylveira his martyr crown, rightly seeing in the faith which he preached the

deadly enemy of their iniquities. It was here too that Rosario fell, and hence that the royal Dominican novice came.

The mission therefore starts on a soil not altogether new, and with traditions, if few, yet glorious. It goes forth too with the blessing of those whose office it is to be solicitous for the spread of the true faith. It is at the express wish of Propaganda that the General of the Society sends forth Father Depelchin and his brethren. In sending them, and bidding them to solicit the cooperation of the faithful by their alms in this great work, he adds: "I beg the Divine Goodness to deign by abundant blessings to prosper your holy work, to guide and to guard your Reverence and your companions." So in our own country the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster writes to Father Depelchin :

I express to you my hearty sympathy in your excellent work : and I do so all the more gladly, because it lately fell to me to take part in the treatment of the Missions in Africa, in the Congregation of Propaganda.

The Missions in Africa are important for many reasons at this moment. They would always lay on us an obligation of charity for the salvation of souls, and those the most suffering and hitherto the least accessible of all races ; but at the same time they are in a special way appealing to Catholic sympathy, because Africa is now for the first time being laid open to us in all its extent, and also because it is being traversed by the promptness and activity of others, who cannot bear to them the inestimable gift which God has both given and preserved to us.

I pray that God may largely bless all your labours, and put it into the heart of my flock to help you by their intercessions and their alms.

And the Bishop of Salford :

I rejoice to learn that a serious and vigorous effort is about to be made to evangelize the races of Central Africa. And I thank God with all my heart that He has inspired your Society with the desire to devote itself to this most arduous and most

necessary work. Years ago it was a frequent contemplation of the map of Africa, with its unhappy millions, for centuries shut up in that dark continent without any knowledge of their Redeemer and of His salvation, that, more than any other consideration, kindled within me a zeal for the Foreign Missionary work of the Church. And ever since the first Missioners from St. Joseph's College were sent to the negroes of the United States, I have always entertained the hope that this might be a preparation and a stepping-stone for them to evangelize the negro races in Africa. You may judge then from these circumstances of the heartiness of the blessing which I give to you and to all engaged with you in this noble enterprize. I see in the fact of this work having been taken up by the Society of Jesus, with its large resources in men and means, and in apostolic zeal, a guarantee that it will be prosecuted with thoroughness. Another thought gives me a great interest in the African Missions—it is this: God seems to seek compensation among the inferior races for the dishonour He sustains by the perversion of cultivated and refined intellect among the more favoured races. As it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so may it be in the nineteenth and twentieth. The Church, through the zeal of her Missioners will spread, and will acquire more than she has lost and is losing. The millions that are as yet unevangelized and have never known the truth are at least five or six times as numerous as those who have despised and rejected the light of salvation. All Catholics ought to feel it a positive duty to take part in the Foreign Missionary work of the Church. You will need several thousands of pounds in order to reach, and to form a settlement in Central Africa, from which you and your *confrères* may begin to dispense and scatter the blessings of Catholicism. A portion of this money you will collect on the Continent of Europe, but a portion of it you naturally desire to collect in England. I give you full permission to collect all you can in the Diocese of Salford. I feel certain that God will bless us in proportion as we are zealous and generous in works of faith and of charity.

It would be useless to add anything to this, it is plainly a work—if there be one such in the world—that is for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls.

The Miracles of our Lord, as illustrating the Doctrine of Purgatory.

XV.—THE CASTING OUT OF THE LEGION OF DEVILS.

St. Matt. viii. 28—34, ix. 1; St. Mark v. 1—21; St. Luke viii. 26—40.

1. THE consideration of the tranquillity and peace which reign in Purgatory may help to show us how, in a certain sense, the period of their detention there is to the Holy Souls a sort of foretaste of Heaven, and a time when they feel with intense gratitude their deliverance from the stormy and unsettled existence which they have led during their life on earth. The next in order of our Lord's miracles gives us an opportunity of comparing the state of Purgatory with that of the other place of punishment which the justice of God has established. That other place is Hell, prepared, as our Lord says in His last parable, for the devil and his angels, but which is also to serve for the eternal abode of men such as we are, if they die in mortal sin, and where they will suffer in due proportion to the sins of which they have been guilty.

2. The miracle of which we are about to speak is one of the most remarkable of all those which our Lord wrought. It is so, partly on account of the large number of evil spirits who had been allowed to take possession of the soul of the poor sufferer who was delivered, partly on account of the manner in which the circumstances of the story seem to lift the veil which hides from us the unseen world, at least as to certain conditions of the present existence of the evil spirits, and to show us at once their misery, their malice, and their power. We shall have to leave aside a great many thoughts which will occur to us

as to these points, in order to dwell more exclusively on that which is to be the subject of this chapter. The miracle is carefully related by the three historical Evangelists, and its circumstances are familiar to us all. After the stilling of the tempest, of which we had to speak in the last chapter, our Lord lands on the coast of the sea of Galilee opposite to Capharnaum. It was a wild tract, inhabited, as it seems, by a mixed population, in which there was a large proportion of Gentiles. In certain respects it resembled the countries, of which there are still so many in the world, in which the Church has hardly set her foot, and in which, in consequence of her absence, the evil spirits are allowed greater licence. Our Lord was met on His landing by two demoniacs, one of whom appears to have been in a worse case than the other, but they were both of them dwelling in the tombs among the rocks, and were so violent and savage that no one could pass along the road which led from the shore to the tombs. St. Mark, speaking of the chief of the two, says, that it had often been attempted to bind him with chains, but all had failed, he had broken them all, and that no one could tame him, and he was always in the tombs among the mountains, day and night, crying out and cutting himself with stones. He was possessed, in truth, by a whole "legion" of devils, who forced him to go and throw himself at our Lord's feet, begging Him not to torment them, and then they revealed their numbers at our Lord's command, and also begged Him, first not to drive them out of the country, and then not to cast them out "*into the abyss*," that is, as it seems, to bid them leave this world altogether. Lastly, they besought Him to allow them to enter into a large herd of swine that were feeding near the place, and, when our Lord permitted this, the whole herd was seen to run down the steep side of a hill above the sea, and throw itself over the cliff into the water. The keepers of the swine went into the town, and related what had happened, on which the people of

the place came out to beg our Lord to depart from their country. The poor man from whom the devils had been cast out entreated our Lord, on the other hand, to allow him to follow Him and remain under His protection and guidance, but our Lord would not allow this, bidding him instead go home to his family, and tell them of the wonderful deliverance which God had wrought for him.

3. This narrative certainly sets before us, in striking colours, the sufferings which the evil spirits are allowed to inflict, and their own inveterate malice. Their abject fear at the presence of our Lord contrasts with the extreme violence to which they had been able to urge the man who was at last delivered from them. We see their hatred to the human race in their desire not to be forbidden any longer to haunt the earth, which is the home of man. We see their malice and desire to injure any creatures of God which they are allowed to infest, in their craving leave to enter into the swine, and the immediate destruction of the whole herd which ensued when that leave was granted. Power, malice, restlessness, hatred of God and of what belongs to Him, hatred of man for His sake—such are some of the features of the picture of the devils as drawn in the history of this miracle. We seem to see how they carry their hell with them wherever they go, and it is on this account that we may use this miracle as shedding light on the contrast on which we are engaged. We have a picture which may in some respects remind us of Purgatory, in the poor man who had been delivered from the devils, sitting down at our Lord's feet, clothed, in his right mind, and desirous to be admitted to the blessed company who now followed our Lord whithersoever He went. The difference between this man as he was after his deliverance and as he was before, is not so great as that which we are thinking of—the difference between the sojourners in Purgatory and the miserable dwellers in Hell; but few pictures of the kind in our Lord's life seem

to set before us so vividly as this the fierce torments to which those last-named dwellers are subjected.

4. The sufferings which are to be endured in Hell may be divided thus: (1) The pain of loss; (2) the pain of sense, under which head we may include the internal pains of the souls there imprisoned; (3) the place and company; (4) the eternity and consequent hopelessness of all relief; (5) the entire aversion of the will from God, for Whom man was created. This last is, in truth, a part of those pains which are included under the former heads, but for our purpose it may be better to consider it separately. Taking this division as embracing, more or less, all that can be affirmed as to the various pains of Hell, we shall not find it difficult to understand the difference which separates Purgatory from Hell. As to the pain of loss, that is in one sense the same in both cases, and in another sense very different. The souls who are suffering in Hell have lost God for ever, and the souls in Purgatory are banished from the sight of God for a time. In both cases they are debarred from the Beatific Vision, for which they were intended, and which became, as it were, their birth-right when they were admitted to the blessings of the Christian Covenant in Holy Baptism. The sense of the eternity and utter irremediableness of this separation must add an immense and inconceivable weight of pain to the loss of the souls in Hell. And the Holy Souls in Purgatory are not separated from our Lord as to grace and charity, though there are certain features in their case which resemble those of the lost souls. For the souls in Purgatory have lost, in many cases, degrees of grace and of glory in Heaven which can never be regained. When their time of purification is over, they will be rewarded eternally, in the possession of God, according to what their merits have been, and not according to what those merits might have been if they had been more faithful. If therefore there were degrees of the knowledge and love of God which they have failed to gain when they might have gained them, that is a loss which cannot be in itself

repaired, although the perfect union of their wills with that of God and their perfect charity and contentment will prevent any sense of loss in that regard when they are admitted to Heaven. We may find it well to make this part of the pain of loss the subject of a separate chapter hereafter.

5. If, continuing our comparison, we consider, in the second place, the pain of sense, we shall find that it is possible that some souls in Purgatory may suffer pain of that kind for a time to a greater extent and in a greater intensity than some of the lost souls may suffer it for ever. For the pain in each case is in proportion to the sin, and there may be souls who die in the grace of God, who have committed more sins for which punishment is due than others who die out of the grace of God, and who may have had far shorter lives and far fewer or less powerful temptations. This will hold good of the pains of sense in the strictest meaning of the term. If we go on to include under those words the sufferings which the lost souls have to endure from the torments which afflict their interior faculties, the memory, the fancy, the imagination, the appetites on which the passions work, and the like, it may be said that the difference is immense. In the case of the lost soul, there is the greatest interior disorder and misery, the memory is full of the opportunities of grace lost and the emptiness of the pleasures for which they have been lost, the reason is distorted, the will is perverted, the imagination is haunted by the foulest and most hateful shapes, the whole mind and heart is at war with itself, with its past, with its future, with all around it, and with God. In the case of the Holy Souls, there must have been bitter self-reproval, confusion, and consequently pain and sorrow, when the whole of their lives was presented to them in the light of truth at the moment of their judgment by our Lord. And we cannot doubt that the misuse or disordered indulgence of any one of the interior faculties of the soul will have its pain corresponding to it. But their present state is one of

order, tranquillity, and peace, as we have already seen—they are in their “right mind,” like the man in the miracle before us, after he had been set free from the devils, and the only pain that they can suffer is that which is required for the satisfaction due to the justice of God, not that which arises from any present interior imperfection or discord in them.

6. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the obvious difference, as to the next two heads, between Purgatory and Hell. It is true that many writers have placed Purgatory, locally, close to Hell, and have held that there is in each the same kind of fire. This need not be called in question, but if it be not permitted, as we have seen above, that in ordinary cases the devils should be the tormentors of the Holy Souls, the actual juxtaposition of place would still leave a great difference between the two classes of sufferers with whose state we are concerned. As to the company in each, the difference is hardly less than that between Hell and Heaven itself. All the suffering souls in Purgatory love God and love one another, and although they are not allowed that fulness of intercourse and mutual consolation, which is the lot of the Blessed in Heaven, still their wills and hearts are all one, the union of peace between them reflecting the internal peace of each soul, as the discord and savage tumult of Hell reflect the internal miseries of the souls there, preying upon themselves, and as it were tearing themselves to pieces. And then, in the next place, we must add to whatever differences we have already considered the circumstance which multiplies the weight of misery in Hell so infinitely—the circumstance of the eternal duration of the pains which are there to be suffered. One single ray of hope that a change or an end might come after an all but endless series of ages would go far towards changing Hell into Purgatory. But that one ray of hope can never shine. And, on the other hand, let the pains of Purgatory be far more intense than they are usually conceived to be, still they would be endurable as long as

the certain hope—not less a hope because it is a certainty—remains, that the end will come, and that it can be hastened on indefinitely by the mercy of God and the prayers of the Church. And when this hope, or rather knowledge, falls like a stream of light upon souls whose condition is already one of peace and resignation under their heavy sufferings, it gives an ineffable and heavenly firmness and strength to all the happier elements of their condition in other respects.

7. But that which, after all, is the true essence of the difference which we are considering, lies not so much in any external circumstances of place, or pain, or companionship, or even of duration, as in the radical truth that the souls of those who suffer in Purgatory are united to God and turned to Him with the whole force of nature and of choice, while the poor prisoners in Hell are altogether averse from Him, their only end, and have thus, by their own deliberate and now irreversible choice, rejected the end for which they were made. This aversion from God of the soul which has died in mortal sin, and which, according to the law of its creation, must remain for ever in the state in which it was when the time of its probation closed, is that which makes Hell what it is. This is so true, that the sufferings of Hell, the pain of sense, the pain of banishment from God, the pain of evil companionship, and the like, might conceivably be suffered eternally by a soul that had the love of God and underwent them by His will, and yet that soul could not find Hell in them. The will of God would make all things sweet to such a soul. And, in the same way, if it were possible for a soul which was averse from God, as are the souls of the lost, to be in the midst of Heaven itself, it could not find Heaven there. The mere aversion from God would make Heaven itself a place of torment. This aversion from God is the root and principle of all the other interior torments of the soul of which we have been speaking—its hatred of itself and all other creatures, the discord and indescribable misery which convulse it for

ever. But, when we cast our eyes on Purgatory, we see nothing of this aversion there, but rather the most entire conformity to God's will and the most perfect love of Him, which is the root of all else in the condition of the souls there, which is so happy and peaceful.

8. The comparison between Purgatory and Hell is one of those considerations connected with our general subject which may be used with the greatest possible profit to help us to avoid most carefully even the shadow of deliberate mortal sin. Every such sin, in truth, bridges the abyss between Purgatory and Hell. We all carry about with us, as it were, the seeds of Hell in our souls, because we all bear in our hearts the evil passions and propensities which, if allowed to grow to full maturity, issue in mortal sin. And in our wills, which may consent to the indulgence of such passions or turn away from them, we have the issue of life or death. Indeed, whenever mortal sin has been consented to, the hell of the soul, the essence of all that can be suffered throughout all eternity, has been already kindled, and its flames can never be extinguished but by a turning again of the soul to God by the assistance of His grace, an assistance denied to no one, but made most easy for the children of the Church by means of the life-giving sacraments. Again, the same consideration brings out into fuller light the truth that the love of God and the union of the will with Him is the essence of Heaven, and of all happiness elsewhere that is the forerunner of Heaven. Through all their intense sufferings, the love of God keeps the Holy Souls happy and content, as it would keep the souls in Hell, if it could penetrate there, happy and content. This is a lesson of much practical power in every way, and in none more so than in helping us to bear joyously whatever sufferings and afflictions God may send us, far inferior as they must be to those which are so patiently borne in Purgatory. In truth, we might have little satisfaction to pay hereafter, if we bore well here the Purgatory which God sends us in the course of His providence.

Intention for the Apostolate of Prayer for November.

VOCATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

SINCE the Ministry of the Altar enters as a constituent part into the formation of the Church of Christ, we possess a Divine guarantee that there shall be priests and Church students as long as the world lasts. God Himself stands pledged to grant vocations in sufficient number for the discharge of all essential duties. Whatever belongs to the existence of the Church is safe in all contingencies, however much the Gentiles may rage, and the princes of the earth desire to shake themselves loose from the yoke of the commandments. But beyond this limit of indispensable provision, and in matters which concern rather the more efficient working of the Church than its preservation, men can and do interfere for evil as well as for good. The prayers of our Apostolate can increase, and the efforts of the "liberal" league can diminish, the supply of Church students. The enemies of God are quite aware of the harm which they can do. It is no time for timid inactivity on our part.

The persecution of the Church is taking form and shape. More plainly from year to year the sons of Belial avow their principles. It is true that the public expression of impiety has not even yet attained the fulness of that first wild cry of revolutionary atheism, when men, possessed in body and soul by the foul fiend desecrated the altars of Paris in sheer hatred of God; but the principles of the Revolution have made steady progress, and threaten to absorb into one grand refusal

to serve God all fainter thoughts of infidelity. That, which even anti-Christian philosophers in their cooler moments heretofore condemned, or only attempted to excuse as a paroxysm of revenge inevitable under the circumstances which provoked it, is now accepted by the more advanced as a line of action deserving of commendation. The total destruction of the Church at any cost is the dream of the modern Revolution.

We happen to know that it is only a dream, and that the Church cannot be destroyed ; but this is a lesson of history which her enemies do not choose to recognize. The stones of the sanctuary must be shaped by hard blows, the saints must be provided with persecutors, and emperors and demagogues and chiefs of banditti come forward as they are wanted, to volunteer their services in procuring the sanctification of the souls of others and the ruin of their own.

It has occurred to some of the bitterest enemies of the Church that it would be a masterstroke of policy to stop vocations to the priesthood. They are reckoning without God, and we do not fear them. But their intentions must be turned back upon themselves. The Church will have to carry the war into the enemy's camp, according to that of the Psalmist : *"For strangers have risen up against me, and the mighty have sought after my soul, and they have not set God before their eyes. For behold God is my helper : and the Lord is the protector of my soul. Turn back the evils upon my enemies."* Their knives are at our throats, and they are thirsting for our blood. Yet all the time they would be at our mercy if we but knew our strength ; that is, if we said our prayers as we ought to say them. We seek only a Christian revenge. We must wrench the weapons from their grasp, and bring them on their knees to us and to God. If every path in life, but one, is overcrowded ; if, while eager claimants present themselves to sue for every vacant place in shop or

* Psalm liii. 5—7.

office, and competitors can be found in the pauper population of our large towns for the privilege of holding a broom at the corner of the street, there yet is one employment to which men can devote themselves without being much distressed by competition: If lawyers and merchants are many, and priests are few, whose is the fault? The gifts of grace are the reward of prayer. So our Lord has expressly said: "*Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He send labourers into His harvest.*"†

It is indeed true that Catholic priests are sadly wanted. Their work no other men can do for them. The dispensation of the Sacraments is in their hands, the offering of Sacrifice, and upon these more than upon movements of armies and conferences of statesmen the future of the human race depends. According as the hearts of men are filled with criminal ambition, or are upright in the sight of God, will be the good or the evil of the part they play in history.

If souls are to be saved at all there must be priests, and to save more souls there must be more priests. If the world is not to go from bad to worse, the Church must be served by a numerous and effectual body of priests.

Those who have not received power by the imposition of hands cannot exercise the works of the Christian ministry. Those who are called to receive that power cannot be converted from laymen into priests in a day or in a year. Long and careful preparation of mind and heart is needed. May God in mercy to His Church, and in pity to a sinful generation, scatter with liberal hand vocations to the Church, and may He Himself preserve His gift intact, and so dispose that no hostile measures may prevent, or malign influences mar, in France or anywhere, the proper training of Catholic priests. They are not likely to be too numerous, and they cannot be too learned, or too pure.

† St. Luke x. 2.

PRAYER.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus! through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, labours, and crosses of this day, in union with those intentions for which Thou dost unceasingly offer Thyself a Victim of love on our altars. I offer them to Thee in particular to obtain for Thy Church priests according to Thy Heart. Defeat, dear Lord, the impious scheme contrived to keep the ranks of Thy priesthood unrecruited, and put aside all obstacles that might impede the chosen ones of Thy right hand in carrying out their high vocation. *Amen.*

Brief of Pope Leo the Thirteenth.

All the Members of the Apostleship of Prayer may claim their part in the encouragement and the blessing of the following Brief, which we publish with grateful hearts.

To Our Beloved Son H. Ramière, of the Society of Jesus, Director General of the Work of the Apostleship of Prayer, and of the periodical called *Le Messager du Cœur de Jésus*.

LEO XIII., POPE.

Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction,

If Moses by his prayers, Beloved Son, many times held back the arm of God outstretched in anger against a guilty race; if with hands uplifted to Heaven he put to flight the Amalecites contending against Josue; if, when Samuel cried to the Lord in Israel's behalf, the Philistines were slain; if Elias, solicitously praying, procured that rain should fall after it had been withheld three years and six months; if, by the entreaty of Joachaz, although a sinner, Israel was released from the hands of the Kings of Syria, Hazael and Benadad; if so often

in later times, upon the invocation of the Majesty of God, the enemies of Christendom were overthrown ; Christ Himself having said : "*Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in My name I will do it :*" it is with good reason, certainly, that the glorious name of Apostleship has been bestowed upon an association which demands with persevering prayer, that the Divine power may in the present necessities of the Church work out the same great consummation, which it has wrought once by the Apostles and many a time by apostolic men ; that the strength of Hell may be broken, that the schemes of human malice and impiety may be frustrated, that minds now darkened by the mists of error may receive the light, that vice may give place to virtue, that the zeal of the ministers of religion may be inflamed, that piety may find fresh life and flourish everywhere, and that the Church, freed from all her tribulations, may serve the Lord in peace and liberty. But since this Apostleship derives all its efficacy from Him Who unites in Himself infinite charity and omnipotence ; most fittingly, Beloved Son, you and your Associates have proposed by means of your *Messenger du Cœur de Jésus* to turn the minds and hearts of the faithful to the SACRED HEART OF JESUS, from which the Church issued, and by Which she is loved with a love which no words can tell. To effect this purpose you strive to place before the eyes of the faithful the inexhaustible treasure of the charity of that Sacred Heart, that so they may recognize in the Son of God united to our nature the beginning and the end of all creatures made by Him ; and learning to refer all the events of life to Him as to their centre, forasmuch as all are ordained by Him to His own glory and the good of the Church, they may with renewed courage direct all their actions to that end, and unite their prayers more earnestly to the perpetual prayer of that Sacred Heart, and may obtain thereby every blessing which they desire and seek. We rejoice, moreover, that your design has so powerfully attracted the

piety of the faithful, that your writings, reproduced in several languages, have received the attention of very many readers. And as this cannot fail to promote the worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to strengthen faith and charity, so, too, most certainly, it will be to the Christian people profitable unto salvation, and it will hasten the coming of the days of mercy. This is the glorious reward reserved for all the labours undertaken by you and your Associates. And while we point your hopes, Beloved Son, to this the great reward of many labours undertaken by you and your Associates, we lovingly impart to you and them and to all others who assist your work, Our Apostolic Benediction as an assurance of the Divine approval and Our paternal care.

Given at Rome, in St. Peter's, on the 23rd of September of the year 1878, the first of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII., POPE.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

For the triumph of the Church and Holy See, and the Catholic regeneration of nations.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

I. GENERAL INTENTION: *Vocations to the Priesthood.*

II. PARTICULAR INTENTIONS.

1. Fri. ALL SAINTS.—COMMUNION OF REPARATION, &c.—FRIDAY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.—Desire of heaven; 24,860 various intentions.
2. Sat. ALL SOULS.—Compassion for the Souls in Purgatory; 12,869 dead.
3. SUN. *Twenty-first after Pentecost.*—*S. Winefride, V.M.*—(*S. J., The Maternity B.V.M.* 3rd Sunday October.)—Simplicity; 42,648 children.
4. Mon. *S. Charles Borromeo, R.C.*—Respect for the Ministers of the Altar; 1,546 seminaries and novitiates.
5. Tues. *Of the Octave.*—(*S. J., S. Winefride, V.M.*)—Contempt of the world; 3,403 temporal affairs.
6. Wed. *Of the Octave.*—Love of recollection; 7,996 religious.
7. Thurs. *Of the Octave.*—Docility to our spiritual director; 5,182 ecclesiastics.
8. Fri. *Octave of All Saints.*—Gratitude; 4,537 acts of thanksgiving.
9. Sat. *Dedication of our Saviour's Basilica.*—Generosity; 2,670 spiritual works.
10. SUN. *Twenty-second after Pentecost.*—*S. Andrew Avellino, C.*—(*S. J., The Purity of B.V.M.* 4th Sunday of October.)—Christian innocence; 3,768 parishes.
11. Mon. *S. Martin, B.C.*—The spirit of faith; 6,714 spiritual graces.
12. Tues. *S. Martin, P.M.*—Fervour in virtue; the grace of perseverance for 5,337 persons.
13. Wed. *S. Didacus, C.*—(*S. J., S. STANISLAUS, S.J., C.*)—Horror of sin; 23,030 young men.
14. Thurs. *S. Erconwald, B.C.*—Zeal for good education; 1,823 houses of education.
15. Fri. *S. Gertrude, V.*—Care to preserve our hearts pure; 8,102 nuns.
16. Sat. *S. Edmund, B.C.*—Spiritual wisdom; 2,292 superiors.
17. SUN. *Twenty-third after Pentecost.*—*S. Hugh, B.C.*—Resignation; 4,086 sick persons.
18. Mon. *Dedication of Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul.*—Zeal for souls; 38,573 sinners.
19. Tues. *S. Elizabeth of Hungary.*—Household duties; 15,761 families.
20. Wed. *S. Edmund, K.M.*—(*S. J., Octave of S. Stanislaus.*)—Charity to the unfortunate; 2,832 persons in affliction.
21. Thurs. THE PRESENTATION B.V.M.—Love of innocence; 5,101 first communions.
22. Fri. *S. Cecilia, V.*—Love of praising God; 6,648 young persons.
23. Sat. *S. Clement, P.M.*—Docility to the call of God; 4,453 vocations.
24. SUN. *Twenty-fourth after Pentecost.*—*S. John of the Cross.*—Reverence; 2,340 communities.
25. Mon. *S. Catharine, V.M.*—Purity of faith; 8,550 heretics and schismatics.
26. Tues. *S. Felix of Valois, C.*—Love for the Word of God; 4,577 missions and retreats.
27. Wed. *S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, B.C.*—Confidence; 5,776 fathers and mothers.
28. Thurs. *Of the Blessed Sacrament.*—(*S. J., S. Edmund, K.M.* Nov. 20.)—Affability; 2,936 graces of reconciliation.
29. Fri. *Vigil.*—*Of the Vigil.*—(*S. J., S. Didacus, C.* Nov. 13.)—Activity in the service of God; 1,449 promoters.
30. Sat. *S. Andrew, Ap.*—Zeal for the glory of God; 1,237 foreign missions.

Intentions sent for publication must arrive in London not later than the morning of the first day of the month. It is recommended that they should be written on a page by themselves.

An Indulgence of 100 days is attached to all the Prayers and Good Works offered up for these Intentions.

The Intentions of the *Archconfraternity of St. Joseph of Angers*, and the *Children of St. Joseph at Brussels*, are recommended to the prayers of the Associates.

Application for Diplomas of Affiliation to the Apostleship of Prayer, Tickets of Admission, &c., for England, is to be made to the Rev. A. G. Knight, S.J., 111, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; for Ireland, to the Rev. M. Russell, S.J., 50, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin. Sheets of the Living Rosary, adapted to the requirements of the Association, may be had of Messrs. Burns and Oates. Price 2d. the Sheet.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

The Problem Solved.

CHAPTER XXIX.

“FAIT CE QUE DOIT, ADVIENNE QUE POURRA.”

MRS. LEWIS took Helen home to Kensington and nursed her with unwearying care and tenderness through the low nervous fever, which was the result of the terrible overstrain of the last few weeks. When at length she was able to be moved, they took her to Bournemouth, where the Von Wertheims had a house. But although her first act when she began to recover was to ask to see Mr. Luscomb, and beg him to receive her into the Church, her friends were grievously disappointed at seeing her lapse into the same unnatural calmness and outward self-control which she had shown during the days immediately following her father's death. She never spoke of her trouble; she seemed to shrink from all mention of the past, and to dread all old associations and faces. She would lie for hours on the sofa looking dreamily out over the sea; speaking only when positively obliged to do so, and then always on the most outside and trivial topics. Edith, who had shared all Rose's care and anxiety in nursing her, and who slept in her room, declared that she believed Nellie never closed her eyes; wake when she would, she was

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certain to find her either sitting up poring over the contents of Lawrence's desk, or else wandering up and down the room like a restless ghost. She seemed to have no wish or energy to get better, and to dread to face her life. Her religion brought her no comfort, and nothing roused her from the morbid brooding over the past, in which she tried to drown the present sense of desolation. It was a state which Rose and Edith with all their affection for her could not enter into; both had followed too unhesitatingly the light given them outside the Church not to have realized at once the *centuplum* of all their sacrifices, and they could not understand how Nellie's submission had been as it were wrung from her against her will. She had not wanted to see, she had tried to shut her eyes. To the bitter anguish of the hour when the hollowness and the sham of Ritualism had come home to her, there had succeeded a feeling of fierce rebellion against God. Outwardly calm as she had seemed, and generously as she had acted by her father, those days had been a time of fearful internal struggle. The force of evidence was too strong to be resisted; she felt she should turn atheist unless she became a Catholic, but she had no peace, no comfort in the step. She submitted because she could not help it, because she felt it was her only hope of safety in the utter shipwreck of her faith which had followed her father's death, but in her heart she was almost angry that she had to do so.

The contents of Lawrence's desk, which she guarded so jealously, tended rather to increase her pain; for she dared not look at those papers which bore a recent date, and which would have helped her better to understand him. She searched through them more to find proofs of his love for herself than to trace his religious opinions, and in so doing it first fully dawned upon her how completely the barrier between them had all along been a religious one. She found a diary commenced at the time of his first visit to Ulcoombe, and the date of her own arrival

there. There was the record of many a talk in the Hall garden ; notes of all his subsequent visits to the church-house ; analyses of his own opinions, comments on the St. Werburgh's inconsistencies ; things which re-called vividly the mission, and brought back a host of recollections. The sense of "what might have been" overpowered all others ; she could not at present penetrate deeper, or see how through all there had been in Lawrence, in spite of his seeming perverseness, one ruling principle. Well had he compared his search for truth to the quest after the Holy Grail. Nellie never got beyond the date of her visit to Paris. There, at the page which recorded the sermon which had given the key-note to so many in such a different way, she invariably stopped. Perhaps she felt that it was during that summer holiday that her happiness had slipped between her fingers, perhaps she knew how clear her own convictions had been on that occasion, how every word of that sermon had come home to her, and how wilfully she had shut her eyes. She had played with Catholicism, she had trifled with grace, and though mercifully the light had been granted to her a second time, there was a long and weary path to tread before she could reach that "peace in believing" which is the usual portion of all converts.

Rose, who during her hours of helplessness and suffering had come to love her as her own child, and who would have done anything for her, even without Lawrence's dying injunction to "look after Nellie," became seriously alarmed as day by day she continued as listless and impassive as ever, and at length towards the end of September when the Von Wertheims, who were in Scotland, returned, she sent for Dr. Vernon, who peremptorily ordered utter and entire change of air and scene. The difficulty was where to go to. Bertha Von Wertheim, whose health had caused her friends some anxiety, and who was told she must not spend another winter in London, offered to take Helen to the south of France,

provided Edith would accompany them. But when this plan was broached to Helen, she clung to Mrs. Lewis, and begged piteously to be taken "anywhere except to France." Edgar Marsden had returned entirely re-established in health and strength, a wiser and a better man, and there was now no longer any reason for Edith to delay her entrance into the convent where all her thoughts and affections had so long centred, the more so as she could leave her brother with a prospect of real happiness. When or how he first met Margaret Fielding again he never told any one, not even his sister, but they did meet, and by mutual consent the past was buried between them. Helen under similar circumstances would have broken her heart over her shattered idol. Edith would have lost her esteem and with it her love for any one who had behaved by her as Edgar had by Margaret. Fortunately for him, she felt differently; she said she never had loved anybody so well, and that she had never ceased to care in spite of all her efforts, and she forgave so freely that she failed to see she had anything to forgive. The Rector was furious, but for once he found his gentle sister had a decided will of her own, and it was an understood thing that the marriage should take place early in the following year.

"What to do I don't quite know," exclaimed Mrs. Lewis, as she discussed Dr. Vernon's verdict, and Helen's dread of going to France, with her husband and Bernard Luscomb, who had come to see his sister. "Where can we go to?"

"I suggest Malta," said Mr. Luscomb.

"Bernard!" exclaimed both his cousins, "you are not serious? Why there of all places?"

"First, because it is about the only place you can go to, which I believe Mr. Bretherton never visited or talked about," replied Mr. Luscomb, "and that is a great point in Miss Clevedon's present state, next you will get English society and comfort there, and last, though

by no means least, it is a grand place in which to get thoroughly catholicized."

Mrs. Lewis looked at her husband. "The distance is the one great objection," she said. "I feel Nellie is my charge and I would go anywhere, but still Malta!"

"I am not at all sure it would not be a very good place for you yourself," said Mr. Lewis, who had evidently been turning the matter over in his own mind.

"George can't forget the cold I had last winter," said Mrs. Lewis laughing, "and after all it was nothing."

"That is as people think," said Bernard, "seriously, I had not looked at it in that light, but it is a very strong reason. You know you come of a family who cannot afford to trifle with bad colds."

The matter was not, however, settled then. Neither of the Lewises liked to decide the question, which was finally settled by Dr. Vernon's accidentally telling Mrs. Lewis that if his opinion were asked he should decidedly urge Mrs. Lewis's not spending the next winter in England, not so much on account of any immediate danger, but as a precaution, and the old doctor who was a regular John Bull, and who had a host of old world prejudices against "Frogeaters," as he would term all French people, growled at every continental place till Bernard's suggestion was repeated to him, and then was ready to scold everybody for not having thought of it sooner. Helen herself seemed not to dislike the idea, which was the nearest approach to acquiescence they could expect of her, and ten days after the doctor's opinion had been given, Edith was at last on her way to her convent, whilst Mr. Lewis went down to Southampton and saw his wife and Helen on board the P.O. steamer bound for Malta.

CHAPTER XXX.

AT COURSEILLES ONCE AGAIN.

"HAVE you heard from Rose by this mail?" exclaimed Mr. Luscomb, as he entered Mr. Lewis's study one morning about three months after Mrs. Lewis and Helen had left England.

"Yes," said Mr. Lewis, looking up from his papers, "but only a few lines. Her account is very unsatisfactory. She says she was writing to you."

"And what she writes is, as you say, far from satisfactory," continued Bernard, as he drew a letter from his pocket and put one of its closely-written sheets into Mr. Lewis's hands—

"Christmas here has been ecclesiastically all that one could wish, and personally I have enjoyed the churches; but I am beginning to feel very weary of my long exile here, the more so as I do not see that it is having any of the good effects we hoped for, nor when nor why it should end. Helen is as utterly crushed and wretched as when we started. Nothing rouses her, nothing interests her. In one way she is most good, and does whatever I tell her with a submission which it is painful to witness when one remembers what she was in the days when she ruled the church-house. She seems as if she had no likes or dislikes, as if everything was utterly distasteful to her. Physically I cannot see that she is better or worse; she is very weak, yet I suspect that this proceeds from the absence of all moral energy. If she would but express a decided opinion about anything! but she is utterly negative. I sometimes fancy that the wound is too deep ever to be healed, a sentiment which you who believe one can get over anything will condemn. But then I question if Helen wants to get over it. I am afraid she would rather nurse her grief. I proposed Easter in Rome, but even this did not interest her. Will she ever shake off

her Ritualism? I do not mean that she for one moment regrets having become a Catholic, or doubts that it was right to act as she did, but it is all dry and unreal to her. When I watch her, I can almost understand how it is that converts sometimes go back. Such a state is a terrible expiation for having played with grace outside the Church. But there I am moralizing, as usual. I do wish George was here sometimes. I fancy Helen would be forced to rouse herself a little if she were not quite alone with me."

"Poor Rose," said Mr. Lewis, as he finished reading. She has spared me the full account. I was afraid she would find her charge no sinecure. It is very sad."

"Suppose you were to go and see her?" observed Bernard.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Lewis, "I have thought of it, but it is such a journey, and then I don't quite see how I can do any good."

"You would be the greatest comfort to Rose," said Mr. Luscomb, "and possibly your presence would force Miss Clevedon to exert herself. Can't you really go?"

Mr. Lewis played with his papers for a moment. "The fact is," he said, "that Helen's signature is necessary to some of these documents, and duty and inclination seem for once inclined to go the same road. For a good man of business, the confusion poor Bretherton's papers are in is inexcusable. But you see I should have to write and propose it to Rose, and that will make nearly a month's delay, and by that time it will be hardly worth while to go."

"I don't see any such thing," exclaimed Bernard. "Half the good of your going is to go unexpectedly. Rose won't be astonished: she never is at anything. I should start to-morrow if I were you. There is a steamer."

"Well, you are a cool fellow to propose such a thing," replied Mr. Lewis, laughing. "But I believe you are right."

"Adolf can surely come to town a little oftener," said

Bernard, "and see to everything in your absence. I am quite sure you ought, if possible, to go."

"So be it then," replied Mr. Lewis, whose one objection had been his dislike to the long journey; and whilst Bernard sat down to answer his cousin's letter, he set about making the necessary preparations, and acting by Mr. Luscomb's advice never even telegraphed to his wife to announce his intended visit, but walked in upon Helen and her at Malta just as they were expecting the English mail.

Mr. Luscomb had been right. Mr. Lewis's sudden arrival roused Nellie, and the necessity of at least attending to the business matters which were Lawrence's legacy to her acted as a stimulant, and although Mr. Lewis thought her terribly listless, his wife assured him that it was a great step for Helen to concentrate her attention on anything. She would probably have relapsed into her former state, when once she had become accustomed to Mr. Lewis's presence, and the definite need for exertion was over; but amongst the other legacies in Lawrence's will there was a specific sum to be spent on the chapel of Notre Dame de Bon Secours at Courseilles. Mr. Lewis wrote to the Curé one evening to ask if he would take charge of it, and also to ask what would be the best and surest means of remitting it to him, or rather he tried to write, for his French was of a very questionable quality. He appealed to Helen so often that at last she asked to see the letter, and the first smile Mrs. Lewis had ever noticed since Mr. Bretherton's death came over her face as she read his very curious composition. She corrected, and commented, and at last asked if Mr. Lewis would mind her writing herself? Mr. Lewis was only too thankful, and, as he told his wife afterwards, he had never felt so glad of his ignorance, as whilst he watched Helen writing to the Abbé Viennot with a look of real pleasure on her face. She spent a long time over her letter, and betrayed some interest over the calculation of a speedy

reply, and was restless and eager for the mails during the interval which elapsed, for even allowing for accidents and cross posts the answer was longer in coming than they had anticipated. It was worth waiting for. The Curé of Courseilles wrote out of the fulness of his heart. He answered clearly and concisely the business questions, adding that he should esteem it an honour to be of the smallest use, and then he went on to speak of Mr. Bretherton—of his own deep esteem for him, and of the universal feelings of love and respect for him at Courseilles, where his memory would long remain in the hearts of the villagers. The news of his death had reached them through Mr. Luscomb, but Helen had been too ill at the time to be told of the Abbé's letter to Bernard. He described the deep sorrow the sad news of his death had caused, and how by one and all he had been mourned as a friend. Lastly, he ventured on a few words of sympathy with Nellie in the loss which was so infinitely harder for her than for others. It seemed as if those words, coming as they did straight from the heart of the good Curé, who had understood and appreciated Lawrence so well, touched some hidden chord in Helen's. The long reserve and unnatural self-restraint gave way, and she burst into tears, the first she had shed since the day on which she had last seen Lawrence. Mrs. Lewis let her grief have its way, knowing full well that this uncontrollable, passionate sobbing was but the natural reaction from her former passiveness, and when at last poor Nellie grew calmer, Rose was rewarded for her long patience and forbearance, by her saying suddenly: "I should like to go to Courseilles."

"We will go there whenever you like," replied Mrs. Lewis, who would have gone cheerfully to Timbuctoo, provided Helen would express a definite wish, and who hailed this desire to go to Courseilles as a sign of recovery in more ways than one, after her dread of going to France at all. Both the Lewises were only too glad to profit by

it. The only doubt was whether they could find accommodation at Courseilles, and this was speedily removed, for the Curé had said in his letter, which Helen eventually let Mrs. Lewis read, that if ever Miss Clevedon wished to visit his village, the Mallidor farm was always at her disposal. Accordingly, Mr. Lewis wrote announcing that they were on their way, and they started for Marseilles by the earliest opportunity, Nellie all through the journey showing more energy and interest, and when the Lewises, fearing fatigue for her, would have travelled by easy stages and stopped on the road, it was she who begged to go on. All her nervous dread seemed to have vanished, and she was possessed with the desire to see the village where Lawrence had spent the most eventful months of his life, and one evening early in March they found themselves driving slowly down the steep hill above Courseilles. Since leaving Brest no one had spoken. Mr. Lewis had seldom felt Lawrence's loss so hard to bear, and Mrs. Lewis leant back in her corner, watching Helen in silence, as she sat straining her eyes for the first glimpse of the bay, her hand tightly clasped round the rosary which had been Lawrence's dying gift. How would she bear the associations and scenes of Courseilles, was Rose's anxious thought, as she found that she herself could not look unmoved on the scene Lawrence had so graphically described, and it was with a feeling almost of dismay at having brought her to such a place that both the Lewises alighted at the Mallidor farm and looked round the kitchen, which seemed so familiar from description, and which they had so little thought they should ever see. The Curé of Courseilles himself was waiting to welcome them, and when Mr. Lewis had walked off with him to see the church, Rose, who had at once made friends with good widow Mallidor, went to inspect the accommodation upstairs. Her own heart was very full, there was a choking sensation in her throat as she looked round the low rooms, and thought who had last inhabited them, and as quickly as she could she

returned. She found Helen standing by the open door, looking out over the bay, which glittered like a sheet of gold in the sunlight. The sea was calm as a lake, only the reefs and masses of rock stood out in bold relief as it was low tide. Marie Mallidor, now Jacques Cliquot's wife, was pouring forth the history of the shipwreck, whilst her husband, who had picked up a little French at Brest, stood by putting in a word every now and then. Mrs. Lewis saw that her fears were groundless: there was a light in Helen's eyes and a colour in her cheeks, the very air of Courseilles seemed to put new life into her, as she drew the willing Cliquots on by her questions to tell her every little detail of that eventful night.

And here, in the village which Lawrence had so wished her to see, it was that her health, mental and bodily, came back to her. In the Curé of Courseilles she too had found a friend: she was as powerless to resist his influence as Mr. Bretherton himself had been. She no longer shunned to speak of Lawrence; she ventured to read his own notes on Courseilles and the papers which recorded his innermost thoughts. She found there what he himself had not told her, and realized how truly and unselfishly he had loved her. The bitterness melted out of her heart; she was learning to measure things by his standard. Miss him she did daily and hourly, but the sense that she had his work to do and his dying injunctions to carry out brought comfort and strength. What all the grand religious functions at Malta had failed to effect, the Abbé Viennot's teaching, and even more his example, did. Nellie's Ritualism fell from her, and she became as humble and docile as a little child—nay, as she said herself, she believed that any one of those children, at whose catechism she loved to be present, knew far more about Catholicism than she did. Gradually the story got about that this beautiful *jeune dame*, as the villagers called her, had been the *fiancée* of the English Monsieur they all loved so well, and Nellie was received everywhere with

open arms. The villagers were never weary of telling her tales of Lawrence's goodness, and one day Jacques Cliquot and Pierre Mallidor asked if Mademoiselle would venture out to see the rocks. Yes; Mademoiselle would trust herself anywhere with those who had shared Lawrence's danger, and she was taken out to see the reefs. Pierre had spent many spare half-hours in arranging a rude staircase, half of wood, half hewn out of the rocks, and Nellie, who was not deficient in physical courage, ventured up it, and guided by her two conductors, right across to the very spot where the drowning men had stood. The sea was calm, but she could fancy what the peril must have been, and as she too stood looking down into the water, as Lawrence had done, she could understand how all earthly considerations and treasures had appeared worthless in the face of eternity. There was no selfish regret left now; rather she could thank God for having given him his heart's desire, the complete and perfect possession of the truth, and she could realize and find comfort in the words of St. Jerome, which the good Curé had quoted to her: "Let us thank God that we have had him, or rather that we possess him still, for all that return to God make up a portion of our family."

They stayed on indefinitely at Courseilles, neither of the Lewises had the heart to propose taking Nellie away, and Rose smiled when in Holy Week she remembered how she had wanted Nellie's first sight of its touching ceremonies to be in Rome. Perhaps she herself had never realized how perfectly one in every little detail the ritual of the Church is, whether her services be performed in the grandest cathedral or in the humblest village church.

At length when they had been at Courseilles over two months, came a letter from Edith, whose happiness only wanted the presence of her best friends at her clothing to make it complete.

"I wish we could go," said Mrs. Lewis to her husband, "but I hardly like to propose it. I should not like to

undo the work of the last few weeks by taking Helen back to England too soon."

"You might propose it," said Mr. Lewis; "and see how she takes it. I think myself that the change is too deep not to prove lasting."

"Ah," said Rose, "I am beginning to think you were right. Nellie has proved herself worthy of Lawrence Bretherton."

"I will say more," replied Mr. Lewis, as he watched Helen coming up the path from the church, her step and whole bearing full of new life and energy, "she is worthy of the portion which has been reserved to her. Here, Nellie," he continued, taking the words out of his wife's mouth, as she entered the room, "Edith is unconscionable enough to ask us to travel eight hundred miles and more to see the last of her."

"Not quite the last," said Nellie, as she turned a bright face, tinged with a little colour by the fresh sea breezes, towards Mr. Lewis. "May I see the letter? Dear Edith!" she exclaimed, as she read; "I am so glad; she deserves her happiness. You will not refuse her?"

"Can you bear to leave this place?" asked Rose.

"We cannot stay here always," said Nellie. "Do you know, it had just occurred to me that I have been very selfish to keep you both away from England for so long. You have been very very good to me."

"We would not have missed our stay here for anything," said Mr. Lewis; and Rose added,

"You must not decide to go on our account."

"It will be hard to go at any time," said Nellie; "and this seems a definite reason. I suppose we ought to start soon to be there by the day she mentions."

"Yes," said Mr. Lewis; "it is a nuisance that there is no regular service by Cherbourg."

Helen looked up suddenly.

"Surely, by Paris is our quickest way," she said.

"Yes; but——" and Mr. Lewis stopped suddenly.

"I should like to go there now," said Nellie, whilst her face flushed, and the last word was almost inaudible. "I want to see that church again ;" and she added, suddenly changing her tone, and picking up the old St. Wereburgh's bonnet, now in a lamentable condition with sea-water, "I really must buy a new bonnet : it is not fair by Edith to go looking like a sham nun."

Mrs. Lewis thought of Lawrence's laughing remark, when she had first taken Nellie to Paris, and as Helen left the room, she said :

"Well, I really do believe in her cure now."

"On the strength of her wishing for a Parisian bonnet," said Mr. Lewis, laughing. "Rose, our old Anglican friends would say it was a proof of sad degeneracy."

"It is not the wish in itself," said Rose ; "but the sacrifice of her own ideas which is involved. It is not the habit which makes the monk, but I believe more in her heresy being well out of her when its outward gear is gone."

A few days later they were back in London, and Helen at length summoned up courage to visit the church-house, and to see to the packing and removal of her property. St. Wereburgh's was likely to be a bone of contention. The patron refused to appoint a man whose views were not "perfectly Catholic," and the Bishop was firm in refusing to license any one who would carry on the former vagaries, and equally firm in insisting on the appointment being filled up. For the last eleven months Mr. Russel had been entirely his own master, and had found his own way a questionable blessing under the changed circumstances. Helen wished to settle at once in London, but her friends were unanimous in declaring that she ought not to do so till the winter. Her energy and will were now, as of old, beyond her bodily strength. Again the Von Wertheims offered to take her abroad, and this time she gratefully accepted, and spent the summer in travelling. They took her to Germany and the Italian

lakes, and home by Switzerland, through scenes she knew well by description, and to places which Lawrence had loved and longed to show her ; and when in the October twelvemonth following his death Mrs. Lewis, who had missed him sadly, went down to Dover to meet them, she felt that all fear for Nellie was at an end.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONCLUSION.

LAWRENCE'S wish was granted. Nellie took the house in which she had once lived within St. Wereburgh's parish, and spent her time and fortune in working amongst her poor, as he loved to think she would. Her influence and her example were felt far and near, and her house was the refuge of all the poor and destitute. The St. Wereburgh's people, especially the clergy (when at last the living was filled up), cut her dead in the street ; but little Nellie cared, as she went about those crowded courts and alleys, happy in her work, which seemed to draw her daily nearer to Lawrence. Those who had known her in her Ritualistic days and knew her history marvelled that her smile was so bright, her manner so full of a quiet joy. Yet so it was. Nellie had passed through the deepest waters of tribulation, and had come forth with her thoughts too utterly centred on the next world to be disturbed or troubled by anything on earth. Her heart was at peace—full of the peace which God alone can give, and gives only to those who resign themselves generously, utterly and ungrudgingly to His will. And her life was not devoid of many earthly blessings. She was the loved and trusted friend of Edgar Marsden and his wife, and whilst the walls of Lawrence's church were rising in Whitford she was constantly at Ulcoombe. The Lewises' house at Kensington was like a home to her, whilst every summer she went to Courseilles, and when some years later widow Mallidor died, and her

daughter and Pierre did not care to keep on the farm, Nellie bought it and made it into a convalescent home, to which she sent many a poor invalid. The Curé of Courseilles was her trusted friend and adviser ; but above all, Nellie's home was the refuge of all converts. Bernard Luscomb used to tell her laughingly that she had quite usurped Rose's work, and perhaps he only knew the number to whom she held out a helping hand.

Edith Marsden went on her way rejoicing ; she had fitted in at once to the life she had chosen, and she continued, loved by all her sisters in religion, doing everything, whether it was the meanest employment of the novitiate or, later on, the responsibility of one of the most important offices in the house, with that same thoroughness and whole-heartedness which had characterized her in the days when she patiently wrote her uncle's letters and attended to his whims. The friendship between Helen and herself continued unbroken. Nellie was always a welcome guest at the convent.

Edgar Marsden never changed his own religion, but when later on Margaret wished to do so, he offered no objection and allowed his children to be brought up Catholics, and the Ulcombe estate would in the future pass back into Catholic hands. Mr. Fielding resigned the living when his sister "disgraced herself by seceding," and subsequently went to America, where he could propagate schism unhindered and unfettered by his Bishop.

Of Mr. Russel it may be said that "his Church was his cross, but he was determined to bear it bravely to the end." He spent his life in getting out of one scrape into another with his lawful superiors, and he hoped on against hope for better times, growing daily more bitter in his anathemas against Rome.

And for Nellie, the Problem of her life was Solved. She could look onward and bless God for having taught her where her happiness lay. The desire of her heart was satisfied. The yearning after holiness and perfection which

had driven her in her self-willed days into all sorts of eccentricities had found its true home in that Church which is alone the mother and the mistress of all the saints; and as year by year Helen entered more and more into the spirit of her teaching, she realized, in the words of one of the greatest French writers, that "perfection does not consist so much in one state of life or another, as in the generous whole-hearted acceptance of the will of God for each of us individually."

The Master is come, and calleth for thee.

St. John xi. 28.

To the home of sin and darkness,
Where the Evil One hath sway,
And the blessings of the Godhead
Fall unheeded day by day,
Gently comes the Blessed Master,
Calls a soul from sin and death,
Wakes it from its fatal slumber,
Quickened by the Spirit's breath.

Rise to meet Him, soul so weary,
With a load too hard to bear,
Meet Him where thy joys lie buried,
Find a resurrection there.
He will give the life of triumph,
Past sin trampled in the dust,
From the grave of joys departed
Spring new flowers of love and trust.

When the outward hearing faileth,
When the outward sight grows dim,
And the inward ear awaketh,
Conscious of the angel's hymn,

As the earthly scene recedeth,
Grows each face distinct and sweet,
Till their loving arms enfold thee,
Bear thee to the Master's Feet.

Still their voices whisper softly,
As thy trembling fear they see,
Calm thee, for the Master cometh,
He is come, and calls for thee.
In the border-land awaiting,
Patient "mid the cleansing fires,"
Till the Master's call of mercy
Bids thee join the saintly choirs.

Now unrolls once more the portal,
Perfume drops from angel-wings,
Through the golden prison-cloisters
Heaven's music sweetly rings,
Glad surprise thy spirit filleth
As it hears the Angel's word.
"Lo! the Master calleth for thee,
Come, thou blessed of the Lord."

S. A. W.

Life of Father Claude de la Colombiere.

CHAPTER XVII.

ZEAL IN THE MINISTRY. FAILING STRENGTH.

BY none will the profound attachment of Father de la Colombiere to the great English nation be denied. He describes in eloquent terms the Catholic centuries of her history, and those who have read the celebrated work of an illustrious member of the French Academy *Les Moines d'Occident* will acknowledge that these eulogistic passages of the Jesuit orator do not exaggerate the facts. "It is well known," says Father de la Colombiere, looking back with regret, "that England was the first to raise the standard of the Immaculate Conception, that to her was given by the Queen of Heaven that miraculous scapular venerated by all Christians, the hope and defence of such as have the privilege of wearing it. Well may I say of thee, England, that the ocean was powerless to set a limit to thy faith, which spread itself beyond the seas. The kingdoms, which the zeal of thy children have given to the Catholic Church, rise up and call thee blessed who wert their mother in Jesus Christ." But the exaltation of the past was but a portion of his theme. It remained for him to treat, and that in the religious and only true point of view, the causes of the national decay. He thus continues: "The diminution of religious zeal had its origin in the natural weakness and infirmity of man. The nation was gradually corrupted by the wealth of its trade with countries abounding in gold and silver, by avarice and luxury. Could the decline of their faith,

their enervating and voluptuous style of living, fail to provoke the anger of the Lord? And can we mistake the terrible effects of His wrath in the thick darkness of doubt which enshrouds the land, the shock of rival creeds, the wide-spread diversities of belief, of feeling, of opinion, which sow enmity between town and town, between village and village, between members of the same family; in that multitude of sects, each reviling the other, wherein doubt is for ever triumphant, confidence altogether wanting, most men have little religion, and many none. I make no personal accusation, but if there be but one road to Heaven, it is clear that under a system, in which each seeks a path for himself many will go astray to their eternal loss. My God, when will Thy justice be satisfied, when will Thy avenging hand be stayed? Can it be that Thou shouldst look unmoved on so many perishing souls! Show us how we may turn Thine anger aside, and once again be re-united in the fold wherein for thirteen or fourteen centuries we dwelt in the light of Thy countenance."

As we read these thrilling words, the ardour which consumed his apostolic soul enters our own. How willingly would he have given his life for this people, which had become so dear to him. How fervently did he commend them to the merciful Heart of Jesus! How great was his joy at receiving into the fold any sheep which had been wandering in the mazes of Anglicanism.

We must not here omit to notice another of the results of his mission, viz., the very numerous religious vocations which his ministry developed. He, indeed, established in London a house in which many ladies, both unmarried and widows, resided, who, without wearing the habit, observed all the practices of the religious life. Those who preferred living in France were received into the convent at Boulogne-sur-mer, expressly founded for the English, and other monasteries on the Continent, particularly those of Ghent and Dunkirk, extended a generous hospitality to these voluntary exiles.

We have spoken of the kindness shown by Father de la Colombière to Sister Mary, that courageous *incognita* who became a humble lay-sister in the Ursuline Convent of Paray. We find in the course of his correspondence allusion to another similar case, of an English lady, daughter of the Queen's surgeon, educated in France, and left a widow at the age of thirty, who was anxious to become a religious of the Order of Mary in some convent on the Continent. She wished her little daughter, nine years of age, to be received as a pupil under the same roof, that she also might eventually become a nun, if it pleased God to give her a vocation. Father de la Colombière entered with paternal interest into all these details, and on his return to France was not unmindful of his *protégées*.

The facts we have cited will suffice to show the nature of the work wherein Father de la Colombière was engaged, but by no means to convey the extent of his labours. Let him speak on the subject himself: "After what I told you in my last letter, you will be surprised to hear that I never felt better than I do at present, never worked harder, nor, thanks to the goodness of God, were my labours ever crowned with greater success, or my hopes of the future brighter. The Lord blesses my poor labours with marvellous results.

"Every day I see the wondrous effects of the grace of God in the hearts of many, and feel convinced that were I, their teacher, more advanced in holiness, their progress in sanctification would not be so slow. My chief consolations are in certain souls, to whom a great yearning after perfection has been given. I pray you bless God for such; for He Who is so good to all, is doubly to be praised in them. I could fill a volume with the history of the workings of Divine Love in the hearts of men I have known since I have been here.

"We celebrated the feast of the Visitation with all the ceremonial our circumstances permitted, and amongst the many who communicated on that day were two young

ladies, about twenty years of age, who chose that festival on which to dedicate themselves to God by a vow of chastity. Two young widows were anxious to bind themselves in a like manner, but I bade them wait until the Assumption. Every day God sends me chosen souls desirous with the utmost courage to devote themselves to Him. I have just been speaking to three or four who are thinking of the religious life, and not long since two others came, who are, I believe, almost equally anxious to embrace that state. I foresee the beginning of a great work for God. My part in all this is small, and I remark that the Lord often sends me, after two or three months' instruction, cases of which I had entertained little hope. I beg your prayers, for it may please Him to aid me in answer to them, and thus the work will not be hindered by reason of my sins." The servant of God repeats again and again in his correspondence his confidence in the future, saying, "I have the highest hopes for the advance of this good cause in times to come."

To this testimony of one little inclined to expect great things where he was himself engaged, let us add that of Blessed Margaret Mary. Inspired by the Spirit Who had so wonderfully revealed Himself to her, she celebrates in the litanies she composed the apostolic labours of the venerable Father, calling him the Apostle of Sinners, in that he brought heretics to a true conversion, the Shield of the Faith, the Destroyer of Unbelief, the Preacher of Penitence, the Saint, whose words and example drew so many into the way of salvation.

Father de la Colombière was a worthy labourer and successful reaper in the harvest of the Lord, the full extent of whose labours we shall never know, but something would have been wanting to a life so full of devotion and self-sacrifice had he not suffered in the cause of Christ.

Nature could not long sustain the great strain he put upon her powers. He had felt himself failing after the first Lenten station, preached in the Chapel Royal, and on the

eve of the Assumption in the same year a dangerous spitting of blood manifested itself. It was, however, hoped that complete repose and a cessation from all work might gradually restore his strength.

He writes : " The permission of my Superiors having been obtained, I was on the point of making the journey to France, to which I was greatly urged by my friends, when a fresh loss of blood from the lungs brought me to the verge of the grave. Now the doctors forbid my moving, saying I am not strong enough to travel and am more likely to get well here. I know not what the Lord may have in store for me, whether I am to live or die, to remain or to return, to preach or to be silent. I have scarcely strength enough either to write or speak, barely to pray. I see around me a whitening harvest, never has there seemed to me so rich a promise of souls, but I am powerless. God's will be done. I am unworthy to serve Him."

Father de la Colombière's health, however, improved, and this alarming attack, which had threatened to be fatal, passed off, leaving him, if not quite restored, at any rate sufficiently well to resume his labours. To these physical ills were joined others of a mental nature, infinitely more grievous to him. Our Lord revealed at that time to Blessed Margaret Mary the griefs and internal trials which Father de la Colombière was suffering in England, and He Who in spiritually uniting these two souls so devoted to Himself had designed to convey to them succour and enlightenment proportionate to their wants, communicated to Blessed Margaret Mary a short instruction, which she was, through her Superior, to convey to the holy priest.

Mère de la Saumaise receiving whilst still in possession of this note the most pressing entreaties from Father de la Colombière for her prayers, determined to forward it, but in copying made a slight alteration. She was immediately warned by Blessed Margaret Mary that the Lord would not have it sent, but as He had dictated, and indeed

the words she had substituted were of much less force than those of the original.

This note contained much that was of the greatest comfort to the Reverend Father. In acknowledging its receipt, he remarks how timely had been its arrival, and that without its aid he should indeed have been in great mental straits. Truly God did not leave His faithful servant unassisted. "It is marvellous," writes Father de la Colombière, "to note how many good things, both spiritual and temporal, have come to me through my illness. I can never sufficiently praise the wisdom and goodness of God, Who brings His designs to completion by means which appear impossible to men. Never have I been so full of joy, never struck by the goodness of God as when I have felt myself in any real danger."

He had been obliged to diminish the extent of his labours, but God, recognizing the faithfulness of his servant gave to the little he was able to do a marvellous success, and Father de la Colombière, seeing the happy results and abundant fruits produced by such feeble means, was more and more convinced that the sanctification of souls is not in the labour of the husbandman, but in the blessing of God on that labour. He was able to preach the Lent of 1678, but on Easter Sunday began again to spit blood, and continued to do so for three days. He tells us it was his belief that he had made so bad a use of his health as to oblige God to send him a return of the symptoms which had already more than once brought him near to death. Again he to a great extent recovered, but his chest, weakened by these repeated attacks, soon failed beneath the efforts of his zeal, and it seemed doubtful whether he would be able to continue his preachings in the Chapel of St. James. He therefore expected in the month of September to receive permission to return to France. But a letter from Blessed Margaret Mary instructed him that the Lord destined him for further labours. "What makes me think I shall yet be here for some time," he writes

on the 19th of September, 1678, "is that fresh harvests present themselves to be gathered, and that Sister Alacoque prepares me for a continuation of my work. I received your letter and the paper you transmitted me from her the very day on which I had seen the doctor, and was feeling so weak and low that I seemed to have little strength for the work I foresee in the coming year, and looked upon my illness as an interposition of Providence, Who seeing my incapacity for the task, was about to withdraw me from this country. For this I was prepared, but having read your note, exhorting me not to lose courage for the difficulties before me, and to remember that he is all powerful who trusts in God, I began to think otherwise, and to believe that I shall yet remain here."

That he should endure yet greater trials was indeed the will of God. A bitter persecution of the Catholics was about to arise, of which he was to be one of the most notable victims.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARREST AND COMMITTAL. 1678.

WARNED by his spiritual daughter of the approach of persecution, Father de la Colombière awaited without fear the trials with which he was threatened. Well for him that he had learnt to rejoice at the prospect of calumny, imprisonment, and sufferings in the cause of Jesus, for the moment was approaching when the cup of bitterness should be presented to his lips : "*Fac me cruce inebriari.*"

It not having been thought well by his Superiors that any change should be made in his appointment, he still occupied his perilous post at St. James' Palace, when in the autumn of the year 1678 a storm of persecution burst over the Catholics, whose details history has preserved to us.

We have already alluded to the existence in England of a party in whose eyes all measures were justifiable having

for their end the banishment of the true faith from this country, and the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne. For these men blinded by passion, no accusations were too absurd, no slanders too preposterous, and knowing how credulous are the masses, and that the mob will blindly follow all who caress and feed its passions, they felt they could venture far in calumniating the Papists without fear of detection.

That the people of London never exhibited a weaker credulity than on this occasion, our readers will perceive when we mention some of the allegations made against the Catholics.

It was declared that the pious Pontiff, Innocent the Eleventh, wishing to gain possession of the English throne, had charged Father Oliva, General of the Jesuits, to organize a vast conspiracy (including amongst its members Louis the Fourteenth, Père La Chaise, the Catholic nobility of England, and Father Whitbread, Provincial of the Jesuits), having for its object the assassination of Charles the Second, the extinction of Protestantism in the blood of its adherents, and the re-establishment of the Catholic faith.

This odious plot was said to be chiefly the work of the Jesuits, always foremost in aught that should be for the downfall of the Established Church. The Duke and Duchess of York, and the Queen herself, were suspected of complicity in an enterprize the thought of which could not but fill every Protestant with alarm.

The denunciator of the plot was a certain Titus Oates, whose name, for a moment a popular rallying cry throughout Great Britain, has since been covered with opprobrium, and rightly classed amongst the most infamous in history. All writers, Hume, Lingard, Fox, Macaulay, Catholic and Protestant, unite in his condemnation, and in that of those who allowed themselves to become parties to so gross and cowardly an imposture.

"Titus Oates," says Macaulay, "had constructed a hideous romance, resembling rather the dream of a sick

man, than any transaction which ever took place in the real world. The vulgar believed, and the highest magistrates pretended to believe, even such fictions as these. The chief judges of the realm were corrupt, cruel, and timid. The leaders of the country party encouraged the prevailing delusion. The most respectable among them, indeed, were themselves so far deluded as to believe the greater part of the evidence of the plot to be true. Such men as Shaftesbury and Buckingham doubtless perceived that the whole was a romance. But it was a romance which served their turn, and to their seared consciences the death of an innocent man gave no more uneasiness than the death of a partridge." *

The ambitious Shaftesbury in the House of Lords, Russell in the Commons, and Danby in the Privy Council, laboured successfully, not for the discovery of truth, but for the acceptance of these accusations. The first of these in particular, who had much to gain in the success of these odious machinations against the Duke of York, his personal enemy, carried his disbelief and contempt of justice and humanity to the verge of cynicism.

"A peer with whom he was intimate asked him one day how he proposed to get a tale so devoid of all semblance of probability received by men of sense, and above all by Members of Parliament. 'Its improbability,' replied Shaftesbury, 'is its best friend; the more absurd it is, the better likely to serve our purpose. If we cannot get them to swallow anything stronger than that, we shall make little of them.'" †

Titus Oates was the son of a needy minister of the

* *History of England from the Accession of James the Second* (c. ii.). The anxiety manifested by Lord Macaulay to find extenuating circumstances in the more ordinary cases of the public display of anti-Catholic feeling makes his strong condemnation of Protestant wickedness in this particular instance more valuable. They were dark days in England when the government was in the hands of men so utterly depraved.

† Roger North. *Examen on an Inquiry into the credit and veracity of a pretended history tending to vindicate the honour of the late King Charles the Second.*

State Church, in which he early took Orders. He was ejected from his first curacy at Hastings on two charges of perjury, and soon after lost, from scandalous behaviour, a subsequent appointment as chaplain on board a man-of-war. It was then that, reduced to the last extremity, and vainly seeking employment, he met Dr. Tonge, rector of St. Michael's, Wood Street, a fanatical, gloomy, eccentric man, whose imagination, depraved and overwrought, fed itself on dreams of plots and conspiracies.

Titus Oates was the very instrument needed by such a person. It was arranged that the young Anglican minister should feign conversion to the Catholic faith, and endeavour by such deception to gain acquaintance with the secrets of the Jesuits. We pass over the general history of the fabrication of the Plot, and take up the story where first it concerns the subject of our memoir.

A panic of impending danger spread through London. In a few days upwards of two thousand suspected persons were thrown into prison. The Catholics were subjected to domiciliary visits; persons to the number of thirty thousand, who declined to take the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, were prohibited from living within ten miles of Whitehall, and fifty thousand men were speedily enrolled under arms to encounter the imaginary foe.

Charles the Second was powerless to restrain the torrent; the Duke of York was expelled the Privy Council, and those Catholic Peers who refused the test oath were no longer permitted to take their seats in the House of Lords.

Father de la Colombière could not long escape the tempest that descended on all around him. According to Lingard, it was Luzancy who, re-appearing after three years' absence, denounced the Duchess of York's chaplain, as he had formerly Father Saint-Germain.

So far, the Catholic historian is in agreement with the Protestant author of *The English Conspiracies*.* The latter

* *Conspiracies in England, or the History of the Troubles excited in this country between the years 1680 and 1689, inclusive.*" A badly written book by a Protestant author.

thus describes the arrest of Father de la Colombière. It took place on the 21st of November, the day on which the King opened Parliament. All sorts of people crowded Westminster Hall to witness the royal procession, watch the conveyance of the prisoners, and hear the news. An informer got into conversation with Petit, a French shopman ; he hastened to tell him "that he had been seen to talk with a Jesuit, and expressed astonishment how he could have done so, hinting with what ease he could become his enemy." The informer concluded by pressing Petit to reveal what he knew, and after having threatened him, said he should be absolutely obliged to denounce him, unless he would undertake to accuse the brethren of the Order himself.

The informer then proceeded to enumerate the charges that might be brought against the French Jesuit, and in fact, fabricated the six articles upon which Father de la Colombière was arraigned.

"In order to procure an introduction to the Lords of the Council, he directed Petit to consult a young French Minister named Luzancy, who at once committed to writing and arranged the chief heads of accusation. They then presented the memoir to one Prance,* who gave it to his protector, the Bishop of London, who in his turn laid it before the Lord Chancellor. The document appearing to compromise Father de la Colombière, he was instantly confined to his private apartments in the palace, and two days afterwards, on the 26th of November, was conducted to prison."

According to Lingard, his imprisonment commenced on the 16th, but the discrepancy arises from the use of the new and old styles in the calendar. How were the two days proceeding this captivity employed ? Unquestionably in examining his papers and submitting the prisoner to

* Trance or Prance was a London jeweller, and became Government informer. There were, it seems, two such, Luzancy and Prance, and two bribed witnesses who were the first to accuse Father de la Colombière. Oliver du Fiquet and Francis Verdier.

severe interrogatories. The story that we are about to tell is explained and completed by what Father de la Colombière himself wrote to a Jesuit friend on the subject.

"I was accused in London by a youth from Dauphiné, whom I believed I had converted, and whom I had maintained for nearly three months after his change of faith. Having some cause to complain of his conduct towards me, together with the impossibility of continuing to support him, I was compelled to dismiss him ; he threatened to revenge himself by betraying our intercourse. Besides other calumnies he imputed to me designs against the King and the Parliament. As he knew something of my doings, he was not slow to exaggerate into glaring crimes the little good I was able to effect amongst the Protestants,* and made it appear that I was far more zealous and successful in my labours than I really was. Owing to these charges I was seized in my bedroom two hours after midnight and flung into prison, from whence I was taken two days afterwards, and confronted with my accusers before some twelve or fifteen Commissioners appointed by the Lords ; subsequently I was sent back to captivity and kept in close confinement for three weeks."

Ingratitude had united with perfidy to destroy him, and he uttered not a word either of complaint or displeasure at the traitor's conduct. His mind was solely occupied with guarding his humility. He was anxious lest his accuser's words should not be taken too literally as they tended, he thought, to depict the ardour of his zeal.

His attitude, full of calm dignity, struck the spectators with admiration. Compelled to stand at the bar of the court, he was observed, regardless of the sneering crowd, to take his breviary and quietly repeat the Divine Office. His demeanour was that of tranquil courage. It is needless to remark that nothing could be extracted from him

* It will be remarked that the Lords in their report speak of a great many converts, both French and English, whom the Father had received. And although malice is quick-sighted, it is probable that in London the number of conversions was not known.

respecting an imaginary conspiracy. The articles exhibited against him were as follows : (1) That he was in the habit of declaring the King to be Catholic at heart. (2) That Parliament would not always be master, nor possess its present authority. (3) That he was Coleman's intimate friend. (4) That he had persuaded an apostate nun to re-enter her convent, and another woman by abjuring her errors to forsake Protestantism. (5) That he was the Superintendent of a convent established secretly in London. (6) That he had sent missionaries to Virginia and Newfoundland.

Thus he was treated as a criminal without reference to his character as a Frenchman, and in breach of the royal hospitality to which he had been confided. According to the Protestant historian, it seems that Luzancy strove with unbridled malice to drive the Jesuits to extremities ; but his false imputations melted away before the straightforward replies of Father de la Colombière. They tried to frighten him with menaces, but in vain. What had he to fear ? Was he not in the hands of God, did not he know that no hair of his head could fall contrary to the will of his Heavenly Father. Besides, how blessed to die for the name of Jesus Christ !

During his three weeks' rigorous imprisonment, the Parliamentary commissioners again and again summoned the witnesses before them without obtaining fresh evidence. The Lords endeavoured to intermingle these charges with those of the imaginary plot, and so to unite in a similar fate both English and French Jesuits. Possibly Father de la Colombière might have succumbed to the malice of some false witnesses, when unexpected and powerful succour came to his aid.

Barillon,* the French Ambassador, took up the defence

* Paul Barillon d'Arnoncourt, Marquis de Branges, son of Jean Jacques de Barillon and de Bonne Fayet, appointed Counsellor of State the 13th of February, 1650, and Master of Requests the 6th of July, 1657, married in 1663 to Mary Magdalene Mangot de Villarceaux, was Plenipotentiary at Cologne, 1673, and Ambassador to London 1677. He died in Paris the 23rd of July, 1693. His brother, Antonie de Barillon, Lord of Moranges, was King's Counsellor, Master of Requests, and Intendant at Metz, Alençon, and Caen.

of the accused, and with all the more vigour, as he thoroughly disbelieved in the truth of the conspiracy. On the 20th of October he wrote: "They are very busy searching the correspondence of Master Coleman and the other arrested Catholics. No reasonable being credits the intention to assassinate the King of Great Britain. The Committee of Council intrusted with the investigation are of the like opinion, but at the same time assert that active negotiations are being carried on with foreign countries, very prejudicial to the national interest; that vast sums are expended in fomenting cabals, and in the endeavour to spread the Catholic religion, and that by the English law the greater number of the prisoners are undoubtedly implicated. They speak very decidedly of Master Coleman, among whose papers they have found extracts of all his letters to Rome, written from France and elsewhere, disclosing, as they allege, plans for the destruction of the reformed faith in England, together with the overthrow of the Government and the re-establishment of the Papal authority on its ruins. This is the commissioners' version of the matter. Coleman's letters to Father La Chaise abound with wild suggestions and designs, but those of the Father are distinguished for wisdom and moderation, especially one that has just been seized at Dover. At Newmarket the King said that if justice were done, Coleman was already condemned."

On the 28th of November, the French Ambassador wrote again to Versailles: "The Duchess of York's Jesuit chaplain, Father de la Colombière, has been taken into custody, charged with attempting to convert a Protestant, and with having told him that the English King was really a Catholic."

Barillon naturally received instructions to demand the liberation of the prisoner in the name of his master. There followed an interchange of diplomatic notes between the two Courts. Louis the Fourteenth insisted on the freedom of one of his subjects against whom no serious accusa-

tion was made. The English Government wished to detain him on the ground that he had plotted against the sovereign's life, and was therefore unworthy of the French monarch's protection.

Arnaud de Pomponne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, transmitted instructions to the Ambassador at London conformably to the royal will. The English Government yielded to the pertinacity of the Versailles Cabinet, and Father de la Colombière owed to France his escape from the scaffold.

**The Miracles of our Lord, as illustrating the
Doctrine of Purgatory.**

XVI.—OUR LORD'S LAST MIRACLE ON THE LAKE.

St. John xxi. 1—19.

I. THE last recorded miracle of our Lord was worked after His Resurrection, during that part of the forty days which He spent with His disciples in Galilee. The narrative is given to us by St. John alone, who was himself present, with six other Apostles, his own brother St. James, St. Peter, St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew or Nathanael, and two others who are not named, but who may be conjectured to have been St. Andrew and St. Philip.* It is not necessary to repeat the story of the fishing of the Apostles during the night—when, as on the former occasion of which we have had to speak, they caught nothing—of our Lord's appearance in the early dawn on the shore, bidding them cast the net on the right side of the boat, then of the marvellous draught of fishes which was immediately inclosed in the net, of St. John's discerning our Lord, of St. Peter's leaping into the water to go to Him, and of the meal which was awaiting them when they landed. The points on which we may fasten in this great miracle, and in the conversation which followed on it, are the following—the action of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, in drawing the net to land himself, containing a certain recorded number of large fishes, “*one hundred and*

* The four Apostles not included in this list would thus be St. Matthew, who was not a fisherman, and the three who were near relations or connections of our Lord, St. Simon, St. Jude, and St. James the Less. These might probably be with our Lady and the holy women at the time. But it is needless to say, that this is pure conjecture.

fifty and three," and the commission which was afterwards so solemnly given to him by our Lord, and repeated thrice, in which, after asking him thrice whether he loved Him, our Lord bade him, "*Feed my lambs,*" "*Feed my sheep.*" It is generally considered by Catholic commentators on Scripture and by the theologians of the Church that our Lord on this occasion conferred on St. Peter, for himself and for his successors, the authority and commission to rule the Catholic Church which He had before promised to him, when he made his great confession of faith in the Divinity of his Master. Then He had said, "*Thou art Peter and on this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. and I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth it shall be bound also in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth it shall be loosed also in Heaven.*"* Now He says, "*Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these? . . . Feed My lambs. Feed My lambs. Feed My sheep.*"

2. It is on this great commission, promised in the first of these passages and conferred in the second, that the vital Catholic doctrine of the prerogatives of St. Peter mainly rests for its Scripture proof, though there are also other texts and incidents in the life of our Lord on which it is based, and though the whole argument from Scripture embraces also the commentary on the acts and sayings of our Lord which is furnished by the history of the Acts of the Apostles and by the Epistles. It is of course not to our present purpose to draw out the whole argument, as we can only have to deal with that part of the power which has been conferred on St. Peter and on his successors which has immediate relation to the subject of Purgatory. That part, however, of St. Peter's power is very important indeed to us, and it may very fitly be made the subject of this our last chapter on the miracles. The power conferred on St. Peter, with regard to this subject, may be connected

* St. Matt. xvi. 18, 19; St. John xxi. 15—17.

immediately with the words of St. Matthew which have been quoted in the last paragraph. St. Peter, in the passage of St. John's Gospel before us, is practically ordered by our Lord to use his power in all charity for the benefit of the flock committed to him. That is one meaning at least of the touching question thrice put to him by our Lord, "*Lovest thou Me?*" It is as if He had said, "If you love Me, and as you love Me, feed My lambs, feed My sheep." But the power which is thus to be exercised according to the instinct and measure of his love to our Blessed Lord is, as has been said, that which was promised before in the words which St. Matthew has recorded. That power then consists, first, of opening the Kingdom of Heaven, for such is the meaning of the power of the keys; and, secondly, it consists in the power of binding and loosing. By this, for the purpose with which we are now concerned, is meant the power of either opening Heaven or not, and of laying down the conditions on which the power of the keys is exercised, in any particular case or under any particular circumstances.

3. It is plain that the power thus conferred on St. Peter of opening the gates of Heaven must mean the power of removing all the impediments which, in any particular case, shut the gates of Heaven and prevent this or that soul, or certain classes of souls, from entering there. Now, it has already been said that there are two impediments to entrance to Heaven, original sin unremoved, and actual mortal sin unrepented and uncanceled as to its guilt. Either of these two impediments, while it exists, is enough absolutely to bar the gates of Heaven. The first of these impediments is removed by our Lord Himself, and the application of what He has thus done to particular souls takes place in Holy Baptism. The second impediment, that created by actual sin, is removed by the power of the keys. But this impediment, which is caused by actual sin, is twofold, and consists in the guilt of the sin, and in the punishment due to it. If the guilt is not removed, the

soul can never enter Heaven, and, even when the guilt is removed, the soul cannot enter Heaven until the punishment has been removed also. The guilt of sin, then, is removed by the power of the keys in the Sacrament of Penance, according to those words of our Lord, "*Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted.*" The impediment of the punishment is also removed by the power of the keys, in the concession of Indulgences, according to those other words, "*Whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in Heaven.*" And it must be said that any idea of the power of the keys which leaves out this remission of the pain due to sin as well as of the guilt of sin itself—when due dispositions exist, and under all due conditions, according to the laws of the Kingdom of our Lord—is absolutely defective and inadequate. It has been said above that any idea of our Lord's Mission as the Redeemer of the world which leaves out His Mission with regard to Purgatory is defective and inadequate. It represents Him, practically, as not being He Who was to come, and it implies, practically, that we must "*look for another.*" In just the same way, the power of the keys would not be what it ought to be, it would not answer to the largeness and fulness and universality of our Lord's commission to St. Peter, if it did not include, in some way or other, the power of loosing the bonds of pain as well as the power of loosing the bonds of guilt. Our Lord, as the people in Decapolis said, hath done "*all things well,*" not only "*some things ;*"* and the power which He has left behind in the hands of St. Peter and his Successors to be exercised in charity must extend to all the needs of human souls waiting at the gates of Heaven. But it would not so extend, unless it had some provision for the removal of the impediment of pain, as well as for the removal of the impediment of guilt.

4. The provision of which we speak is exactly that which Catholics know as the power of Indulgences. An

* St. Mark vii. 37.

Indulgence is a remission of the pain due to sins, of which the guilt has already been forgiven. This remission is made by the same power which imposes this or that work of penance as an accompaniment of absolution, that is, the power of the keys of which we have just now spoken. By this power the "treasury," as it is said, of the Church is opened, and the merits of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints are applied in satisfaction to the souls to which the Indulgence is granted, by the authority of the Chief Pastor of the Church, the Successor of St. Peter, and, to a certain extent, of the Bishops.* The doctrine of the Church on this point is summed up in the decree of the Council of Trent (Session 25), which declares that the power of Indulgences has been granted by Christ to the Church, and that they are useful and salutary to the faithful. It would not fall within the scope of the present work to argue the point as to the doctrine of Indulgences against those who deny it. It is enough to say that it is, in principle, contained in the famous passage of St. Paul about the incestuous Corinthian, whose penance had been forgiven him by the Church,† and that there are traces of the practice in the earliest times, though it is undeniable that the great use of Indulgences, and particularly of the very large Indulgences which have been granted in the late centuries of the Church, is a development which has grown with the decay of penitential rigour and, in fact, with that great increase of human infirmity which characterizes modern times. The comparative ease with which Indulgences may now be gained is a great blessing to the faithful of our times—a great blessing to those who avail themselves of it largely and diligently, while it may turn out to be a cause of severe self-reproach to those who

* Benedict the Thirteenth, *Triges. II.* Sermon. 24, teaches that Archbishops in their Provinces and Bishops in their dioceses may grant Indulgences of a year on the dedication of a church, and of forty days at other times. But he adds that they have greater powers in the private tribunal of penance, in regard to their own subjects.

† 2 Cor. ii. 5—11.

neglect to avail themselves of the immense benignity of Church. The causes for which Indulgences are granted are quite independent of the conditions assigned to them, and it is not necessary for us to know them,—it is sufficient that the Pope has a reasonable ground, of which he is the judge. The great reason of all, no doubt, is the extreme tenderness of the Church, which desires that we should know her love for her children, and so be moved to praise the mercifulness of God, and which uses, in these days of corporal weakness and feeble virtues, an immense gentleness to the generations which have not the strength or courage to accomplish the severe penances of the ancient Canons. But at no time was it necessary that the works prescribed for those who are to gain Indulgences should correspond to the latter in importance. For Indulgences rest on the merits of our Lord, and not on those of the person who may gain them.

5. We have hitherto spoken of Indulgences indifferently without distinguishing between their application to the living and that which is made of them to the dead. The Indulgences which the Church distributes to the living are given to them directly, those which are applied to the dead, only indirectly, and by way of suffrage. Hence it follows, that if a living person is truly sorry for all his sins, venial as well as mortal, and if he performs accurately, with all the due dispositions, the works which are enjoined as the conditions of an Indulgence, he cannot fail to gain that Indulgence, our Lord's fidelity, of which St. Paul so often speaks, being pledged to him in the matter. This is what is meant, as it seems, by the theologians who speak of an Indulgence as granted by way of absolution, in which case the Church exercises her jurisdiction over her own direct subjects, that is, the living faithful, granting to them the satisfactions which they require out of the merits of our Lord; whereas in the case of the departed they are no longer directly her

subjects, and so the Indulgence is granted to them by way of suffrage. And, to return to the former point, a soul in Purgatory cannot perform any of the works which are enjoined as conditions of an Indulgence, and is no longer in a state to merit anything. There is, therefore, no tie of fidelity on the part of God which may bind Him to grant the Indulgence to such a soul, even though the works prescribed be performed by the living, and though the Indulgence be made by the Church applicable to the holy departed. This application, again, which is an exercise of the power of the keys, cannot be made by any but the Church, and unless she makes it, no one can benefit the Holy Souls by such an application.

6. It should also be remembered that the remission of the pain due to sins, which is the fruit of an Indulgence, can only fall on those sins the guilt of which has been already forgiven, that is, on those which have been truly, in some way or other, retracted. This it is which makes a Plenary Indulgence so difficult of perfect acquisition. But it does not follow, because some venial sins may not have been forgiven as to their guilt, that therefore the fruit of an Indulgence is lost, as to other light sins which have been forgiven. Again, it is taught by theologians that light sins committed at the time when a person might be receiving the fruit of an Indulgence, do not hinder the fruit of that Indulgence as to the other venial sins on which it would fall, though it is otherwise with sins committed at the time of performing the works which are exacted as conditions of the Indulgence, if those works are truly vitiated thereby. Again, it must be remembered, with regard to the Indulgences which are applied to the Holy Souls, that their venial sins which may have remained unforgiven before their death, on account of their never having retracted them, are cancelled as to their guilt at the time of death, by the perfect conversion of the soul to God, which takes place in all who die in a state of grace. As to the remission of the pain due to these sins, it must

be remembered that the effect of Indulgences does not come from the devotion of those who gain them, or from the labour to which they put themselves, or from the alms which they may give as their condition, but from the abundant treasure of the merits of the Church. Thus St. Thomas teaches that the essential conditions requisite for the fruit of which we are speaking, are simply authority on the part of those who grant the Indulgence, piety in the cause for which it is granted, and charity or the state of grace in those who are to receive the benefit thus bestowed.* Nevertheless, although all the Holy Souls are capable of receiving the fruits of Indulgences, because all are in the grace of God, it remains true that some are more capable of profiting largely in this way than others, because the fruit of this kind is shared by them according to the greater or less degree of their charity. Thus it may be necessary for some souls that a great many Plenary Indulgences should be gained for them, while others, to whom God allows a single Plenary Indulgence to be applied, may by virtue of that alone be delivered from all the pain which they owe to His justice.

7. It is certain that the blessed provision of Indulgences is one which conduces very greatly to the glory of God. It is surely to His glory that the abundant treasures of satisfaction which have been accumulated in the Church should be used, that piety and religion should be served by their use, that the rulers of the Church, who succeed to the throne of St. Peter, should exercise every part of their mighty prerogative for the good of souls, that a number of good works should be promoted, such as visits to the tombs of the Apostles and saints, or the relief of the poor, or the advancement of missions, and a thousand other good works, by being made the conditions on which Indulgences may be gained by those who also approach the sacraments worthily, and pray for the good of the Church. All these things are for the glory of God and of our Lord. All of

* St. Thomas, *in Sent.* iv. dist. 20, qu. 1, art. 3, 2.

them belong to the advancement of the great kingdom of the Incarnation, and charity, as well as the glory of God in other respects, is promoted when the faithful are urged on to them by the holding out of Indulgences so to be gained. Whenever we practically show our belief in the powers which God has granted to the Church, we do Him honour, and our faith is sometimes more displayed when it is exercised on things which do not meet the sight, and are less easy of proof ; or again, when the points to which it refers are more questioned and assailed by the unbelieving world. On this account, if on no other, it would be our duty to proclaim in the face of the world our belief in these powers of the Church, and we might expect a greater blessing from God in proportion to our boldness and simplicity in this respect. But in truth, few things would be more to the glory of God in our generation than a great increase of devotion to the Holy Souls in Purgatory, and to their interests in general, and of diligence and zeal in helping them by means of Indulgences in particular. When we review all the means of aiding them which God has put into our hands—prayers, Masses, Communions, almsdeeds, mortifications, pilgrimages, the Divine Office, the Office of the Dead or of our Blessed Lady, the holy Rosary, works of active mercy, the teaching the Christian doctrine, the attending of funerals, and a thousand more, we can find none more powerful in themselves, if the fruit be really gained, none more honourable to God and to our Lord and to His Church, than this of holy Indulgences. And besides, the mind of the Church is expressed by the fact that she makes this most loving and beautiful exercise of her prerogative go along with and accompany all other aids to the Holy Souls. For there can hardly be found any one of those named or alluded to which is not enriched by her with copious Indulgences, which are thus placed by her within the reach of all who can do any one of these other works, while she gives them besides for many a short prayer or pious practice which requires the very slightest

exertion or expense of time. And yet it is not a little thing that we do, or that we neglect to do, when we either impart to these holy sufferers a portion, be it large or small, of the inexpressibly precious merits and satisfactions of our Lord Jesus Christ and His saints, or leave them without that solace and assistance—often, we may fear, because we have not ourselves the intelligent faith to appreciate duly the needs of those who are detained in Purgatory, or the ineffable glory which results to God from the devout and charitable use of the exhaustless treasures of the Church, which He has purchased with His own Blood, and to which He has left the exercise of the powers in Heaven and on earth, which were won by His Passion.

A Pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

BEFORE THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

WITH the pilgrims we first turn our steps to the Mount of Calvary. This was not a mountain of any height, but only a small mound on the hill, which at the time of our Blessed Lord lay at a little distance westward of the city. The Jews soon after enlarged the city, and inclosed within its limits the holy places of the Crucifixion and Resurrection. As the Mount of Sion and other parts of the city are higher, and many houses, churches, and hospitals have been built around Calvary, the identical hill can no longer be discerned from the outside. Only the great cupola of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre points it out. Through the Jaffa Gate we enter the city, and reach a small narrow door. Through this we go, descend three steps, and find ourselves in a spacious paved court. We are before the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in the midst of a bustling crowd. All the nations of the earth seemed to have thronged hither to celebrate Easter. Among them are Armenians, the men in turbans, the women veiled. There are Persians in long caftans and girdles, with pointed caps of black lambskin, towering above the rest. Near them is a group of Arabs, in long flowing garments, over which they wear a black and white striped cloak. The women are more closely veiled than the Armenians, and look like spectres with their faces enveloped in white. Entirely in black are the Russians, less noticeable for their dress, than for the earnestness and piety of their behaviour. How thoughtless compared with them is that Greek from one of the islands of the Ægean Sea. He

wears a red cap and tassel, a fur-trimmed jacket, and red shoes. There is no lack of black and yellow men. The black women with coral necklaces and rings and wide blue cloaks are Abyssinian fellahs (peasants). Their husbands wear a narrower blue garment. The negroes from Darfur are chiefly in white, a striking contrast to their black and shining skins. Near them are dusky Indians, whom we recognize by their thoughtful expression. There are also Europeans from every country. It would appear as if an annual fair were being held in the place. A crowd of Bethlehemites have spread out their wares on the pavement. There are great heaps of rosaries of all colours, articles carved in olivewood and mother of pearl, roses of Jericho, and other objects which pilgrims always take away with them from the Holy Land.

The scene is deeply interesting, but we have no time to dwell upon it, for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands before us, grey with age. A double low arched door leads in, and above it are two windows. The pillars beside the doors are of costly marble. On the left is a Gothic tower, the upper part of which is gone. The Franciscan Fathers go before us with lighted torches, and we pierce through the crowd and reach the door into the Holy Sanctuary. What a sight we behold! On a carpeted platform, in the interior of the building, are seated half a dozen Turks smoking, chatting and drinking coffee. They are the guards of the Holy Sepulchre, appointed by the Government. Only on certain days is the Church open; the keys are in the hands of the Government, and payment must be made when it is opened on other occasions. Thirty years ago every pilgrim had to pay his *entrée*, and the poor, who had undergone the greatest privations that they might once pray at the tomb of our Blessed Lord, were driven back with sticks, if they had not wherewith to satisfy the avarice of the Turks. Now this demand is not made, and we enter the building unmolested.

All dutiful children honour their parents' grave, and much more did the early Christians reverence the tomb of their Lord and Saviour. Readily would they have built over it a magnificent church adorned with gold and marble, but scarcely had they conceived the idea than the conversion of the Emperor Constantine took place, and his mother, the Empress Helena, took up her residence in Jerusalem. After she had the happiness to find the true Cross, workmen were collected together from all parts, and precious stones and woods brought from other countries. The best architects prepared designs, and in time a great cathedral was erected inclosing the Mount of Calvary, the Holy Sepulchre, and the place where the holy Cross was found. The building had five aisles, the roof was enriched with gold and carving, the floor and walls covered with rich carpets and hangings. Just over the tomb of our Blessed Redeemer, a still more costly chapel was built, decorated like a most beautiful tabernacle. Other churches and convents were built by Constantine and Helena in Jerusalem. It became a most beautiful city, but after three hundred years all was destroyed by the Persians.

To describe all the changes that befell the holy city would be endless. The present church dates for the most part from the Crusades, but has had many misfortunes. In 1808 it was entirely burnt, and the dome fell in, burying the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. This was a sad blow for Europe, as Napoleon the First kept the nations in continual wars, and little could be done towards re-building the church. The separated Greeks and Armenians profited by this opportunity and began the work, and as they bribed the Turkish pashas, they contrived to wrest from the Catholics almost all those parts of the church that belonged to them. Hence it is that the Catholics now possess so little. The Greeks did their work so carelessly that the dome built in 1810 soon threatened a downfall, and had to be removed in fifteen years. Since 1868 a new one has been raised over the Holy Sepulchre.

We said just now that the Catholics have not now much share in the church. By this we mean that it is not a single church, but contains a great number of churches and chapels. We possess one chapel over the Holy Sepulchre, two on Mount Calvary, and two in the place where the holy Cross was found. All are under one roof and compose one church. It is not easy to find the way, for steps must be mounted and descended to reach some of the chapels, and of them, few belong solely to the Catholics. In some Mass may be said at certain hours ; in others not even this is allowed. That we may become acquainted with them, we follow the Franciscan Fathers in their daily procession.

Immediately opposite the entrance door of the Holy Sepulchre at the north side is a convent of Franciscans, the guards of the Holy Sepulchre. For many centuries they have held this office, and to their fidelity and self-sacrifice we owe it that the holy places have not been torn from us. The monastery is small, dark, and damp, and has no entrance but through the church, the keys of which are in the hands of the Turks. The Fathers are here as in a prison, and their food is daily brought from the monastery in the city. The place is unhealthy, and every three months there is a change in the inmates. But the love of the holy place of man's redemption, to which they are so near, moves many of them to spend here their whole lives. Three years ago a Brother died who had been here fifty years without going out.

Every day after Complin the Fathers visit in procession the holy places. Close to the monastery is the Chapel of the Apparition, so called because here our Lord must have appeared to His Holy Mother. This belongs to the Fathers, and the Blessed Sacrament is reserved on the altar. The procession set out from this spot. After adoring the Blessed Sacrament, and receiving from the Fathers lighted torches, we follow them, joining in their hymn. Before the verse is ended we have reached the first

station, an altar near the Chapel of the Apparition where is preserved a piece of the Pillar of our Lord's Scourging. Then turning to the left we go up the north aisle, at the end of which is the so-called Prison of Christ, where He was shut up during the preparations for His Crucifixion. We come now to the semicircular choir which has several chapels to our left: the procession stops in the middle of the circuit at the Chapel of the Division of Garments, where the soldiers cast lots for the seamless tunic of our Lord. A few steps further lead us to a staircase of forty steps down into a subterranean vault, in the spot where the Empress St. Helena found the true Cross, and on the upper part of the stairs, the place is pointed out where the Empress stood during the search for it. A beautiful altar given by Maximilian, the unfortunate Emperor of Mexico, adorns the chapel. After we have satisfied our devotion we mount the stairs and go on our way: we next reach the Chapel of the Scoffing, where the Scribes and the Pharisees called out to our Lord: "*He has saved others, let Him save Himself if He is the Christ.*" We are now close to the place of the Crucifixion, in fact a few steps further lead us to the very rock on which the mystery of our Redemption was fulfilled: it is four and a half metres higher than the pavement of the church. On it stands a double chapel; that which we enter first points out the place where the Cross was raised on high; the other that in which our Lord was nailed to it. During the procession from one place to another a verse of the hymn is sung, and in the chapels the priest recites the corresponding antiphon. On the Mount of Calvary it is this: "*It was then the sixth hour, and darkness covered the earth until the ninth hour. The sun was darkened and the veil of the Temple was rent asunder, and Jesus cried out in a loud voice: Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit. And after He had said this, He yielded up the ghost.*" Most impressive is it to pray in the very place in which the Cross of our Lord actually stood, where His

Blood was shed, the sacrifice accomplished, and the world redeemed. On that day were shed many tears of heartfelt devotion and love of our Blessed Lord. Deeply moved by the feeling awakened in this holy place, we leave the chapel by another staircase, which leads us through the second chapel down again into the church, exactly at the chief entrance. Here we go to the right and reach the stone marking the place where Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea embalmed the Body of our Blessed Lord. Another verse is sung, and we go on to the middle of the church, where stands under the cupola a hexagonal chapel: it is not large, and is divided by a wall into two parts, one is called the Angel's Chapel, because here the Angel appeared to the holy women. A narrow door leads to the second smaller division, where on our right lies the Holy Sepulchre paved and covered with marble. The pilgrims enter singly, devoutly kiss the stone which covers the tomb of our Blessed Redeemer, and the procession then returns to the Chapel of the Apparition, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament concludes the devotions.

THE MOUNT OF SION AND THE CŒNACULUM.

Southwards from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we now direct our steps to the highest part of the city, which from the earliest times has been called the Mount of Sion. More than two thousand years have elapsed since David here set up his throne. The place was naturally strong, but David added to its walls and towers, and erected his palace on the hill. His son, the wise Solomon, enlarged the city on the north and east, and built to God on Mount Moriah that magnificent Temple, which was one of the greatest wonders of the world. Beautiful indeed must have been the City of David, and great as was the magnificence of Babylon, the Jews, who were there in banishment, wept when they thought of Sion, and cried out in the extremity of their grief: "May oblivion be my

lot when I forget thee, O Jerusalem !” But in the course of time the pomp and beauty of the royal city was utterly destroyed. Of two towers built by Herod about the time of our Lord’s birth, for the protection of his new palace, only the foundation walls remain, old, grey, and enormous blocks of stone. We next reach an Armenian convent, which has nothing in its aspect new or pleasant. The gardens which once stretched down to the city wall are now entirely neglected. Now we are before the gate of Sion and the present city. Its appearance is as sad and mournful as the Prophets predicted. The city wall, old and in ruins, looks like a prison. Above it are fallen houses, towers, and domes ; around deserted gardens, neglected fields, and yellow rocks ; in the distance only bare and arid hills. There are here several burial grounds, one for the Catholics, another for the American Protestants, a third for the Armenians, a fourth for the Greeks, and a fifth for the English Protestants. Amidst these cemeteries is a group of ruined buildings and houses, like a small village. Above the flat roofs and low walls rises a number of small cupolas, and over them the minaret of a Turkish mosque. The Turks call the whole Nebi Daud, the King David, because they believe that here are he and his son Solomon buried.

Though the Mahometans do not believe in the Divinity of Christ, they show a niche in the rock in the court of their temple as the cradle of Christ. This mosque was built in honour of David and Solomon. The space underneath where the graves must be is diligently visited by the infidels. This half subterranean room is about twenty paces long, a little less in width, and the walls are covered with painted porcelain tiles. The floor is covered with rich carpets, and from the ceiling hangs a silken canopy with coloured stripes. On the right as we enter is a monument, covered with green damask, worked in gold, and over it hang five costly carpets, presented by various Sultans to the Tomb of David. There is also a black

velvet carpet, on which are embroidered in silver various texts from the Koran. Near are two tall candlesticks and a lamp.

This building was not always a mosque. It dates from the time of the Crusades, and was once a Christian church. And before this stood a finer and larger church, built by the Empress Helena. Here above all was that first of Christian churches, the ever memorable Supper-room, in which our Blessed Lord, on the eve of His Passion, instituted the Most Holy Eucharist. Even now the next room to the Grave is called the Place of the Feet Washing. In the upper part are two rooms, one of which is called the Cœnaculum or Supper-room.

Here, in this deserted part of Mount Sion, over the dark prayer-place of the Mussulmans, we are really and truly in one of the most wonderful and holiest places in the world. Here was the house to which our Lord sent Peter and John to make ready the Paschal Lamb; here for the last time He ate it with His disciples, washed their feet, and instituted that Divine Mystery, by which His presence with us was to be lasting, and the whole earth a sanctuary.

Other recollections here crowd upon us; for in this place the disciples took refuge during the Passion, here from the holy women they heard the first news of Christ's Resurrection, and hither came our Lord Himself through closed doors on the evening of Easter Day, and said, "*Peace be to you; it is I; fear not.*" Here He conversed and ate with them, encouraged, and gave them power to forgive sins. And after eight days He came again, to cure Thomas of his want of faith. Before He ascended He sent them again into this place to await in prayer the coming of the Holy Ghost, and here the Holy Spirit came down upon them. Here was the Prince of the Apostles chosen, and appointed the first Pope and teacher of nations. It was the first Catholic church. During the first centuries this place was highly honoured

by the Christians, and the Empress Helena decorated it royally, as well as the Sepulchre of Christ. From the most distant parts of Europe came pilgrims hither, and we have the description of the Supper-room as it appeared in 670. But now the whole building is in the hands of the Turks. Dervishes have here their dwelling place, and in one building lives the Scheik or overseer of the hamlet. For drink-money the Christians are allowed to see the room, and pray there, but they are not allowed to have a chapel, and so in the place where the Holy Sacrifice was first offered no Mass can be said, or any religious service held. Some years ago, for a large sum of money, five priests were allowed to say Mass secretly on a portable altar. But they were in danger of being interrupted during the Holy Sacrifice by the Arabs, who were with difficulty pacified, and other priests have since tried in vain to obtain the same favour. Not many centuries ago, however, the whole building belonged to the Catholics. The Franciscans had here their chief monastery, but were driven out by the Mahometans. The guardian of the monastery of St. Saviour, however, takes his name from the old convent on Mount Sion, to perpetuate the claims of the Catholics. Before we continue our pilgrimage in and around Jerusalem, we will say a few words about the good Fathers, who for more than six hundred years have laboured in the holy city.

Intention for the Apostolate of Prayer for December.

THE DUTY OF FOSTERING VOCATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

THE note of alarm was sounded last month when we pointed out the great urgency of the General Intention then proposed, of which the one now claiming the good prayers of our associates is a corollary. To repeat one thought, there is no danger of the Church of Christ dying out for want of priests, but it is too true that in Christendom generally, and in France in particular, the number of priests is much below the reasonable wishes of good Catholics.

What, then, are good Catholics to do? They ought not to rest satisfied with pious desires, or even with frequent prayers that God may grant vocations, but they should, according to their power and opportunity, assist His inspirations. They can and they should prepare the soil, that the good seed of the higher gifts may sink into it, and live and thrive. Parents in this matter have a duty, of which the neglect is sure to bring its own punishment. That duty has two degrees of obligation. The first and more imperative lies in not hindering grace; the second, also imperative, in helping grace. It is a grave matter for self-examination which we here propose; but, quite apart from any words of ours, the obligation exists, and, moreover, is known and felt by those upon whom it rests. If they are unwilling to be reminded of their duty perhaps it is because they would gladly escape by forgetfulness, if it were possible, from an unwelcome demand upon their faith and fidelity.

Some most foolish Catholic parents make up their minds from the first, without ever consulting the will of God in the matter at all, that their sons shall not be priests, and their daughters shall not be nuns, and shape their education accordingly. Often in such cases God "obeys the voice of man." The gift is not given, the blessing does not descend, because they who are charged with the care of precious souls are unfaithful to their trust. It is through over-fondness for their children that they act in this manner, but in a day that is hidden they will understand how cruel was their kindness. Their jealous watchfulness to exclude the grace of a vocation to the service of God in His sanctuary appears to guardian angels an intolerable tyranny, and to the devil a delightful folly. It is almost as if the parents of the beautiful princess in the fairy tale had been transformed by the wicked enchanter into his sentinel dragons.

Other parents are truly solicitous to guard their little ones from every breath of harm, but when after a few years the early lessons of virtue are ripening into an incipient vocation to the priesthood, they recoil from their own work. This is a consequence they have not contemplated and cannot accept. Listening only to the dictates of human affection or worldly interest they in all haste transport the too pious boy to fresh scenes and occupations in order to distract his thoughts from the closer imitation of Jesus Christ, and to counteract the influences which have led him to desire to consecrate his youth and strength to God. Perhaps, like St. Stanislaus, he has a will of his own. More commonly his untried innocence yields to domestic pressure. If it does, he and his parents will be sorry in the hour of death.

Other parents, who do not exactly intend to contravene the manifested will of God, are not afraid to constitute themselves the sole judges and condemners of their son's vocation. Practically they fall under the last-mentioned category, for in the actual result it matters little whether

they oppose a manifest vocation or take upon themselves to declare that a vocation is not manifest, when impartial and more enlightened examiners have arrived at a different decision.

Other parents, under the pleasant delusion that they are only doing their duty and displaying a laudable anxiety to secure perfect freedom in the choice of a state of life, interpose unseasonable delays, and prescribe to the Almighty the time and the terms for the surrender of their children. God can, if He chooses, give a vocation as unmistakeably at eighteen as at twenty-one, and the only question is whether in some particular case He has or has not done so. In some instances delay is much to be commended, in other instances it is as much to be reproved. Many a Divine vocation has been turned aside by well-meaning parents, who claimed the right of withholding for some determinate period that consent which they did not dare entirely to refuse. They were unwilling to act at the time marked by the Supreme Disposer of hearts, and He was not pleased to submit to their dictation and wait for their kind permission. "You must stay with us two years longer:" "You must try the effect of a little travelling:" "You shall have my consent if you are in the same mind when you have had just a taste of the world which you want to renounce:" "You need not be in any hurry. In five years from this you will still be very young, and a little acquaintance with men and things will make you a more useful priest." Advice like this may be good or may be bad, the wisdom of the faith or the prudence of the flesh. It will be good if God approves, and bad if God disapproves; but to lay down the law without thought, or prayer, or consultation, upon a matter so delicate as a young man's choice of a state of life, is an act of temerity which God cannot approve. He calls whom He likes, and when He likes—some in the early dawn of manhood, and some in the fuller day.

The second degree of the obligation which devolves

upon parents in respect of the possible vocation of their sons to the priesthood, requires them not only to refrain from placing obstacles in the way of a call to the more perfect life, but in a certain manner and to a certain extent to lend their active assistance to bring about that consummation. By this it is not to be understood that parents are obliged to desire that all or any of their sons and daughters should be priests or nuns, but that they are strictly bound in conscience to have them educated in those principles of faith and purity which predispose them for receiving a call from God. They are strictly bound to lay deeply and strongly the foundations upon which the superstructure of the priesthood may be built if God so please ; and what they have begun as a matter of duty, they are bound to continue in the same spirit. Whatever may or may not be the result of their training, they are bound to promote the spiritual good of their children, not only in infancy, but to the latest time over which their influence extends. Parents must, as far as in them lies, labour to make their sons not only pious boys, but good men. In other words, as long as they can exercise over them a parental authority, they are bound to behave in a manner which amounts to a continual tempting of Providence to bestow upon them the higher gift of a vocation to the priesthood. They may shrink in human weakness from a sacrifice which they see drawing nearer day by day ; they may hope that God will not in the end demand the actual surrender ; but all the same they must make the preparation without flinching, and then with patience, if not with thankfulness, await the will of God.

This being so, it is easy to pass one step farther. The truest wisdom of parents is to make a virtue of necessity, and to do with a good grace what they cannot escape from doing. If they cannot, without guilt on their own part and danger to their children, refuse to cooperate with the designs of God, it is certainly better and more wise, though it is not in any way a thing of obligation, to try to regulate

their own ambition according to the Divine mind, and to desire and demand for their children that which is in itself the highest and the best. Christian men and women who labour for the sanctification of their children, and who are not afraid by prayer and example of holy living to call down upon their heads the grace of a vocation, are the most loving parents and the most approved of God. But in this they obey a counsel and not a command. Such parents will never be many in the land, for their children are the saints. All we may hope for, all we ought to demand from Christian parents, if they are to deserve the name, is that they shall be well resolved, in every event, not to stand between our Lord and His chosen souls, and not to shrink from the plain and positive obligation of bringing up their children in the fervent practice of all good works, undeterred by a too human fear that the conscientious discharge of one of the chief duties of their state of life may commit them to a sacrifice beyond their courage, and cause too early or too rude a severance from those they love. Our Lord does no injury to domestic love when He asserts His own superior claim. He confers high honour on the whole family circle when He invites one or more of its members to closer communion with His Sacred Heart. *"You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and have appointed you that you should go, and should bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain."**

Parents, though the first and chief, are not the only responsible labourers in the preparation of the priests of Holy Church ; nor does their responsibility begin and end with their own family. Moreover good will is not enough. The Church on earth could not *"adore in spirit and in truth,"* if she took no thought about material needs. Her children are not disembodied souls, and if she were to deal with them as such her action would be no longer Divine, because it would cease to be real. For the education of priests money is wanted. Bishops

* St. John xv. 16.

and Rectors of Seminaries must receive seasonable aid, or their zealous efforts will not bear full fruit. The labours of the priesthood are for the spiritual welfare of the faithful. All receive their share in the benefit, all should take their part in the burthen. Those only, whom indigence, or the state of pupillage or dependence, or some other exceptional reason, exempts from the present duty of giving alms, can say with truth that they do not lie under this law of tribute. Catholics may not have children of their own to hold at the disposal of our Blessed Lord for the service of His Church, but they can promote vocations to the priesthood within the wider circle of that large family of Jesus Christ in which the spiritual good of each is the common interest of all.

We have spoken almost exclusively in this place of the primary duty, which in different degrees lies upon all Catholics, of preparing the way for the grace of vocation and of aiding young hearts to obey, instead of training them to resist, the call when it comes; but we do not for an instant forget that much more than this is needed, if the Church is to have her due complement of sacred ministers. The first step is indeed of supreme importance, but because it is the first step, it must be followed by many others. The young candidate for Holy Orders will have his own battle to fight according to the words, "*Son, when thou comest to the service of God, stand in justice and in fear, and prepare thy soul for temptation.*"* A priest is not formed in six months, and in no length of years can he be formed without his own direct complicity and self-devotion. That matter, however, is between himself and God, or the Church acting in the name of God. When parents have given their permission, and the faithful have provided the means required for the education of Church students, it is for the grace of the Holy Ghost and the good guidance of ecclesiastical superiors to do the rest. We can no more presume to exhort our mother the Church

* Ecclus. ii. 1.

to take good care of her young Levites, than we can presume to offer advice to the Spirit of Grace, "*which breatheth where It listeth.*"* Yet we know well that where exhortation and counsel are out of place, prayer is permitted to penetrate.

To strengthen the hands of our holy Mother in this work of the deep solicitude of her maternal heart our active efforts, as far as we have influence, our liberal support, as far as we have worldly substance, our fervent prayer, according to the measure of grace which is given to us, are demanded and must not be refused. That parents may help and not hinder grace, that those whom God calls to be priests may be true to their vocation, that the Christian people may put down with strong hand the impious attempt made from time to time by irreligious demagogues in France and elsewhere to deprive the Church of her essential freedom in what belongs to the training of her priests, and may find in these sacrilegious conspiracies only a fresh inducement to give their zealous service in men and money, that so they may provide the Church with good defenders of the sanctuary in these evil days, our Associates will during the next month invoke the tender providence of the Sacred Heart of Jesus ever watching in the Church.

PRAAYER.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus! through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, labours, and crosses of this day, in union with those intentions for which Thou dost unceasingly offer Thyself a Victim of love on our altars. I offer them to Thee in particular for all who are called to the honour of the priesthood, and for all whose duty it is to aid them to discern and accomplish their high vocation. Cause them, dear Lord, to know the gift of God and to strive with all their power to make it bear full fruit. *Amen.*

* St. John iii. 8.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

For the triumph of the Church and Holy See, and the Catholic regeneration of nations.

DECEMBER, 1878.

I. GENERAL INTENTION: *The duty of fostering Vocations to the Priesthood.*

II. PARTICULAR INTENTIONS.

1. SUN. *First Sunday of Advent.*—Contempt of the world; 4,503 temporal affairs.

2. Mon. *S. Bibiana, V.M.*—Ardour in works of charity; 2,256 promoters.

3. Tues. *S. FRANCIS XAVIER, C.*—Zeal for the glory of God; 1,885 foreign missions.

4. Wed. *S. Peter Chrysologus, B.C.D.*—Care for the Christian education of children; 2,457 houses of education.

5. Thurs. *S. Birinus, B.C. (S.F., BB. Jerome, S.F., and Comp., M.M.)*—Remembrance of the Presence of God; 10,857 religious.

6. Fri. *S. Nicholas, B.C.*—COMMUNION OF REPARATION, &c.—FRIDAY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.—Remembrance of the benefits of Jesus Christ; 6,511 acts of thanksgiving.

7. Sat. *Vigil. S. Ambrose, B.C.D.*—Compassion for sinners; 32,450 sinners.

8. SUN. *Second Sunday of Advent.*—THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF B.V.M.—Love of the Immaculate Virgin; 9,631 young persons.

9. Mon. *Of the Octave (S.F., S. Birinus, B.C.)* From the 5th.—The spirit of edification; 3,360 parishes.

10. Tues. *Of the Octave. (S.F., Octave of S. Francis Xavier.)*—Love of Jesus Christ; 16,277 young men.

11. Wed. *S. Damasus, P.C.*—The virtue of discretion; 3,193 superiors.

12. Thurs. *Of the Octave. (S.F., S. Andrew Avellino, C. Nov. 10.)*—Constant fidelity; 11,233 families.

13. Fri. *S. Lucy, V.M.*—Docility to the inspirations of grace; 6,428 vocations.

14. Sat. *Of the Octave.*—To help in the promotion of good works; 5,677 spiritual works.

15. SUN. *Third Sunday of Advent.*—Love of innocence; 6,416 nuns.

16. Mon. *S. Eusebius, B.M.*—The purity of Faith; 3,140 heretics and schismatics.

17. Tues. *Feria. (S.F., SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, April 26.)*—Recourse to the Heavenly Physician; 7,660 sick persons.

18. Wed. *Ember Day. The Expectation of B.V.M.*—Holy desires; 8,026 fathers and mothers.

19. Thurs. *Feria. (S.F., SS. Nereus and Comp., M.M. May 12.)*—Remembrance of the four last things; 1,791 missions and retreats.

20. Fri. *Ember Day. Vigil. (S.F., S. Margaret, W. June 10.)*—Compassion for the Souls in Purgatory; 14,089 dead.

21. Sat. *S. Thomas, Ap.*—Devotion to the Five Wounds; 7,038 communities.

22. SUN. *Fourth Sunday of Advent.*—Desire of Christian perfection; 9,659 spiritual favours.

23. Mon. *Feria. (S.F., S. Henry, Emp. July 15.)*—The virtue of patience; 4,798 persons in affliction.

24. Tues. *Vigil. Christmas Eve.*—Love of peace; the grace of reconciliation for 5,514 persons.

25. Wed. *THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.*—The intention of having recourse to our Lord at all times; 26,097 various intentions.

26. Thurs. *S. Stephen, First Martyr.*—Pardon of offences; 2,315 seminaries and novitiates.

27. Fri. *S. John, Ap. and Evangelist.*—Desire of Holy Communion; 3,505 First Communions.

28. Sat. *Holy Innocents, M.M.*—Zeal for the salvation of the young; 27,678 children.

29. SUN. *Sunday within the Octave. S. Thomas of Canterbury, B.M.*—Love of Holy Church; 6,728 ecclesiastics.

30. Mon. *Of the Octave of the Nativity.*—Fortitude; the Mission of Central Africa.

31. Tues. *S. Silvester, P.C.*—The virtue of perseverance; the grace of perseverance for 13,469 persons.

Intentions sent for publication must arrive in London not later than the morning of the first day of the month. It is recommended that they should be written on a page by themselves.

An Indulgence of 100 days is attached to all the Prayers and Good Works offered up for these Intentions.

The Intentions of the Archconfraternity of *St. Joseph of Angers*, and the *Children of St. Joseph at Brussels*, are recommended to the prayers of the Associates.

Application for Diplomas of Affiliation to the Apostleship of Prayer, Tickets of Admission, &c., for England, is to be made to the Rev. A. G. Knight, S.J., 111, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; for Ireland, to the Rev. M. Russell, S.J., 50, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin. Sheets of the Living Rosary, adapted to the requirements of the Association, may be had of Messrs. Burns and Oates. Price 2d. the Sheet.

